



Statue of the Sacred Heart

Donated by Major P. C. Haman, of Mobile, Ala.

A. M. D. G.

The Spring Hill Review

Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

PRESS OF
COMMERCIAL PRINTING COMPANY,
MOBILE, ALA.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Sacred Heart.....	F. 1
The Founding of Spring Hill College.....	J. H. 2
The Jesuits in New Orleans	W. 17
Henry Timrod.....	20
Diva Catharina	Philosophus. 24
High Tribute to the Hygienic Conditions of Spring Hill College	25
Vendetta.....	J. Earle Mannoccir, '04 28
A Double Surprise.....	Joseph M. Walsh, Jr., '03 30
Sir John Falstaff	J. Earle Mannoccir, '04 33
A Just Punishment.....	Francis A. Giuli, '04 35
The Legend of the Wandering Jew.....	Ferdinand L. Larue, '03 37
A Runaway	P. Taileton Philips, '04 41
Something About Topics.....	John C. Hanway, '04 43
Flosculus Reginae Carus	Drachma. 44
Nameless	James G. Rapier, '05 45
A Day With the Brook Trout.....	Bream, Jr. 46
The Rondeau	48
Echoes from the Past	50
The Voices of the Waves.....	K. 57
O'Brien's Touchdown	S H. R. 58
Who Am I?.....	F. M. '90 66
High Honors for a Spring Hill Alumnus	67
Self-Sacrifice	Maximin D. Touart, '03 68
A Talk on Geometry and Allied Matters.....	J. H. M. 70
The Academy of the Visitation	72
A Thrilling Experience.....	Louis Blouin, '04 73
James Clarence Mangan	Joseph M. Walsh, Jr., '03 75
Discipline.....	James C. Casserly, '03 77
The Two Pictures	John H. Quinn, '04 78
Ad Jesum Nasciturum	E. M. 79
Was George Washington a Prophet?	John A. Boudousquie, '03 80
Vacation at College	Domingo J. Villamil, '03 82
College Notes	87
Athletic Notes.....	95
Alumni Jottings	104
Exchanges.....	108

Spring Hill Review.

VOL. VI.

JANUARY 1903.

No. 1.

THE SACRED HEART.

O Jesus, what a shoreless sea of love
Lies mirrored in Thy Sacred Heart!
Those jets of flame, those ardent rays, that like
A coronal encompass it,
Are true yet feeble emblems of the fire,
Which furnace-like glows in Thy breast.
The cross and crown sweet memories recall
Of thine undying love for men.
And in those eyes divine whose transient glance
Won erring Peter back to Thee,
The gentle invitation which of yore
To poor distressed of Galilee
Thou didst extend, methinks e'en now I read:
"O come to Me ye sorrowful,
O come ye suffering, toiling sons of earth,
And I with hope, with help divine,
Will you refresh, your drooping spirits heal."
Yes, Heart of Christ, I'll come to Thee,
And in Thy grace and power, Thy heart's best love
My wearied soul its rest shall find;
O let one burning ray from out Thy side,
Light in my breast its sacred fires,
And may the pictured emblem of Thy love
My beacon be, that so my soul
May see and bless Thee in eternity.

F.

THE FOUNDING OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

A MEMOIR.

EVERY institution of learning has a two-fold history—one antecedent to and the other subsequent to its foundation. It will therefore not be out of place to say, by way of introduction to this short memoir, a few words on early education in the Southwest. Thus will the position, mission and services of Spring Hill College be made clear. According to all reliable records, this educational establishment was, if not the very first, one of the first permanent institutions of higher education to open its doors to Southern youth.

Until the departure of royal rule from the land no college existed in what was once colonial Louisiana. Still, primary schools flourished in number and in kind. No published account exists of how matters educational stood in Mobile during the colonial period.

Yet there is no reason to suppose that there they differed at all from what they were in the sister city of New Orleans. For like circumstances, like population, like needs, —in a word, like causes must have produced like effects in both cities, and to know the condition of education in one is to know it in the other.

Now what was the state of education in New Orleans under colonial rule? Scarcely had the Crescent City emerged from forest primeval than appears there the Capuchin Monk, Father Cecil, teaching the

boys' school just beside the humble wooden church. And this was as it should be. For history tells us that wherever rises a Catholic altar there rises nearby the schoolhouse for the little ones whom the victim of the altar came not only to save, but also to enlighten. A little later, in 1727, arose the famous Ursuline Academy to educate girls—over 175 years ago! The years came and went until half a century later, in 1788, besides the Ursuline and Spanish schools, there were in New Orleans eight private schools to answer the needs of 3,000 whites.

But the founder and governor of the colony, wise Bienville, not content with primary education, petitioned, in 1742, the home government of the day to establish a college in the colony. True to his Christian instinct, he probably risked the success of his petition when in it he suggested that the institution should be a Christian or Jesuit college. To the infidel spirit that ruled France such a suggestion was enough to defeat his wishes. And so the colony had no college. Was this ominous refusal a foreshadowing of the doom that awaited all Jesuit establishments in Louisiana when a few years later they were to be visited with destruction? Since then the hand of God has been making history in a striking way. Governments have gone the way of all flesh; the Bourbon has gone to his last accounting; the

Lilies of France know these shores no more; and her empire is like a fevered dream of the past. But Bienville's prayer is heard at last. No longer does the Jesuit pursue the hunter's trail to save the hunter's soul. No more does he follow the soldier's shifting fortunes or with him bivouac in Coosa's lovely vale. No more does his light canoe seek the lost settler along the Alabama's sounding shores. Under another banner he is here; here to breathe God's air of freedom; to dispense salvation to all around; to encircle with his colleges as with a coronal of glory the magnificent domain over which the good and great Bienville ruled of old.

When European sovereignty departed from the land it left behind it a freedom that should have been inviolate, that of establishing colleges. Already one year later a college existed in New Orleans, and then a second and then a third. To one of these, especially, we owe a moment's notice. The Order of St. Ursula on betaking themselves to their new home, the present academy, in 1824, abandoned to church purposes the convent building that had sheltered them for a hundred years. The venerable edifice began at once to answer the double purpose of bishopric and college. Rev. Michael Portier, Vicar-General of Bishop Dubourg, immediately opened here a college on the then popular Lancasterian plan, which attained such phenomenal success that in a short time it counted on its rolls over two hundred students.

Though distant from our Spring Hill, this was in reality its predecessor. Both had the same founder, same director, same object, same family of students. Spring Hill College was its natural successor. For when Dr. Portier became Bishop of Mobile in 1825, his New Orleans establishment, lacking his powerful impulse and inspiring presence, ceased to be. The popularity that clung to his personality followed him to Spring Hill and became the heirloom of his new college.

True, the Crescent City still had its famous Orleans college. But, in a moment of folly, it was allowed to pass into the hands of the infamous Lakanal, apostate and regicide. His coming was like the coming of death to the institution. Creole mothers had rather see their little ones live and die in intellectual darkness than entrust their souls to such keeping. And so on the spot polluted by the apostate arose, like an act of atonement, the present beautiful church of St. Augustine. In 1830 therefore, no Catholic establishment for higher education existed in the South. What were parents to do? Spring Hill College was the answer to the problem.

The first task of Bishop Portier, after his consecration was to visit all parts of his vast vicariate that reached from the northern bounds of Arkansas to the southernmost shore of Florida. A careful study of the situation convinced him that after the need of a clergy the most pressing want was that of a great educational institution for youth. Another thing too, he saw, that in

his utter destitution nothing could be accomplished without recourse to Europe. So to Europe he went.

During the latter half of the year 1829 there was for him no truce to travel or fatigue. Wherever there was hope of help, there his ringing voice was heard. Help came, and came in abundance.

In his old home of Lyons several priests and several seminarists answered his appeal and volunteered to follow him to America. To Rome he then wended his way for Rome's blessing, and also to lay his cause before a friend and ecclesiastical superior, Cardinal Fesch. Though living in the city of the popes, the home of every exile, the Cardinal was nevertheless, still archbishop of Lyons. It was thus by a decree of banishment that the Bourbon government made him pay the penalty of being the uncle of Bonaparte. He rejoiced to meet once more an old friend and levite of former days, now a Missionary Bishop. And after listening to his tale of woe he gladly came to the rescue. As a foundation wherewith to establish his college, the Cardinal made him a donation of 30,000 francs and as a mark of personal friendship presented him the beautiful painting that is one of the treasures of Spring Hill College to-day. In token of gratitude to its founder the college bears the Cardinal's name of Joseph.

Rejoicing in such unexpected success, Bishop Portier hastened his return to America. On Nov. 1, 1829, at 11:30 a. m., a vessel weighed anchor in the port of Havre, France, and set out on her long travel across

the weary wastes of ocean. She was destined for New Orleans and carried on board fifty passengers, of whom one was a bishop, two were priests, and six were cleries—the future founders of Spring Hill College. The voyage was long; sunshine and storm, joy and sorrow made up its story.

Still the varying vicissitudes of fortune brought with them no fatal mishap, and after a pause at New Orleans (from December 24th to January 2nd) to rest and change vessel, their sturdy little bark set out for home, and on the feast of the Epiphany, at 11:30 a. m., stood before the city by the sea, the city of so many prayers and so many yearnings.

They slept ashore, and straight bent their steps towards the little parish church of Mobile.

The old colonial parish church that since a hundred years had several times been laid in ruins perished a last time in 1827 in a conflagration that destroyed a large part of the city. Before going to Europe, however, Bishop Portier had erected on the site of the present cathedral a small temporary chapel 20x30 feet. It was a monument of his poverty, and yet beside the manger of Bethlehem the rude structure was royal. Here his little clergy entered and poured out their hearts' entire gratitude to him whose guarding and guiding love had led them over the wastes of ocean. The Holy Mass was offered up, and while the God of the Eucharist showered on them his blessings he thus initiated them in the ways of sacrifice that they were to tread.

Beside the little church stood a small presbytery, 25x15 feet, consisting of two rooms, and, of course, too small to offer a home to so many at once. On the other hand, the Bishop, to his great surprise and regret, learned that during his absence death had claimed as its own the very one on whom he had counted to provide suitable lodging and reception for his little band.

However, Providence watches over its own, and about 7 o'clock that same evening came a good Catholic whose charity prompted him to offer them his home as a residence until they could better themselves. This was the first stage of their journey towards their Spring Hill home, and here they stayed one month. This time of rest afforded them an opportunity to study the situation and plan for the future. What were their plans to be? And where was the college to be located? This first of all.

The Bishop and his counsellors gave to this all-important point much and anxious thought.

In these days of small towns there was little reason to insist on size alone, as the least might for an unforeseen cause suddenly rise to be the greatest. In the diocese were several towns, each one offering peculiar advantages. There was St. Augustine that on account of age and merit might claim preference, but was unfortunately out of the way. There was Pensacola, an old Catholic center having the pupils to supply, but little or no means of communication. There was Moulton in North Alabama, at

that time, strange to say, having a certain Catholic population, but whose very existence today is almost unknown. However, anyone familiar with the history of the Civil War will recall, with the names of Gens. O'Neil, Roddy and Kelly, other famous Catholic names of that section, and understand the good Bishop's reason of inclining to Moulton. Indeed, after his death among his papers was found the plan of an educational institution that he called a seminary, to be located there.

In fine in the interior of Alabama was another town, Tuscaloosa, then capital of the state, where the university with other educational institutions, was located. After the fall of Bonaparte many of his followers banished from France, purchased near this place an immense tract of land in order to establish thereon a colony. They laid out one town which they called Demopolis, and another which they named Eagleville, and later on towns like Linden, Arcola, Jena, etc., that to-day recall in their names the former presence of heroes of these battles. Toward the year 1830 they had spread themselves out over the surrounding country. The colony failed, for whatever reason, and scattered all over that section where their historic names are to-day to be met with distorted into all kinds of ungalllic forms and sounds to soothe the Anglo-Saxon ear. The records of the time name 340 allottees or representatives of families who had lands allotted to them. Amongst them was Lefebvre Denoettes, Lieutenant-

General of Cavalry, and L'Allemand, Lieutenant-General of Artillery, in the wars of the empire; Count Raoul, who led the march from Elba to Paris; Clius, custodian of Ferdinand VII; Chaudron, famous litterateur; Péniers, notorious regicide; Ricau, well-known general; Lakanal, head of the educational department under the empire; Clausel, celebrated commander; Grouchy, of Waterloo fame; and others whose names are familiar to readers of history. Such a gathering of immortals would have naturally lent prestige to any institution under their patronage. It was also the most wealthy, and though in 1830 much weakened, was the most influential Catholic settlement in the diocese, and would have lured from the ways of prudence a less wary spirit than Bishop Portier. He, looking not to the few nor to the present, but to the unborn myriads that in days to come would owe salvation to his college if accessible to them, thought this should be a deciding factor in his choice.

Mobile was accessible by river, land and sea. Since a hundred years it had been a center of catholicity in the Southwest. Henceforth it was to be the seat of a bishopric. Here, then, was naturally the place for his seat of learning.

Nevertheless, yet another difficulty awaited solution. Where was the site in or around Mobile that offered most advantages for a college? Bishop Portier was a man of powerful faith, a man of God, and relied on his guiding light in all his undertakings. Nor did that light fail him

on the present occasion. Wishing that the college should for many reasons not be too far from the city, he at first inclined to locate it on the tract of land that lay along the Spring Hill road, between the site of the present convent and the property then known as the Mordecai place. This land belonged to a certain De Angelis, an Italian, possibly the priest of that name, who according to tradition labored in the ministry at Mobile, between 1820 and 1830. However, on more mature deliberation, as the disadvantages of this location came to light, the project was dropped. Now, three miles away, to the west of this site, lay a tract of land to which many great advantages invited the attention of the Bishop. It consisted of only about thirty-five acres but was from all points of view satisfactory. Accordingly, it was purchased from its owner, a certain Mr. Robertson, a kindly disposed protestant and friend of the Bishop. The small property at once developed into a vast estate by the purchase of 380 adjoining acres from the city of Mobile, which formed part of a late cession of land made by the general government.

The property thus acquired had from time immemorial gone under the name of Spring Hill on account of the great spring that flowed at the foot of the hill on which it was situated. The magnificent domain was at once surveyed and long and carefully studied from every standpoint with a view to discover the best site on which to locate the college.

At last one day, in passing by that beautiful spot where the wonderful spring pours its silvery torrents into the lake, the Bishop, very much impressed by the grandeur of the surroundings, decided that here the college should stand, on the north side of the lake not far from its verdant borders. This was a spot that nature indeed seemed to have carved out for some noble purpose. The choice of this location seemed for various reasons an excellent one. Its advantages appealed to both the poetical and practical mind. Accordingly preparation of the grounds began at once, and the work of clearing up the woods went on with dispatch and vigor.

However, before any building was erected reflection brought about a gradual change of mind. The inconveniences that belong to the lowland became evident. This damped the first ardor of the enterprise and prudence counselled another course, advised the choice of another site. But where seek another such spot as this one? Could its like be found?

To the west of this spot, where the hill reaches its highest ascent, stood a magnificent grove of towering pines, intermingled with great, storied-centuried oaks. This site, rising 150 feet above the neighboring sea level, commanded a view that was a panorama at once of nature's beauties and man's handiwork. Within a radius of thirty miles spread out a glorious prospect that is seldom paralleled. Within that distance, side by side, lay the

three great historic commonwealths, while like a vast golden torrent through their midst the great river rolled its turbid tides past the sentinel forts that guard the Mexican sea.

In all directions, as far as eye could reach, swayed to and fro, under the balmy breath of ocean, an interminable expanse of green, shimmering forest. Away to the east, bathed in an eternal sunshine, were the white, glistening dunes of the land of flowers; while off to the west lay another borderland where the blue skies of Mississippi bent over her beautiful vales and streams that died away in the murmuring waters of the Gulf. In front stretched a glorious vista of rivers, islands, seas, while in the great valley below lay the historic city where for a hundred years went on the ebb and flow of colonial life; where Spaniard, Gaul and Britton each in turn floated his flag of empire. Here in very truth was a spot unique! And should water be here discovered it was the site incomparable, the spot of destiny! Anxiously and long the attempt went on to find water. Days of expectation succeeded days of expectation.

One day at last from out of the happy group of toilers, went up a shout of joy that told of triumph. The heart of the great Hill had given up its secret! God's beautiful water was there. Amid great rejoicings it was unanimously decided that here the college should stand. And so at last the good Bishop's dream of years was going to take shape and form, was going to be a

reality ! And plans so long maturing were at once going into execution.

Three large buildings, two in wood, and one, the main one, in brick, were to constitute the establishment at least for the time being. And work must go on at once.

As every delay was a loss to all concerned every resource was immediately called into action. The main edifice or college proper had naturally to take its time in going up. But not so with the frame buildings. So vigorously was work on them prosecuted that already in the beginning of July, Father Loras could announce in a letter to his brother in France, "Since yesterday we have settled down at Spring Hill. We have put up two frame houses, and now we are busy digging the foundations of our college. The work will this week be finished and then on Sunday or Monday will be solemnly laid the corner stone, which event will be attended with booming of cannon that is to usher in the 4th of July or Independence Day."

And so it comes that this great holiday is of twofold significance to Spring Hillians. For commemorating as it does the beginning of the nation and the beginning of the college it sheds over life a doubly blessed influence.

The frame buildings progressed rapidly to a finish. But the main edifice, owing to a more complicated nature of things, moved on so slowly to completion that not before May 1831, could it offer a home to the community. Although the erection

of the several collegiate buildings was a matter of time that called for patience still no delay was on that account suffered to take place in the opening of classes. Many and serious reasons counselled an immediate commencement of studies. Indeed so well was this fact appreciated that almost at once on the arrival of Bishop Portier from Europe he announced and by all the voices of report caused to be announced the establishment of an institution of learning at Mobile. The good news occasioned general rejoicing in the city and was all the talk of the surrounding country. Indeed it meant much to the little seaport. It meant life and trade and wealth and culture and general prosperity. Hence protestants as well as Catholics applauded the good tidings.

But how was it possible to start this institution before the college buildings were completed? On the Hill to the northeast of the old Parish graveyard and not far from it stood a spacious mansion, the property of a Belgian named deVendel a Catholic, an educated man and a friend of Bishop Portier. This house he consented to let to the Bishop for educational purposes until his college should be ready. Here then classes opened on or about the first of May 1830, and with about thirty students.

How long the de Vendel building served school purposes before the transfer to the present college grounds is not absolutely certain. However, from the correspondence of members of the staff we gather a

reliable account or statement of happenings at this time. Hence after a stay of one month or so at the house where they first resided on arriving at Mobile, the Bishop rented a dwelling house consisting of four rooms three miles outside the city. Possibly this was on the de Angelis property, where it was first proposed to build the college. Here a stay of about three months was made, but as the house was not spacious enough it is unlikely that any school was there attempted. The occupation of the de Vendel building then occurred about the beginning of May—that is, four months after their arrival from Europe. It lasted two months, or until the 2nd of July, 1830, when, as Fr. Loras tells us in his letters, the completion of the frame houses on the college grounds permitted a transfer to them. The community then went to occupy one of the two houses that in after days was known as the old infirmary. This building measured about 70x30 feet and was two stories high. It stood on the north side of the college almost opposite its center, but twenty yards or so away from it, and extended in a south to north direction. Its companion frame building, later known as the seminary, and like it having two stories, stood facing the former at a distance of about forty yards away, but in an exactly similar position. The former was larger by about thirty feet, otherwise both were on a like plan.

The day of entering into possession of the new college, like that of entering a land of promise, was a

memorable one and occasioned much rejoicing. This frame building, though not very spacious, answered all immediate wants until the main building was ready. And thus after so many vicissitudes on sea and land all were at home at last.

Here was now fully installed, though after a modest fashion, the future university. Here the Bishop dwelt, here the officials resided. Here in after days might still be seen the barred windows and bolted doors where the precious archives were housed and where the treasurer kept his little fortune safe from bold intruders.

Around this historic building began now to gather memories of two generations as it entered upon a career of usefulness that under four different regimes lasted over half a century until it terminated its days at last in fulfilling the vocation of a students' infirmary.

Meantime under the vigilant eye of the Bishop and the guiding care of the builder, Mr. Beroujon, the principal edifice rose gradually in graceful form and imposing proportions. God's Providence was visible all around. For nature seemed to have foreseen and provided for every want. Water flowed abundantly, and an improved brick kiln furnished an excellent product made with the fine clay found on the bend of the hillside towards the west and not far from the present farm. In one of his letters Father Loras tells us that the ubiquitous darkey, too, was there, and in numbers.

And as this father from his classroom desk contemplated the busy

scene he wondered, as well a European might, to see the tawney stalwart son of Africa at his work under a broiling sun, stripped to the waist, shouting, singing, whistling, happy as the day is long, toiling long, and toiling well, and toiling for an end of whose grandeur he had no suspicion.

But of all the memories pleasant or striking of that storied scene no one has left a more vivid or lasting impression than that of the noble prelate under whose inspiration the whole enterprise went on to completion. He threw himself heart and soul into the work, for it was God's own work. Nothing was too hard, nothing too humble for his zeal. Like another Paul dismissing all thought of office, he with the laborers labored, shared their fatigues, raised their spirits, cheered all on to success.

Yet more, hardly a day but he went on foot to and from the city, a distance of twelve miles, lest his little flock there should suffer harm from his absence.

Two days each week he might be seen, axe in hand, marching into the woods at the head of his little people, to fell the forest and clear the way for future cultivation. "This," once remarked the good Bishop, "may not seem very episcopal, but it is very apostolical, otherwise St. Paul made a mistake in showing us how to work with our hands."

Father Bazin, (the future Bishop of Vincennes, Ind.) writing of the early days of Spring Hill, where he himself acted a noble part, tells how, despite poverty and suffering, joy

reigned in their midst. "Every morning," says he, "that we could spare from our studies and ministry was devoted to manual labor. Forests had to be cut down and given to the flames, and gardens and orchards had to take their place. Grounds had to be surrounded with fences; lands had to be cleared up, planted, tilled.

"But always and everywhere under our eyes was the stirring example of our Bishop. Not an enterprise in which he, axe in hand, did not lead the way."

The same writer informs us that at the beginning of May, 1831, the main building (without the later additions that completed the plan) was so far advanced that the community moved into it. "This edifice," continues he, "is both elegant and solid besides being one of the noblest buildings in the southwest. Try and represent to yourself and edifice in brick, four stories high, one hundred feet in length by forty-four in breadth. The principal front is adorned with twelve columns of the Tuscan order, supporting a superb balcony, rising thirty-six feet from the base. Crowning the whole is a large belvedere that commands a view of all the surroundings, including the far away bay of Mobile. An enclosure one thousand feet long surrounds the students' yard in front of the college, which is flanked on the west side by orchards, vineyards and gardens—all the work of our own hands. And then, think that eighteen months ago here stood a forest as virgin as when it left the hands of the Creator."

The main edifice was now up, the outhouses completed, the gardens and walks laid out. To crown the whole undertaking came now the building of the house of God. Hitherto the Domestic chapel did the duty of church. "Just at the moment that I send this letter, wrote Bishop Portier Dec. 23, 1831, we are laying the foundations of a church that will be 64x32 feet. In this building we will be able to assemble a pretty large number of the faithful. For up to this our little private chapel with difficulty held our numerous household." Funds failed to make it as great and grand as charity desired but none the less did it answer its purpose and give glory to God. It was to be a frame building and its site was to the west of the college proper, and between it and the garden. It was planned to be at once college chapel and Parish church of the village. On the order of the usual village church of the south it showed abundantly the various needs for which it was built. Of architecture there was little or none. It knew none of the charms of ornament, none of the cunning of decorative art. Forgetful of all show, and seeking only to be useful, simplicity was in all its ways.

Still, though plain and unpretentious in the usual course of daily life, when the festivals came round it arrayed itself in all the graces of embellishment, put on a world of unsuspected beauty that made it a pleasure to the eye and a joy to the heart. And many an old Spring Hillian has doubtless often in spirit

gone back with pleasure to the old village church to which cling so many pleasant and sacred recollections. At last after 38 years of glory to God it passed away with the college itself in the great fire of 1869.

We may pause here for a moment to look back and take a last glance at the great work accomplished—the foundation of the college. It was the work of one man—Bishop Portier, not only its creation but its preservation. For through all its vicissitudes—until ceded to the Society of Jesus in 1846—he never allowed it under its various administrations, to go entirely out of his control. It may be said he was its life and it was his life. Hence a few words on his history will be in place here:

Rt. Rev. Michael Portier was one of that devoted band of French missionaries that in 1817 answered the appeal of Bishop Dubourg to come to this forlorn portion of the Lord's vineyard. Splendid talents and splendid success marked him for future preferment among the many that in his day distinguished the great seminary of Lyons.

But zeal for God's glory made him forget self and only ask some humble field in foreign lands to satisfy his thirst for self-sacrifice. After landing at Annapolis, Md., he began the study of English under the hospitable roof of Charles Carroll of Carrollton. Thence he went to St. Louis where from deacon that he was he became priest. Shortly after ordination one of his first sick calls communicated to him the

yellow fever that brought him to death's door. Soon after recovery Bishop Dubourg, aware of his great talents and energy, appointed him his Vicar-General in New Orleans to face the storms that then assailed the church of that city. Such was the life that he infused into religion and the energy with which he handled the situation that years after, at the crisis of their revolt, the rebellious trustees of New Orleans dreaded him even in his own far away diocese and rightly. For even at that distance he contributed much to bring them at last to terms. On receiving the Bulls of appointment to his new Bishopric, he in his great humility returned them to Rome as unworthy of the dignity. But on a peremptory order to obey he with characteristic energy set out on horseback and travelled thus to St. Louis to be consecrated there. A great spirit of faith and great energy marked his whole long episcopate of thirty-four years. Though peculiarly endowed for the task appointed him by Providence, still even in the more honorable fields of European toil his great talents, somewhat obscured in the humble missions of America, would have fitted him to rival the ablest. Many, and among them Clarke the historian, praise his admirable letters, and the latter even gives a list of them. Numbers of his eloquent sermons lived in tradition for long years after his death. After a long life of zeal and self-sacrifice he, in the year 1859, slept peacefully in the Lord; and the cathedral erected by his zeal

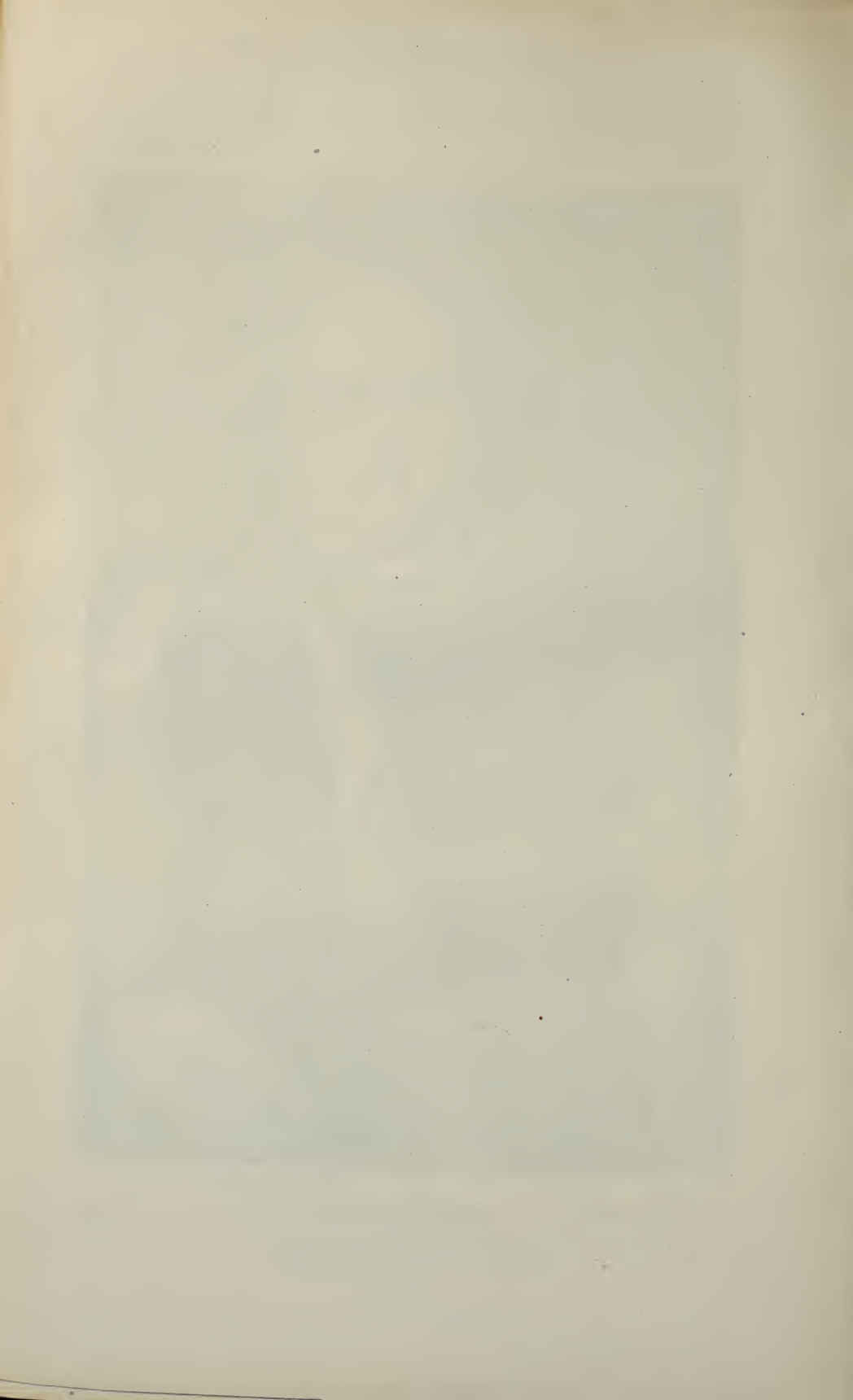
and genius rises like a glorious monument above his resting place. His spirit of faith was very remarkable, and as a consequence his reliance on Divine Providence. When in the light of experience and history one considers his happy choice of a location for his college, he is inclined to ask if inspiration did not lead the holy man's doubting steps to this spot, unique in every excellence. Indeed, had he desired to locate his college in some famous health resort medical authorities tell us that he could not have made a better choice.

It is wonderful how half a century after the event (1883) one of the eminent medical authorities of the day and a non-Catholic, Dr. William H. Anderson, in a publication of his, sanctioned, without knowing it, the Bishop's choice in these words: "The health of this location (Spring Hill) is proverbial. During forty years I have never known a case of malarial fever to originate at Spring Hill. Indeed, there is nothing there to produce it. The water is of the purest quality; the growth is exclusively pine; and the subsoil is white sand for one hundred feet beneath the surface. The Gulf breeze reaches it summer and winter, and there is no location on the continent better adapted to the health of persons suffering from lung diseases." Thus does medical science proclaim the marvelous vision of the seer that planned so wisely and built so well.

Again had the Bishop's aim been an historic environment. Which one in all Southland teems with story



BISHOP PORTIER,
Founder of Spring Hill College.



like this one? Before the passion of spoil brought European fleets to do battle between themselves along these shores the little Indian nations came and went. Mobilian and Choctaw and Creek and Chickasaw had their days of peace and of war, of defeat and of triumph. Men still living recall the Redmen of the Spring Hill woodlands; how here they found happy hunting grounds and brought with the fruit of their infant industries the hunter's spoils to traffic with the students of those distant days; how often domestic feuds arose and war's alarms disturbed the peace of their little settlements.

It is difficult at this day to realize that on these classic grounds the Indian reared his wigwam. Here his little ones played, and here his council fires blazed. Here too, doubtless was heard his ringing war-whoop for the gathering of the clans when on the site of ancient Maubilla (not so far from Spring Hill) was fought the greatest battle, says Bancroft, that ever took place on the continent between white man and Indian—a battle in which De Soto, despite infantry, cavalry and artillery, nearly lost his life and his army, and six thousand Indians lay dead on the field. The Indian ceased from his warring for a while, but it was only that the surrounding territory might become a field on which the roar of battle between Spaniard, French and English, was to be hushed only when all interests were merged in one and all bowed at last to the supremacy of the one flag. Of all the adventur-

ers that came to discover or pillage the gulf coast, many a one must have traversed these Spring Hill solitudes, and many a time soldier, and traveller, and emigrant going along the old colonial road or mail route that ran beside these college grounds, must have here pitched his wanderer's tent or laid his weary limbs to rest. Still, none or few of them have left mention of their visit here. The first known allusion to this particular spot was made in 1771 in his published book, by a certain Captain Romans, who, by order of his government, explored this section of the country, and pitched his camp not far from the spring. Mention of it again occurs when local historians tell us that to the west of Spring Hill and not far from it, Jackson camped with his little army of heroes in his great march from Mobile to the victory and glory of Chalmette.

There, too, in still later days around the college grounds bivouacked other hosts when after the last sea fight in Mobile bay, and the last land fight at Blakely, 45,000 federal troops awaited here the dawn of peace.

Experience and history have justified Bishop Portier's choice of this spot. Men have applauded his work here and heaven has blessed it with success.

The little band of generous souls that with the Bishop in 1829, came across the seas to form the first staff and be the founders of the college were eight in number; two priests, Fathers Mathias Loras and Gabriel Chalon and six seminarians.

Of the latter four were sub-deacons soon to be priests, Messrs. Poujeade, Guinand, Rampon and Falet. Of these four Mr. J. F. Falet, young, learned and devoted, was in a short time to fill out a long career and die at Spring Hill in 1832, not very long after ordination. Mr. S. Guinand, after laboring long and well in the service of the college, was to close at last his days amid the toils of the ministry. Mr. C. Rampon became in after years president of the college, but devoted his last days to the service of souls. But of all this little household the one to go first to a better world was Mr. Poujeade. He was the first one ordained priest by Bishop Portier, and the first one ordained in the diocese of Mobile. So rare were his priestly qualities and so conspicuous his merit that he was to the Bishop like the apple of his eye. Father Poujeade was from the diocese of Moutauban, France, where ruled Bishop Dubourg, the old friend of Bishop Portier, and former Bishop of New Orleans.

Bishop Portier had the custom of sending newcomers from France into English-speaking families to learn both the language and customs of the country.

At his request, Bishop England of the diocese of Charleston had for this purpose placed Father Poujeade in a Catholic family of Augusta, Ga., a town then under his jurisdiction. But while residing there he had an attack of bilious fever of which he died. "He was, says Bishop Portier, young, zealous, pious and learned, and would have made a worthy laborer.

Hardly had he entered on his career when God called him to Himself. And so I have lost in him a sixth part of my little clergy. While resigning myself to the Supreme Will that unites us, I must deplore for the sake of my flock so great a calamity. His ashes rest on the banks of the Savannah where he yielded up his young and devoted life to the God that gave it."

Father Gabriel Chalon, while a distinguished pioneer of the diocese of Mobile filled, not at the beginning, but later on, a professorship at the college. He was a cousin of Bishop Portier and a zealous and able priest. He became Vicar-General, and at the death of the Bishop, administrator of the diocese.

Later on he entered the diocese of New Orleans, became pastor of the Cathedral and was on the list of candidates for the Archbishopric of New Orleans after the death of Archbishop Odin. He afterwards retired to France, and after a life filled with good works, died there in a ripe old age.

Of all the names connected with the college of Spring Hill no one, if we except that of the great Bishop Portier, will fill as conspicuous a place in its history or be surrounded with as great a luster as that of Rev. Father Loras, its first president. From his nephew, Father de Cailly, who wrote a notice on his uncle's life we gather the following few facts: "He was the son of Jean Mathias Loras and Etienne Michelet, and was born to the world and to God on the same day Aug.

30, 1792, receiving at baptism the name of his father, Mathias. The city of Lyons, his birthplace, was then in the throes of a revolution and he was only a year and a half old when his father was led to the guillotine for the reason that he was an honest God-fearing man. A few days afterward the two brothers of this excellent Christian died a like death for the same cause, and his two sisters died in the same manner for concealing persecuted priests. In all, during that year, seventeen members of the Loras family died for their religion so that the blood of martyrs flowed in the veins of young Mathias.

He and his ten brothers and sisters went with their mother to entreat the tyrant of the hour Couthon to grant them the life of their father. But this monster for all answer spurned them from him as he would a dog. In her distress the broken-hearted mother seeking consolation of a holy ecclesiastic brought her little Mathias along with her. The priest placing his hands on the head of the child blessed him and thus at the same time prophesied to the mother: "Madame, this child will one day be your comfort; he will wear the miter." This excellent Christian mother whose one desire was to foster the love of God in the hearts of her children taught their feet to know only the ways of virtue. With especial care did she watch over Mathias for his piety surpassed that of all the others.

One of the earliest joys of childhood was that he once received

from her for New Year's gift a complete chapel, consisting of everything necessary for saying mass, so that, as the children say, he could "play priest." With childish pride and piety he would put in place the mimic candles and vestments and summon his brothers and sisters to attend services, during which they had to listen with due respect to his little sermon. The child is father to the man.

With the years came the dawning of a vocation to the priesthood. During the reign of terror the Loras home had been a home and a hiding place to many a persecuted priest that tyranny doomed to death. One of these was a true man of God—the Abbe Bally. Before departing to his death scene the father of Mathias had obtained from this holy priest a promise that he would see to the education of the orphans when their father would be no more. As soon as peace was restored to distracted France the priest set about carrying out his promise. With the boys of Mathias Loras the Abbe had another pupil—one whose cause of canonization is now being examined at Rome—Jean Marie Vianney, later known as the Cure of Ars. Thus Mathias and this saintly priest contracted as boys a friendship that ceased only at the grave. And when on Dec. 17, 1817, death called away to a happy eternity the holy teacher of other days his two pupils the Abbe Loras and the Cure of Ars presided together at his burial. Mathias to carry out his priestly vocation entered the semi-

nary and went through a most brilliant course of studies. In 1817, he received holy orders and owing to his great talents and piety was almost immediately after ordination appointed superior of the small seminary of Meximieux. In the year 1823, while at the head of this institution, there were three students of Rhetoric that particularly won his esteem.

They were young, but they dreamed only of foreign missions. This was also the one desire of his own life. One day he opened his heart to them and said: "I too intend to go to the foreign missions. I shall go to America. When you are ordained I shall expect you to come to me and labor with me." There was one of these three that went — not to America but — to Oceanica, and there 1841 received the crown of martyrdom. This first martyr of Oceanica has been proclaimed "Blessed" by Pope Leo XIII, and is honored by Christendom as Blessed Peter Chanel. In 1824 Father Loras was promoted to be superior of the famous Seminary of L'Argentiere. The coming to France in 1829 of Bishop Portier opened a way to the accomplishment of his desire of foreign missions. He accompanied the Bishop, as we have seen to Mobile, became a founder, and for two years President of the college. For five years he worked

as Parish Priest and Vicar-General in Mobile. In 1835 his name was on the list of candidates for the Bishopric of New Orleans. But Fr. A. Blanc who had once before been appointed to this office and refused, was nominated. In 1837 the Council of Baltimore, mindful of Father Loras' great merits, appointed him first Bishop of Dubuque, Ia. In this diocese, composed of the territories of Iowa, Minnesota and Wisconsin, there was one unfinished church at Dubuque, and one priest its pastor for 300 catholics. At the time of his death, 21 years later, apart from Minnesota and Wisconsin that formed dioceses by themselves, there were in the diocese of Iowa alone 107 priests, 102 churches and 5,500 catholics. Such was the prodigious work of this great Bishop whose American career began in the shades of Spring Hill. He slept peacefully in the Lord on February 19, 1858. His ashes rest under the main altar of the Cathedral of Dubuque, and on his tomb is read this inscription:

ILLMO. AC REVMO. D. MATHIAE LORAS,
PRIMO DUBUQUENSI EPISCOPO,
SUMMAE PIETATIS EXEMPLARI,
VIGILANTISSIMO PASTORI, OPTIMO PATRI,
MORTE PLACIDA, XI KALENDAS MARTII
A D. MDCCCLVIII, AETATIS SUAE LXVI
SUBREPTO;
ILLMUS. AC REVMUS. D. CLEMENS SMYTH,
SUO TOTIUSQUE CLERI NOMINE,
HOC MONUMENTUM TANTAS IN OEVUM VIRTUTES
TRANSMISSURUM, MOERENS ERIGI CURAVIT.
R. I. P.

J. H.



COLLEGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION FROM 1865 TO 1882.



THE JESUITS IN NEW ORLEANS.

A SHORT SKETCH.

1727 — 1763.

THE first Jesuit to set foot in New Orleans was Father Pierre Francois-Xavier Charlevoix, well known afterwards for his histories of Japan, San Domingo and Canada. He arrived in New Orleans on one of the last days of 1721, four years after the foundation of the city. At that time the city contained only a hundred shanties placed in no very great order, a great storehouse built of wood and two or three more pretentious dwellings.

The Western Company, which had assumed control of the affairs of the colony, offered the Indian missions to the Jesuits, and in 1726 a treaty was drawn up between the Western Company and the Society of Jesus. By this treaty the company bound itself to bring to the colony Fathers and Brothers of the Society, on the following conditions: Each priest to receive a salary of 600 livres (\$133.35) with an addition of 200 livres (\$44.44) during the first five years, and 450 livres (\$100) for his outfit; and over and above this the company was pledged to build a chapel at each missionary station. By another clause it was agreed that the Fathers should, on their arrival, receive a land grant of 3,600 feet frontage on the river, and of 9,600 feet depth.

Father de Beaubois, the old Superior of the Illinois Mission, came to New Orleans in the fall of 1726. At

the close of the same year or in the beginning of 1727, Fathers du Poisson, Souel, le Petit, Baudoin, Dumas and Guienne, came and joined Fr. de Beaubois.

Their land grant was assigned to them at once. It was situated above the city, from which it was separated by the common or park (the space extending from Canal street to Common street inclusive), and embraced what was afterwards known as the faubourg Ste. Marie, and is now called the First District. Pending the erection of their residence, the Fathers lived somewhere on Bienville street, in the block bounded by Customhouse, Royal, Chartres and Bienville streets.

Thus we find the Jesuits established in New Orleans eight years after the foundation of the city. In 1733 Bienville was again appointed governor of the colony, and it was during this, his second term, that an hospital was erected by royal bounty. When it was finished in 1737, Father d'Outreleau was appointed chaplain of the institution. About this time Governor Bienville requested the Fathers to establish a school in the city. We gather this from a joint letter, addressed by Bienville and the Commissary Salmon to the French government on June 15, 1742. The letter runs thus: "It is a long time since the inhabitants of Louisiana pointed out the necessity of having a college for

the education of their sons. Convinced of the advantages of such an establishment they invited the Jesuits to undertake its creation and management, but they refused on the ground that they had no buildings suited for the purpose, and had not the necessary funds to support such an establishment. Yet it is essential that there be one, at least for the study of the classics, geometry, geography and pilotage. There, too, the youths of the colony should be taught the knowledge of religion which is the basis of morality," etc. This strong appeal was not heeded by Louis XV, and many a year was yet to pass by before a college was opened in New Orleans.

Meanwhile, the Jesuits continued to labor zealously among the Yazooos, the Arkansas, the Illinois, the Choctaws and other Indian tribes. The wants of the missionaries were supplied by the salaries paid them by the King of France, together with the revenues derived from their plantation. The plantation, as granted by Bienville on the 11th of April 1726, had a frontage on the river of 20 arpents (3,600 feet) and a depth of 50 arpents (9,000 feet) within straight lines and lay between what is now known as Common, Tchoupitoulas, Annunciation, and Terpsichore streets. To this grant was added another on the 22nd of January 1728, of 5 arpents front by 50 deep next to the above. Finally Fr. Vitry purchased on 3rd of December, 1745, a further tract of seven arpents frontage and of the usual depth adjoining the

second grant, and by this purchase the title comprised the whole of what is now the first district from Common street to Felicity Road. The residence was situated some distance from the river on what is now Delord street, in the vicinity of Lee Circle. As soon as the Fathers took possession they planted a grove of wax-myrtle shrubs. This grove served a double purpose, it reduced the seepage on the front to a minimum, and furnished the Fathers with tapers for the altar and domestic use; for be it known that this plant furnished the only illumination known for years in the colony.

In 1751 Fr. Baudoin introduced sugar cane into the colony, and at the same time brought some negro slaves from San Domingo, who were acquainted with the methods of cultivating it. Besides sugar cane Fr. Baudoin introduced oranges from San Domingo and figs from Provence, France, and many assert that the Jesuits were the first to cultivate the indigo plant in Louisiana.

July, 1763, saw the end of the Louisiana Mission. The Colonial Council deemed it proper to imitate the work of destruction undertaken by the French Parliament. The property was confiscated, the library dispersed, the chapel rased to the ground, the church ornaments and silver vessels were handed over to the Capuchin Fathers. Thus ends the first chapter in the history of the Jesuits in Louisiana.

1848 — 1902.

After an absence of eighty-five years the Jesuits returned to New

Orleans. On the 10th of July, 1848, Father J. B. Maisounabe purchased a lot 133 feet by 124, situated at the corner of Baronne and Common streets. A three-story brick building was erected on Baronne street. The lower story served as a temporary chapel, on the second and third floors were the rooms of the Fathers and teachers. On Common street another three-story brick building was erected, which contained the class rooms, dining hall, kitchen, etc. A high wall ran along Baronne and Common streets, connecting the two buildings.

The opening of the college was announced for January 6, 1849, but was delayed till February 1, 1849, on account of the prevailing epidemic of yellow fever. At first only the lower classes were taught. For a few years the number of pupils was rather small on account of the cholera and yellow fever that ravaged the city during those years. Afterwards, however, the number of students increased and grew to such an extent that the friends of education urged the Fathers to establish a branch of the college in another part of the city. This plan, however, could not be carried into effect, owing to the lack of teachers.

The Church of the Immaculate Conception was begun in 1851. Fr. J. Cambiaso drew up the plans and superintended the building. Fr. Cambiaso had lived in Spain, and while residing there he had admired the magnificent specimens of moresque architecture, which are the pride of that country. When

he planned his church in New Orleans, he adopted the same graceful moresque style. The solemn dedication of the church took place on December 8, 1857. Fr. A. Curioz, S. J., now an octogenarian, celebrated the first solemn high mass.

After the war Fr. Cambiaso erected a three-story passage, connecting the church with the building on Common street. The second story contained the Holy Angels Library, founded by Father D. Hubert, and the third story was used for the college library.

In 1867 the property on Baronne street, now occupied by the McCloskey building, was purchased. The college continued to prosper, and soon the need of larger accommodations began to be felt, and in 1878, the "Gallier Court," a fine piece of property in the rear of the college, was bought. The buildings were occupied by the Fathers and students in 1881, the year when Father T. W. Butler, S. J., began the erection of a stately three-story building on the corner of Baronne and Common streets. When this building was finished, the old house on Baronne street, erected in 1848, was demolished and on its site a new three-story building, in keeping with the one on Common street, was built.

These buildings did good service till the year 1900, when the number of students had increased to such an extent that the want of room was sorely felt. It was decided, therefore, to remodel the whole college, and make it one of the largest and most up-to-date institutions of the South.

The plans were drawn up by Messrs. Diboll and Owen, architects, and are on an elaborate scale. The first building erected according to the new plan was that on Baronne street, known as the "McCloskey Building," from its generous founders, Bernard, Patrick and Hugh McCloskey. This edifice is four stories high, and is equipped with all modern improvements. It is used as the Preparatory Department.

On the buildings on Baronne and Common streets, erected by Father Butler in 1881, a fourth story was raised. They contain the parlors, the rooms of the Fathers and teachers, the dining room, kitchen, and the graceful Alumni hall. The old buildings on Common street and the greater part of those in Gallier Court, were torn down and new ones erected in their stead. These buildings are used for class rooms, science rooms, library, en-

gine room, etc. They also contain the "Semmes Memorial Chapel."

This chapel is donated by Mrs. Thomas Semmes, in memory of her husband Thomas J. Semmes, a graduate of Georgetown College, and President of the Jesuit Alumni Association of New Orleans. This chapel when finished will be a gem of its kind.

All the buildings are in the moresque style, constructed with pressed brick and with trimmings of cream colored brick, which produces a pleasing effect. All along the buildings in the inner court-yard there runs a gallery or porch, supported by graceful moorish columns.

When the buildings will be completed according to the original plan, of which we subjoin an engraving, New Orleans will be able to boast of one of the grandest and best equipped educational institutions in the South.

W.

HENRY TIMROD.

THE REVIEW has from time to time published short sketches of the poets of the Southland. In the June number of this year, a brief account was given of Adrien Rouquette, the poet-priest of New Orleans. In preceding issues sketches were published of Father Ryan, the poet-priest of the South, Sidney Lanier and Theodore O'Hara. We shall now give a short sketch of another poet of the South, Henry Timrod.

Henry Timrod was born in

Charleston, S. C., on the 8th of December, 1829. His father, William Henry Timrod (1792-1838), exercised the trade of book-binder in Charleston. In 1836 at the head of a company of fifty-two, he sailed for St. Augustine, and rendered valuable service to the people of Florida in the Seminole war. He was a man of fine intellect and considerable cultivation. Gifted with a very poetic temperament, he wrote some fine lyrics.

Henry Timrod, the subject of our

sketch, was educated at the University of Georgia. After leaving the university he devoted himself to the study of law. Not finding, however, this study to his taste, he abandoned it, and fitted himself for a college professorship. In 1860 he published his first volume of poems. In 1861 he began to write that series of war lyrics which made his name popular throughout the South. His weak health prevented him from taking any active part in the war. He was, however, at the battle of Shiloh, as war correspondent of the Charleston "Mercury." In 1864 he settled in Columbia, S. C., where he became editor of the "South Carolinian." When the city of Columbia was taken and burned in February, 1865, he lost everything. Struggling against privations and want, his health, never very strong, failed completely, and he died in October, 1867.

On May 1, 1901, the Timrod Memorial was unveiled at Charleston. It consists of a bronze bust of the poet, mounted on a pedestal of Carolina granite, with bronze panels, containing appropriate inscriptions.

On that occasion Prof. Thomas della Torre* delivered an address entitled "South Carolina's Debt to Henry Timrod." We quote a few extracts of that eloquent discourse, in which the gifted speaker gives us an estimate of Timrod's poetry.

"I do claim that Henry Timrod is no mere writer of charming verse; that there runs through his composi-

tions the true and vital, if fine, flame that separates by the essential line the work, however charming, of the versifier from the work of the poet.

"I read his compositions, and I find an imagination rich and vivid; a fancy at times as airy and delicate as the gossamer threads on which, in his 'Cotton Boll,' he has suspended the splendid fabric of the vision of his country's greatness. I find a poetic diction that must haunt the dullest ear; a felicity in the choice of epithets that lifts common things to distinction. I find exquisite finish and a just sense of form; a sensibility to the beauty of outward things that is born with the artistic temperament; a keen vision of the spiritual meaning that underlies the visible universe. Lastly, I find the heart of the true poet, ever as responsive to noble emotions as the strings of the Aeolian harp to the voice of the breeze. All these things I find and, in right of these things, I claim that 'Spring' 'A Common Thought,' 'Carolina,' 'Enthnogenesis,' and many other compositions I might name, are not a series of charming or spirited verses, but are true poems in the exacting modern sense.

* * * * *

"One who studies Timrod's works cannot fail to remark his deep feeling for nature—his keen insight into her secret ways. Nor was his love of nature merely the love of beautiful things, as objects of sensation, which is the source of descriptive

* Prof. Thomas della Torre, occupying at present the Chair of Greek and Latin in the College of Charleston, is one of Spring Hill's most distinguished alumni. The professor was graduated with high honors in 1876.

poetry; it springs rather from the deeper and more philosophical feeling that leads to reflective poetry—the recognition of the bond between nature and man—the vision of the ideal beneath the actual. Does he not himself sing :

“I love the world of flowers
Less for their beauty of a day
Than for the tender things they say,
And for a creed I’ve held alway
That they are *sentient* powers.”

And this recognition of the secret bond of union between nature and man sometimes touches his genius to the expression of an almost human tenderness for slight things of beauty, and is the inspiration of the exquisite lines:

“ And when in wild or thoughtless hour
My hand has crushed the tiniest flower,
I ne’er could shut from sight
The corpses of the tender things
With other dear imaginings,
And little angel-flowers with wings
Would haunt me through the night.”

* * * * *

“I know not how another, no true son of the old South, with no deep feeling of reverence or loyalty for that more generous and less self-seeking time, may judge of the ode to the Confederate dead, sung in Magnolia Cemetery in 1867 ; I know not and I care not how on alien ears these words may fall ; I conceive not how in Southern hearts no answering throb may rise ; but if poetry mean the expression of deep emotion—the stirring of noble feelings of pity, and exultation and pride, even in defeat, and calm repose and resignation when all has been given and all has been lost—then surely

these words, whatever they mean for alien ears, mean poetry to the soul of the Southern man whose heart goes out to his elder people.

“Sleep sweetly in your humble graves,
Sleep, martyrs of a fallen cause,
Though yet no marble column craves
The pilgrim here to pause.

“In seeds of laurel in the earth
The blossom of your fame is blown,
And somewhere, waiting for its birth,
The shaft is in the stone.

“Meanwhile, behalf the tardy years
Which keep in trust your storied tombs,
Behold ! your sisters bring their tears,
And these memorial blooms.

“Small tributes I but your shades will smile
More proudly on these wreaths to-day,
Than when some cannon-moulded pile
Shall overlook this bay.

“Stoop, angels, hither from the skies !
There is no holier spot of ground
Than where defeated valor lies
By mourning beauty crowned !”

Hamilton W. Mabie, in the Outlook of May 11, 1901, pays the following eloquent tribute to Henry Timrod :

* * * * *

“The sky was already beginning to darken with the clouds of civil strife when Timrod entered upon his active life, and there was but a brief interval before the bursting of the storm. The first edition of his poems was published in Boston in 1860, and found instant recognition in the North, where he would have had a generous hearing and a large audience if the arts had not suddenly been thrust into the background by the approach of war. No poet in the country was more deeply moved by that struggle ; to no poet did it bring more definite inspirations ;

from no poet did it evoke a truer lyrical note. Timrod's "Ethnogenesis," written while the first Southern Congress was debating in February, 1861, the question of secession, may be taken as a prelude to the struggle, as Lowell's "Commemoration Ode" may be taken as its epilogue; between the two was created that splendid tradition of heroism which is not only a common inheritance for the whole country, but will be a perennial source of inspiration for the national poetry of the future. In "Carolina," a much longer poem, the lyrical passion of Timrod reaches its highest point; the misconceptions of the poem are part of the great misunderstanding of the time; its passionate fire, its lyrical charm, its pulse of stormy music, place it among the permanent contributions to American literature. In "The Cotton Boll," in depth of thought, in comprehensiveness of imagination, and in beauty of style, Timrod touched his high-water mark. This poem, in its large and free movement of imagination, belongs, with Lanier's "Sunrise," and Whitman's "Out of the Cradle Endlessly Rocking," among the most original

achievements of American poetry—rich alike in what it conserves and in what it promises. It is, however, as a song-writer that Timrod showed the greatest mastery of his art, and it is as a song-writer that he will live in the poetry of the future. The lines on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate soldiers at Magnolia Cemetery in 1867 are among the most perfect which have yet appeared in our poetry; the poem is one of the four or five songs of the war time which will be heard in the distant future.

"High-minded, pure-minded, consecrated to his art, with all the charm of the Southern temperament and the generosity of the Southern nature, Timrod is one of the most attractive figures and one of the most pathetic in the brief history of our literature. The story of Southern poetry is tragic in its reiteration of the waste of war, the absence of opportunity, the lack of sympathetic fellowship; but it is conspicuous also for the uniform heroism, the singular beauty of nature, and the loyalty to art which have characterized the representative Southern singers."

DIVA CATHARINA.

Inclytos armis sileant poetae
Dicere heroas, sileant triumphos
Atque victrici redimita regum
Tempora lauro.

Gesta enim regum superavit olim
Nobilis Virgo, laqueosque structos
Fregit et turpem dedit in fugam hostes
Casta Puella.

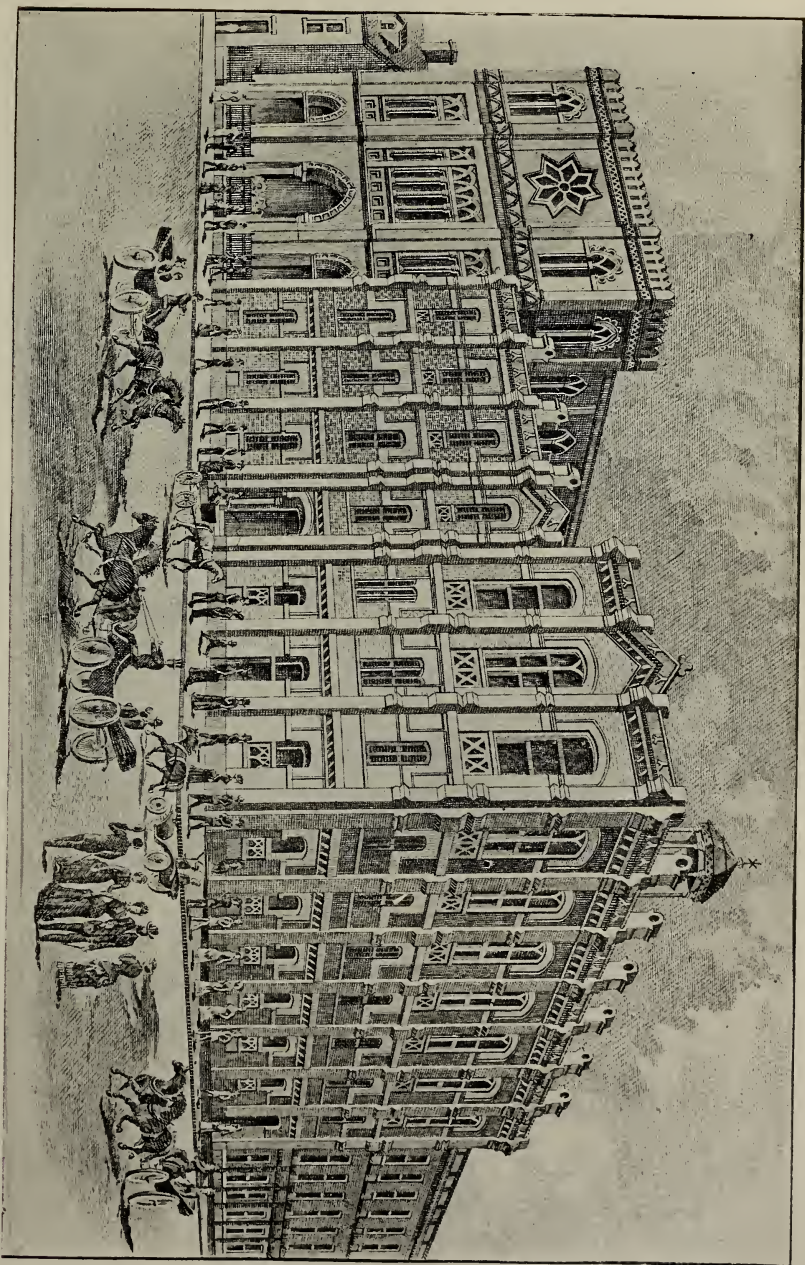
Eminens doctrina opibusque dives,
Dotibus mentis specieque praestans
Corporis, crudelem hilari subivit
Pectore mortem.

Diva, te laeti merito per orbem
Concinnant vates, decorentque laude
Res tuas gestas, celebrentque pugnas
Atque triumphum.

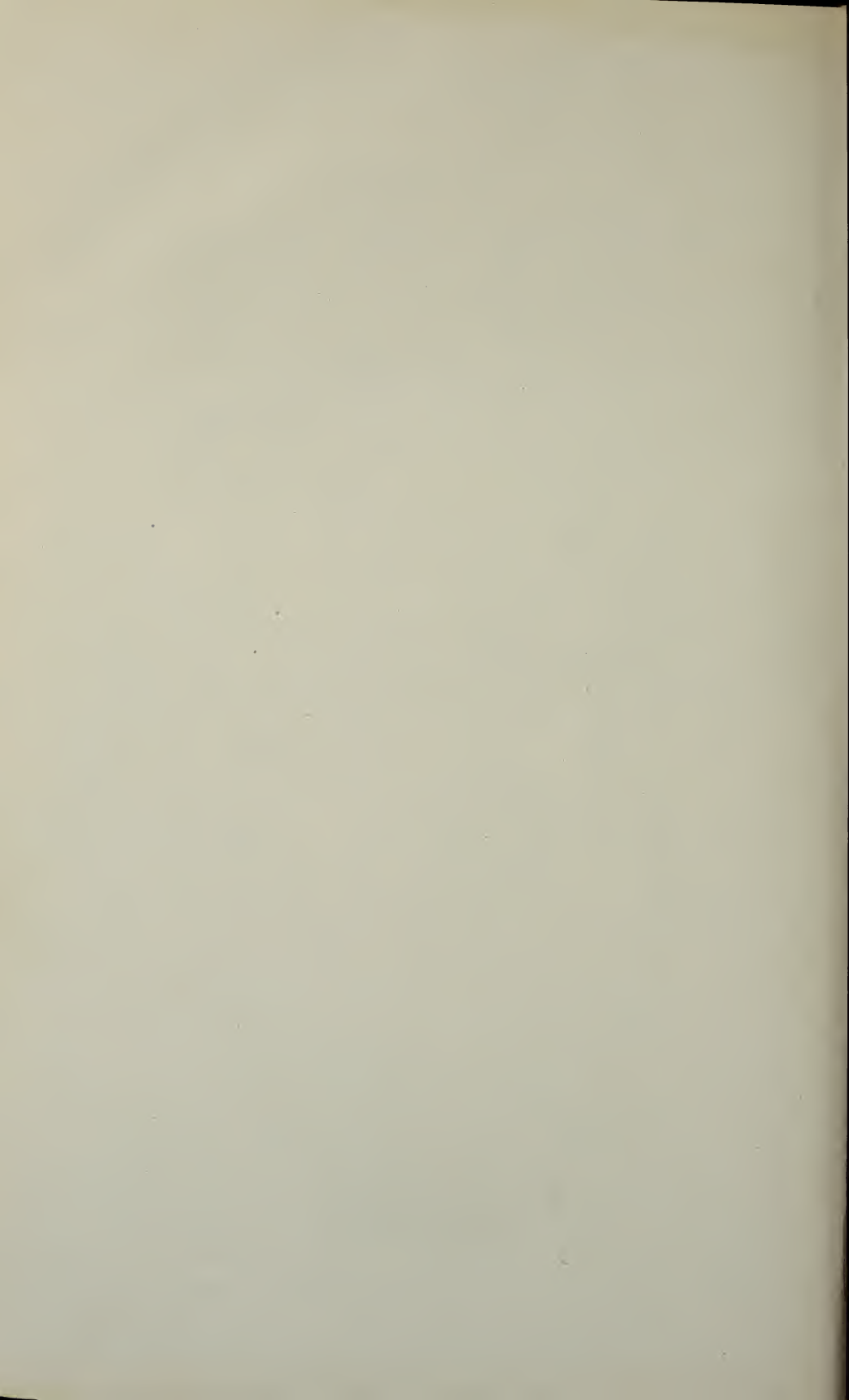
Supplices multa prece te rogamus,
Deditos verae sophiae tuasque
Ferias laetis animis agentes
Respice alumnos.

Mentibus nostris radios supernae
Lucis immitte, ut caveamus omnes
Hostium fraudes, animoque vera
Semper amemus.

PHILOSOPHUS.



CHURCH AND COLLEGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION IN 1882.



HIGH TRIBUTE TO THE HYGIENIC CONDITIONS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE AND TO THE EDUCATIONAL SYSTEM OF THE JESUITS.

WE quote from the Mobile Register of October 19, 1902 :

"In a recent issue of the United States Health Bulletin, published in New York, is found, under the heading, 'Schools and Health,' the following encomium of one of the leading institutions of learning in the South : 'The United States Health Bulletin has had occasion to examine into this subject quite extensively during the past few months. * * * These investigations have been made without the instigation of the proprietors and generally without their knowledge, consequently they are absolutely unbiased and unprejudiced. Among the schools that met with the general approval of the experts investigating these matters for us and which we have no hesitation in recommending to our readers is the Spring Hill College, Mobile, Ala. We know nothing about the course of study at this school for it is of no interest to us, but if the same care is taken with the mental welfare of the pupil as is shown and plainly shown to be taken with the physical, we feel that it deserves the support of parents and the encouragement of the public.'

"Those who are acquainted with the course of study pursued in the institution above referred to will have no difficulty in asserting that 'the same care is taken with the mental welfare of the pupil as is

shown and plainly shown to be taken with the physical.' The faculty of this college realize the practical truth of the maxim, 'a sound mind in a sound body,' and have consequently paid close attention to the sanitary and hygienic status of their establishment as a means at once necessary and highly conducive to the intellectual development of their pupils. This attention, which the Bulletin commends so highly, is but secondary and subordinate to the primary and principal aim of the directors, for the college is primarily and chiefly an institution of learning, not a sanatorium.

"For the benefit of those who may not be acquainted with the course of study and the methods employed at the above named institution, we appeal to the results and success achieved in the past. The system of education there in use is not untried, it is no mere experiment, for it has stood the test of the stern leveller of bubble reputations, Time. Coeval with the infancy of this great nation is the establishment of the illustrious order of Loyola in America. The name of the Jesuits is inseparably linked with the history of the colonies and the republic. In nearly every state now forming part of the Union they were the first missionaries, explorers or settlers. As time and the gradually settled circumstances of our growing country

allowed, these missionaries inaugurated schools and colleges, where they installed themselves as educators of the youth of our land. It was in this capacity they had already acquired lasting fame throughout Europe. That their early efforts were eminently successful in the new world is partly evidenced by the fact that to-day in nearly every city of the union there exists a college of the Jesuit Fathers. A criticism, therefore, of the course of study pursued in the college of Spring Hill becomes immediately identified with a criticism of the system of education inaugurated and carried on by the Jesuits, for the said institution is under the direction of the members of the Society of Jesus.

The system of education in the Jesuit schools has received the approbation of the greatest minds. Lord Bacon said: "In regard to the education of youth, the simplest thing to say is to consult the schools of the Jesuits, for you cannot do better than to adopt their practice. * * * Never has anything more perfect been invented."

D'Alembert, one of the bitterest enemies of the Jesuits, observes in his work, "*Sur la Destruction des Jesuites* :"

"Let us add, in order to be just, that no religious society can boast of having produced so many celebrated men in science and literature. The Jesuits have successfully embraced every branch of learning, eloquence, history, antiquities, geometry, serious and poetical literature. * * There is hardly any class of writers

in which they do not number men of the greatest merit."

Another writer, an enemy too of the Jesuits, says: "It would be unfair to deny the merits of the education of the Jesuits. They were probably the first to bring the teacher into close connection with the taught. According to their ideal, the teacher was neither inclosed in a cloister, secluded from his pupils, nor did he keep order by stamping, raving, and flogging. He was encouraged to apply his mind and soul to the mind and soul of his pupil.

* * * * * Without doubt the Jesuits have shown a love, devotion and self-sacrifice in education which is worthy of the highest praise. No teacher who would compete with them can do less."

Douglas Campbell says: "Reversing the old traditions, under which teacher and scholars were natural enemies, they won the love and confidence of their pupils—binding them by chains of affection which no time could weaken."

This is a specimen of the testimony of unfriendly witnesses, who are reluctantly constrained to admit that the Jesuits are the best educators in the world. A witness of less remote origin, the London Times, July 8, 1880, speaking of the spirit behind the Ferry bill to suppress in France certain schools taught by ecclesiastics, says: "The simple truth seems to be that the schools of the Jesuits and other religious bodies are better in many respects than their competitors. They satisfy parents and boys more than the lycees. The

traditional skill in teaching of the Jesuits is not extinct."

Another fact which cannot be controverted and by which the simplest persons may judge of the excellence of the Jesuit education is the unparalleled success of their students. The enumeration of all the great men who were educated by the Jesuits would be too lengthy for the limits of these remarks. In France alone almost every one of the men who shed so much intellectual splendor on the reign of Louis XIV. had studied in Jesuit schools. Not only priests and popes, but immortal generals, magistrates, orators, writers, poets were educated by the Jesuits. The mention of a mere handful will suffice as an illustration: Popes Gregory XIII., Benedict XIV., Pius VII., Leo XIII., St. Francis de Sales; Cardinals de Bérulle, Fleury and Federico Borromeo; Bossuet, Belzunce, Flechier, Seguier, Montesquieu, Malesherbes, Tasso, Gallileo, Torricelli, Descartes, Corneille, Racine, Fenelon, Buffon, Moliere, Fontenelle, Jean Baptiste Rousseau, Emperors Ferdinand and Maximilian; Wallenstein, Conde, John of Austria. If it is true as the poet says, that

"Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And in passing leave behind us
Foot prints on the sand of time."

Nothing is to be feared but much to be gained. These are the illustrations dead.

Let us turn our eyes to the living—to those in our own midst. Few indeed may write their names in history; fewer still attain to the

highest fame, but in every walk of life among those whom we see and know, among the leaders in law, in medicine, in journalism, in business, in society, are to be found Jesuit students; and that in a majority. "By their fruits ye shall know them." The deeds of the past constitute a safe criterion by which we may measure the hopes and expectations of the future; and what the Jesuits have done in the past, doubt not that they will continue to do; "their traditional skill in teaching is not yet extinct."

That it is still their intention to maintain their lofty ideal and high standard we need but glance at a prospectus of any of their numerous colleges throughout the country. Their intent is to impart an education that calls into play the moral and intellectual faculties; an education that prepares both heart and mind; an education that evolves the latent faculties into more vigorous and intelligent action; an education that is the development of our innate qualities, directing us in the path of right that so we rise above mere physical existence and be guided by conscience, reason and other better feelings. Their education is intended to be not the bark of the tree of knowledge, but its very root, the development not only of the mental but also of the moral qualities of man—in a word, religion and science intimately linked together and forming that "summum bonum" which enobles the whole man and infuses into him new being, which guards the senses, restrains the appetites, chastens the heart, elevates the will,

enlarges and enlightens the understanding. Such is the education the Jesuits intend to impart.

Thus, their intention is no mere ideal impossible of attainment in practice, it is a matter of daily occurrence going on under our very eyes and subject to investigation and criticism. Let those who are interested or curiously inclined but investigate the course of study in Spring Hill College in the same way the Bulletin enquired into its sanitary condition and they will find that "the same care is taken with the mental welfare of the pupil as is shown and plainly shown with the physical."

In the rapid strides which education has made within the past two decades Spring Hill college has kept abreast with the foremost institutions of the day. Under the guidance of its wise and able faculty, it stands to-day firmer and stronger than ever before, pressing steadily onward from day to day, adopting

every faculty that presents itself for further advancement and development and convincing all who enquire into its methods that there is a great college, whose facilities for imparting knowledge are unsurpassed in the land. To the wide culture of the faculty, whose individual talent is prominently exercised in the particular department in which it is best calculated to bring forth the best fruit, is found the earnestness, the confidence, the charity and the purity of motive which the great Loyola sought to inspire.

The reality of all this assuredly deserves the support of parents and the encouragement of the public; and never before has that support and encouragement taken a more practical form of appreciation than at the opening of this present scholastic year, which from the quantity and quality of its students bids fair to be the banner year of Spring Hill College.

VENDETTA.

THE rays of an Indian sun bathed the little court yard of Ram Lal in a dazzling light. The spray of the fountain sparkled like a shower of diamonds and fell with a soft musical cadence into a large, white marble basin. Around it, clusters of fragrant and brilliant-hued flowers grew in abundance. In the thick foliage of the neighboring trees the birds warbled their songs.

On a stone bench, near the fountain, his back to a grove of tama-

rinds, under a lofty and graceful palm, sat a man of middle age. He was tall, dark complexioned, with clear cut Hindoo features. He wore the undress uniform of an officer of one Her Majesty the Queen's native regiments. This was Ram Lal. He seemed to be buried in deep thought. Silently he had sat there for hours forgetful of his surroundings. At last his lips moved, "Yes, he will come," he mused, "he will surely come. He swore it, and he

and his have never broken faith nor oath." Ah! well do I remember the occasion. I met him in deadly strife, he was an outlaw, the enemy of the Empress and the rebel chief. Clearly back to my memory comes the desperate charge and awful shock; of a sudden I came face to face with him. I knew not who he was, whence he came; his stroke I parried and with my own hand I wounded him. Then the tide of battle swept us apart, but not before I saw his face and heard his taunting voice, "Ho! jackal! recreant son of a noble race, paid hireling of our ancient foe! thou wouldst kill thine own and yet thou couldst not succeed. But listen, ere three years are past thou shalt thyself die and that by my hand. I swear it." He was gone.

My fate was sealed. It was three years ago to-day he spoke and before this sun will set I shall be with my fathers, for be he outlaw or robber, he is my brother, and we have never yet been false to our word.

Thus he mused sadly to himself, oblivious of his surroundings, the birds, the flowers and the fountain.

Suddenly there came the crack of a twig and then a shadow fell across the court yard. Without lifting his eyes Ram Lal spoke, "Thou hast come, Dod Kahn." "Aye," replied the other; "I have come, come as I swore." He stood tall and straight, his face, though older and sterner and more weather-beaten than that of the younger man, yet was the counterpart. Dressed in the Indian native costume, he

was unarmed save for a strange dirk at his side on which his right hand rested.

He paused for a moment, looking steadily at his brother, then continued: "Stand up Ram Lal, stand up for the short time thou hast to live. Answer, why hast thou sold thyself to the foe of thy fathers; answer, why seekest thou to kill thy brother; why has our honor and that of our race been dragged and trampled in the dust by thee? speak!"

"O, brother," spake Ram Lal, "thou hast sworn that I shall die and so die I must; but listen, I have eaten the white man's salt and I have lived his life. I entered the Empress' service. When I was sent against thee I knew not that thou wert the leader of that rebel band, but had I known, it would not have mattered, for I had taken oath. Do what thou wilt."

The eyes of the elder shone with pride, but he spoke with a firm voice. "Thou art the son of my father indeed, and my brother. I would it were otherwise, but thou must die," and he paused. Ram Lal gazed on the face of his brother and felt within him that his death was nigh. Then Dod Kahn continued: "Yes, thou must die and die thou wilt by thy father's dagger in thy brother's hand as surely as if stricken by yon coiled serpent behind thee," and out shot his long arm to point out the snake. Ram Lal turned suddenly to face the supposed reptile, as he did so, his left breast was unprotected, then Dod Kahn's right arm was raised, some-

thing glittered for an instant in the sun. A sharp pain pierced Ram Lal's heart, a voice hissed in his ear, "Thy father's dagger," and then darkness.

The flowers bloomed, and birds

sang till human ears heard not and human eyes saw not. The sun shone on the tinkling fountain, lighting up its waters which were turning slowly crimson.

J. EARLE MANNOCCIR, '04.

A DOUBLE SURPRISE.

THE recess before the evening study was half over. The boys seemed more joyous than usual, and to an eye versed in their ways it was readily discernible that something out of the ordinary was astir. Groups of boys stood or walked about the grounds, talking loudly, and laughing; merrily evincing by their every action the joy that filled their hearts.

And, truly, they had cause to rejoice—at least most of them—for the day was the twenty-first of December, and in two days they were to start for their homes to spend the Christmas holidays. They had had no greater happiness in view since the opening day of school; and, now, that their anticipations were on the verge of blossoming into a grand reality, their feelings were in every way fitted to the occasion.

"Say, Clay," and the hand of the speaker rested on the shoulder of Clay Graham, who was moodily gazing out on the college campus, now almost deserted.

"This is no time for the blues," he continued. "Come, let us take a stroll along the walk. I can scarcely contain myself, so happy do I feel. Just to think, ten days

at home to break the monotony of school life!"

The speaker was a strong lad of seventeen, tall, not over-heavily built, and walking with an ease of carriage characteristic of an independent nature. His patronymic was Dodson; his surname Howard. He was kind of heart, and not less of hand, was tackle on the Varsity eleven, and possessed a number of other dignities which serve to raise a collegian in the estimation of his less fortunate fellows. Owing to his knightly step and graceful bearing, he was known by the appellation of "Sir Howard."

Clay's expression of countenance was not the gayest in the world, nor did it seem to brighten in the least, as Sir Howard proceeded to paraphrase in enthusiastic terms the glories of Christmas tide.

"It will, no doubt," interrupted Clay, "be a good time for you, but I am not so sure that it will be very, very pleasant for me."

Scarcely had Clay spoken when Howard remembered an incident which had happened that morning, and which fully explained Clay's low spirits. That morning, news fatal to Clay's Christmas vacation

at home had come. Little wonder then that he felt down-hearted! His fond expectations were crushed ere they had time to ripen.

A third member joined the party, and without any ceremonies he drifted into the flood of conversation. Howard pitied his friend, if pity it could be called, yet he did not hesitate to remark that his mother had never allowed him to stay at college during "Christmas time," nor would she. Even if she did, he did not think that he would be able to stand it.

But the third member was of the opinion that many things, far worse than remaining at college during Christmas tide, might befall a college boy. And so the conversation flowed on till the sound of the bell summoned all from the play grounds to the study hall.

Lost to all his surroundings, living in the airy castles of the near-coming future, Sir Howard sat at his desk in the study room. Planning different events for the next week, he jotted down some letters in a small memorandum book—perhaps they were initials, but the meaning of them the writer does not pretend to know.

Different in thought, different in facial expression, Clay endeavored to forget his burden by plunging into the depths of "Pro Lege Manilia," and so time passed on.

Meanwhile, let us say a few words about the third member of the evening stroll. Larry Dillon was his name.

During the whole study Larry was most busily engaged. Several

times he crossed the study room to interview a neighbor, and anyone knowing Larry well might be led to conjecture that something was afloat. In fact, Larry was a noted character. Ever ready to play a trick or go in for some fun, but always coming out untouched. First in all perils, and last to be harmed, it seemed as if Dame Fortune had a tender place in her heart for him. We will not, however, enter deeply into his doings on this eventful night.

The morning of the twenty-third dawned bright and cheery, and brighter and cheerier were the hearts of those boys who were to leave for home on that morning. There was a rush to get things together, and in the rush little notice was taken of one another.

When the mail came—happy moment—a letter was called out for Dodson. No hand was raised to receive it. The owner was preparing himself for the realization of long cherished anticipations.

Next was called the name of Graham. Clay stepped forward and took the letter indifferently. When, however, he saw the pen-craft on the envelope his face brightened. As he read a smile began to play around his lips. The more he read, the happier he looked. As when the rays of sunshine penetrate the clouds, the gloom is dissipated quickly, so fled the frown from his brow and the sullen look from his face.

When with a look of satisfaction he folded the letter which evidently had brought welcome tidings,

he saw Sir Howard coming along the walk. He was dressed in swell fashion, a lordly air was noticeable in his walk and grace of carriage. He seemed in manner a veritable knight of the chivalrous days.

"See here," said Clay, going towards him, "a letter from home, saying I can go with the boys. Isn't that fine! There's a letter for you also. I am off to the dormitory," and Clay was gone.

"Coming evils cast their shadows before them," says the proverb; and so it was that when Howard took his letter, a strange sensation came over him. The perusal of the letter took little time. At once Howard's countenance changed, his smile of happiness disappeared and the gloom of disappointment overspread his features.

"Not go home," he muttered, "but stay in this place during the holidays. I can't stand it." A flood of other recollections rushed to his mind, and he spoke a gentle blessing on his beautiful surroundings.

But might he not go on home with the crowd and the authorities be never the wiser? Not so. Well did he know that his letter had been inspected, and moreover to face his father with the disregarded paternal injunctions in his hand was not a desirable plight for Howard Dodson to be in.

Angry and sore at heart, he tore the letter in pieces and crumpled them into his pocket.

The news of Sir Howard's disappointment spread rapidly among the boys. Few, however, came to condole with him, for most of them

were too busily engaged in making their preparations for starting.

Larry and Clay, however, managed to say a few words to him before their departure, advising him to be contented, and remarking in a sage-like way that perhaps it was all for the better. Howard, however, did not seem to agree with them.

When the train pulled into the depot of the Crescent City there was a large crowd of eager parents awaiting their boys. The boys rushed from the cars and soon were clasped in their father's or mother's loving embrace.

One gentleman alone seemed disappointed. After looking in vain among the crowd of boys that rushed from the train, he went to the prefect in charge, and with surprise and anxiety marked in his face, he asked: "Where's Howard?"

"Glad to see you, Mr. Dodson," replied the prefect, shaking hands. "Howard received your letter this morning telling him to remain at college. He was very blue when we left."

"My letter telling him to remain at college? I do not understand you. I wrote him no letter yesterday. Five days ago I wrote and arranged all things for his coming."

They carried on a hurried conversation for a few minutes, and then Mr. Dodson seemed to understand the situation. Deliberating a few moments, he went over to the telegraph office, and the clickings of the telegraph sent a message to Howard Dodson which ran thus: "Come home by first train."

Late that night Howard alighted from the train in his native city. He met his father and after heartfelt greetings on either side, they proceeded homeward. Mr. Dodson, bent on unraveling the mysterious thread which seemed twined about Howard's not coming home with the boys, began :

"So you received a letter from me this morning, Howard?"

"Yes, Father, and it was surely a surprise."

"Let me see the letter."

Howard put his hand in his pocket

and brought out the letter. He looked at it one after another but without success. The letter was gone. Where? Howard does not know till this day. Upon questioning him Mr. Dodson learned that Howard had not even noticed the post-mark on the letter, and so with it was gone every hope of finding out what a close examination of it might have revealed.

Howard took the joke rather seriously ; so whenever afterwards that subject was mentioned, Larry Dilton always endeavored to turn the conversation.

JOSEPH M. WALSH, '03.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.

WITH a rattle of glasses, a clink of coin and an insolent swagger, Sir John Falstaff stands before us a companion of princes and an associate of tavern keepers. The many sides of his wonderful character dazzle and amaze us, while we gaze upon him eagerly awaiting some new turn of thought or expression. He is at one time "a man young and old, a dupe and a wit, harmless and wicked, honest yet dishonest, cowardly and brave, but never a drunkard with temperance."

That he was a drunkard cannot be denied. Prince Henry declares it to his face when he says : "Thou art so fat-witted with the drinking of old sack, and unbuttoning thee after dinner and sleeping on benches in the afternoon that thou hast forgotten to truly ask that which thou wouldst truly know." With Fal-

staff is always the "eternal sack;" it was his rest, his ease, his life. Such a man can be naught else but a toper.

Again, in the famous Eastcheap scene, is his beastly craving for drink displayed, and as a closing argument, it is only necessary to mention that world-renowned tavern bill found on his person, and which read as follows : "Item. A capon 2s. 2d.; sauce 4d.; sack, 2 gallons, 5s. 8d.; anchovies and sack, 2s. 6d.; bread 1 farthing." "O monstrous! but a farthing's worth of bread to this intolerable deal of sack."

Now, Falstaff lied long, often, and without doubt needlessly. Behold him at Shrewsbury field wishing the prince to have a high opinion of his valor, saying: "We rose immediately and fought one long hour by Shrewsbury clock," when, in sooth, he had

stabbed the dead body of Percy. Then when at Gadshill, he swore that the two buckram-clad men were eleven, and though it was impossible to see his own hand before his face because of darkness, yet he saw "two misbegotten knaves in Kendall green." But his untruths do not stop here; immediately after the above-mentioned affair, when he had returned to Eastcheap and when the prince had exposed the whole affair, then doth he cry: "By the lord! I knew ye as well as he that made ye," etc. He was indeed a right jovial liar.

It is said that a rogue and a liar go together; truly, the worth of this maxim is shown in Falstaff. He was as eager to play the highwayman as though he had been born to it, and he played it with excellent success, and in the most approved style, taking care to attack only those who might fall an easy prey.

Besides, his palm was always itching for bribes; he accepted them for everything, even bartering the safety of his country by releasing recruits from military service, and abusing the king's press for his own personal benefit, while he refused to pay his honest debts.

We are ready to excuse almost any fault except that of cowardice. Look upon my bold Sir John, see him brow-beating the woman's tailor, and see him cringing before the Prince and Poin; see him feigning dead at Shrewsbury, see him flying in dismay at Gadshill, mad with terror. Can he be called a chivalrous knight?

And yet in this mountain of flesh

there are after all some good qualities which crop up here and there at intervals, and which only bring out the bad qualities in stronger relief.

He excuses his love of drink, thus: "If sack and sugar be a sin, God keep the wicked. If to be old and merry be a fault, then many an old host whom I know is damned." He lived in an age when debauchery was rife, and when to drink heavily was the fashion. This fact may be some excuse for his weakness.

His lies are, on the whole, without malice; they are open, palpable "gross as the father that made them," and their very transparency enables them to be overlooked. Sir John had a large body and perhaps it was necessary to have recourse to falsehood, in order that his ventures might be in keeping with his size; when he told of that famous defence which he made against his eleven, perhaps his undue excitement and the length of his flight had something to do with his narrative.

Even his roguery has its redeeming features. When Prince Hal, just before Shrewsbury battle, tells Falstaff to say his prayers, Falstaff thus replies: "I wish it were bed time Hal, and all well!" How his childhood, in which prayers were the beginning of a night's rest, must have come back to him!

The thought of repentance often came to his mind, for does he not say: "I must give over this life, and I will give it over suddenly while I'm in same liking. I will be out of heart soon and then I shall

have no strength to repent ; ” and even when on a nightly expedition there came to him serious thoughts.

When he has been cast off by Prince Henry, who has now become king, he immediately says to Shallow : “ Master Shallow, I owe thee a thousand pounds.” And though he had no means wherewith to pay, yet he never thought of hiding the fact. And finally, when death came upon him, in his last moments, his thought turned to no evil, but the ravings of his delirium were about his boyhood scenes. Nay more, I will let Mistress Quickly speak : “ A ’ made a finer end and went away an it had been any christom child ; a ’ parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning of the tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets and play with flowers and smile upon his fingers’ ends, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen and a ’ babbled of green fields.”

As to his courage, one can only say that the Chief-justice, ever ready and willing to find fault, compliments him in the following speech :

“ Your day’s service at Shrewsbury has somewhat gilded over your night’s work at Gadshill.”

Again, Peto relates to us how he met and “ overtook a dozen captains, bareheaded, swearing, and asking for Sir John Falstaff. Then, too, Sir John led his hundred and fifty men into battle and fought bravely until only “ three were left and they helpless cripples destined for the rest of their life to beg.” Finally, we find Falstaff along with Prince Henry when he and Hotspur meet in deadly combat, and one cannot suppose that Agincourt’s victor was in the ranks of cowards.

Let us then honor old Jack for what is good, and excuse what is wicked in him.

Let only his peaceful end remain in our memory, and let us always recall his memory by a smile mingled with a tear. Nor let us mistake him for his namesake of Windsor fame. They are, indeed, two separate and distinct characters, with as widely diverse tastes as could be imagined : both wonderful creations of a wonderful mind.

J. EARLE MANNOCCIR, ’04.

A JUST PUNISHMENT.

DARK was the night. No moon shone, no stars glittered in the cloudy skies. On board the *Bernice* the crew were making preparations for a gale which they knew would come in a few hours. Sails were reefed and all movable objects were either strapped down or placed below.

Nor were these preparations made in vain. Shortly before midnight the storm came and burst forth in all its fury, forming huge billows that seemed of mountainous height. Peal after peal of rumbling thunder growled, and streaks of lightning illumined the darkness of the night.

Bravely the *Bernice* ploughed her

way through that seething mass of angry billows. The huge waves rose and broke over her bow, sending showers of spray to the very top of the mast.

The storm increased as the night wore on. The sea became more terrible, the gale blew stronger, the lightning flashed more vividly, and deeper the thunder roared. Never had such a storm been witnessed by any of the crew. The good ship plunged and lurched, now carried on the crest of a mountainous wave, now hidden in a watery valley. All night the storm continued with unabated fury.

Morning dawned and brought hope to many a heart, a hope which was soon to be turned into despair. For dismantled, water-logged and in a sinking condition, the storm-tossed *Bernice* drifted on the broad waters of the deep. The recent storm had done its destructive work. Not a mast or spar remained intact, but all were entangled with broken rigging and cordage; and yet on this wreck were no less than twenty human beings. These were all huddled together in the fore-castle, thanking God for having spared their lives thus far and begging Him to send a ship to their aid.

Slowly the morning passed with nothing to change its monotony; but shortly after mid-day a steamer hove in sight. With joyful hearts and eager eyes the shipwrecked sailors watched her. Nearer, yet nearer she approached, and then the ensign of recognition was seen floating from her fore-mast.

The mariners knew that they had

been sighted, and they became frantic with joy at the thought of being restored to their homes.

When the signal to slow down had been given to the engineer on the steamer, the captain rushed from his quarters on deck and inquired what it all meant.

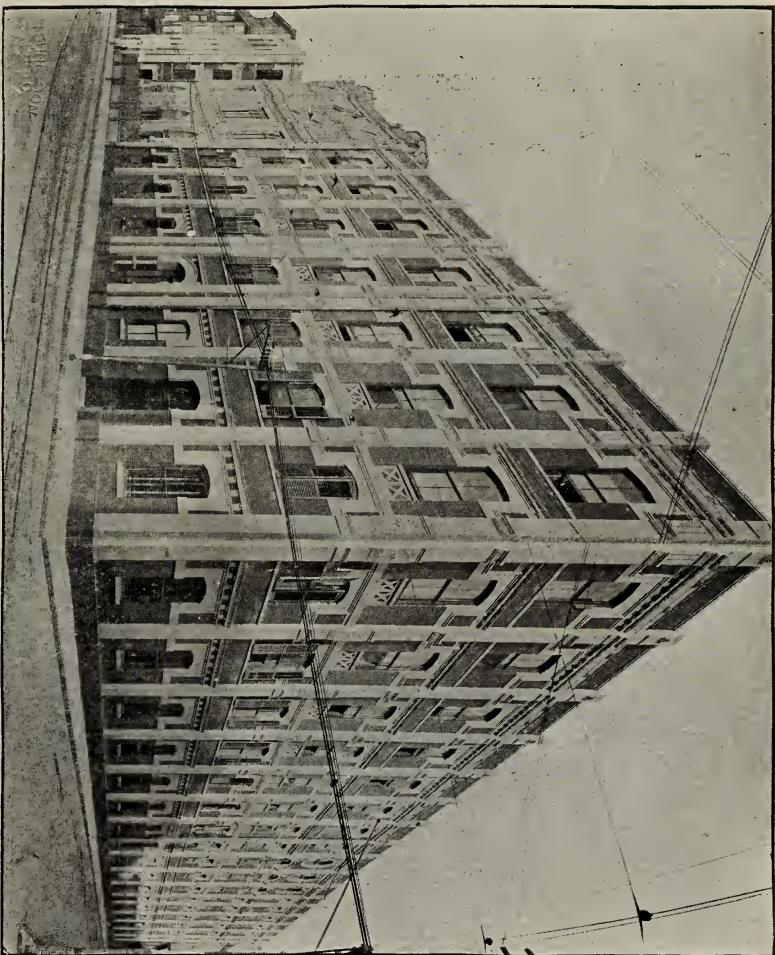
When he was told the reason, and the wreck pointed out to him, he became white with rage.

"Down with that flag!" he yelled to his officer, "and give the signal to go ahead. We have no time nor provisions for these wretches."

Slowly and reluctantly was the flag hauled down, and his order obeyed. The great propeller of the steamer began to turn more rapidly and churn the water once more. Pity and compassion for the wrecked mariners were visible on the faces of all on board save that of the captain.

Who shall describe the despair that seized those poor unfortunates when they saw the huge iron monster creeping inch by inch away from them, until finally she vanished from the horizon.

About ten o'clock that night the wind began to blow from the north-west. A fresh storm began to rage, which showed signs of being worse than the preceding one. The very furies of hell seemed to have been set free to roam at will over the vast caverns of the deep. The wind increased in velocity and the gigantic waves broke high over the vessel's sides. The engines became disabled and the "*Ora*," for that was the steamer's name, was tossed like a plaything on the watery waste.



COLLEGE OF THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION, 1901.
Corner of Common and Baronne Streets.

The captain, now conscience-stricken, paced up and down his cabin, furtively glancing here and there, as the vision of his heartless deed rose up before him.

"Oh!" he said, "If I had only rescued those men this storm might have been averted!" But now it was too late! Suddenly he was roused from his reverie by a dreadful shock. The steamer had struck a rock, and the heroic efforts of the crew to keep her afloat were in vain. She began to fill rapidly, the life-boats were lowered, and the crew abandoned the ill fated vessel. For a moment she trembled like an aspen on the summit of a huge wave, then with a forward plunge she sank to her fathomless grave in the briny deep.

But where was the captain? He was not in any of the boats. Some of the crew remembered seeing him when the vessel was going down, trying to jump into one of the boats, but just then a wave swept the boat away and he fell into the sea. He never rose to the surface.

The next morning the survivors were picked up by a steamer belonging to the same line as the ill-fated "Ora." Great was their surprise to find the ship-wrecked sailors, whom they had been forced to abandon, rescued by the same vessel. Matters were explained and it was the common opinion that Divine Providence had justly punished the cruel and hard-hearted captain of the "Ora."

FRANCIS A. GIULI, '04.

THE LEGEND OF THE WANDERING JEW.

ONE of the most widely-spread legends of the middle ages and which has come down even to our own times, is the legend of the Wandering Jew. How and when this legend originated is involved in obscurity. The earliest extant mention of the Wandering Jew is to be found in the writings of Matthew Paris.

Matthew Paris was a Benedictine monk of St. Albans. He was born in the year 1195 and died in 1259. In his *Historia Major* he gives the following account of the Wandering Jew: "In the present year (1229) an Archbishop of Greater Armenia came to England

in order to venerate the relics of the saints and visit the sacred places in the kingdom as he had done in other countries. He was the bearer of letters of recommendation from the Pope to the prelates and clergy of this kingdom. He came to St. Albans to pray at the tomb of the proto-martyr of England and he was received with due honor by the abbot and the monks. While he tarried in the monastery, he made many inquiries relating to the religious observances of England, and, on his part, he related to them many strange and peculiar customs of the eastern countries. He was asked among other things, whether he had

heard anything about a certain Joseph, who was present at the passion of Christ, and who is still alive in evidence of the Christian faith. A knight of the archbishop's retinue, who acted as interpreter, replied in French: "My lord knows the man very well and a short time before his departure for the West, he received the said Joseph at his table."

He was then asked about what he had passed between Christ and the said Joseph and he answered that, when Christ was being dragged from the pretorium of Pilate to Calvary, Cartaphilus, porter of the palace of Pontius Pilate, struck Him on the back with his hand, saying in mockery: "Go quicker, Jesus, go quicker, why do you loiter?" Then Christ looking on him with a sad but severe countenance, said to him: "I am going and soon I shall find rest, but thou shalt walk till I return." At the time of our Lord's passion he was thirty years old, and when he reaches his hundredth year he falls into a kind of trance. After this trance he returns to the same age as he was when our Lord suffered. Cartaphilus was converted to Christianity and baptized by Ananias, the same who baptized the Apostle Paul, and he received the name of Joseph. He dwells for the greater part in Greater or Lesser Armenia; he is a man of holy conversation, speaks little and is very circumspect in his conversation."

* * * * *

There exists another version of the legend found in a letter written in 1613 by Chrysostomus Duduloeus of Westphalia. The writer relates

that Paul von Eitzen, doctor of the Holy Scriptures and Bishop of Schleswig, saw the Wandering Jew in 1547 in a church in Hamburg; he was a tall man, with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing barefoot during the sermon. After the sermon the bishop asked him privately whence he came. He replied that he was a Jew by birth, a native of Jerusalem, by name Ahasverus. He was a shoemaker by trade and lived in Jerusalem at the time of the passion of Christ. As Christ, bowed under the weight of the heavy cross passed his dwelling, he asked to be allowed to rest a little, but he refused the request and told Jesus to hasten on His way; Jesus looked at him and said: "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go until the last day."

This version differs in some details from that of Matthew Paris. In this account the Wandering Jew is called Ahasverus, while Matthew Paris calls him Cartaphilus; Dudulaeus says he was a shoemaker, Matthew Paris makes him the doorkeeper of Pilate's palace.

Christopher Krause and Jacob von Holstein, ambassadors to the Court of Spain, confirmed under oath that they had seen the same individual at Madrid in Spain, in the year 1575. In 1599 he was met at Vienna, in 1601 he was at Lubeck, in 1633 he was again in Hamburg. In 1640, two citizens of Brussels met him in the forest of Soignes, but he gave his name as Isaac Laquedem. In 1642 he is said to have visited Leipzig. In 1721 he was seen at Munich.

Such is the legend of the Wandering Jew ; it is nothing more than legend, one of those many myths that were so universally current during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.

But no myth is wholly without foundation; a legend always rests on some groundwork of truth. What then is the underlying truth of this wide-spread legend? History is silent on this point and nothing can be advanced with certainty. It has been suggested that the Wandering Jew is the impersonation of the Jewish race, a people which, without altar, without temple, without country, wanders restlessly over the face of the earth and which will continue so till the end of time.

Popular imagination gathered up all these characteristics into one whole and attributed them to one person, thus creating the Wandering Jew. Some clever imposters made use of this popular belief to impose on the credulity of an age less critical than ours.

We may venture another explanation of the origin of the legend. Deep down in a man's nature there is rooted a longing for immortality, his heart craves for a life without end, hence his imagination loves to picture to itself a life prolonged indefinitely. May not this theory explain the passion with which the ancient alchemists labored to distill the elixir of life? Was it not the desire for an unending life that led Ponce de Leon to undertake his expedition to Florida in search of the Fountain of Youth?

St. John, the well-beloved dis-

ciple, so the legend runs, is asleep in his tomb at Ephesus. As he breathes the sand heaves over his breast. The seven sleepers of Ephesus reposed in their mountain cave, and centuries passed like a day.

Does not the same truth run through the beautiful legend of the monk Felix?

"This morning after the hour of prime,
I left my cell,
And wandered forth alone,
Listening all the time
To the melodious singing
Of a beautiful bird,
Until I heard
The bells of the convent ringing
Noon from their noisy towers,
It was as if I dreamed;
For what to me had seemed
Moments only, had been hours!"

"Years!" said a voice close by.

* * * * *

And they knew at last,
That such had been the power
Of that celestial and immortal song,
A hundred years had passed,
And had not seemed so long
As a single hour!

Joseph of Arimathea, in the city of Sarras, draws perpetual life from the Holy Grail. Charlemagne, Barbarossa and William Tell are untouched by death; they sleep in their tombs and are supposed to reappear when their country shall be in danger.

With the legend of the Wandering Jew are closely connected those traditions of a wandering, deathless life inflicted on the wicked as a punishment for their crimes. Thus in German folk-lore we meet with the Wild Huntsman who, for his immoderate addiction to the sport was condemned henceforth to follow the

chase by night. Accompanied by shouting of huntsmen and baying of dogs, he rushes along over woods, fields and villages.

Who has not heard of the Flying Dutchman and the Phantom Ship? Van der Decken, a Dutch captain, sailed for the Indies in 1600. When he tried to double the Cape of Good Hope, he was kept back by contrary winds. In a fit of exasperation, he swore that in spite of winds and waves, of lightning and thunder, of God and devil, he would double the Cape, were it necessary to try even till the day of judgment.

Scarcely had he uttered this dreadful oath, when he heard a voice saying: "Till the day of the last judgment!" Since that time he beats about the ocean, on board a ship without helm or steersman, playing at dice for his soul with the Devil.

This restless, deathless life was a real curse, an unsufferable torment inflicted on the wicked. It makes Prince Henry exclaim:

"Rest! rest! Oh, give me rest and peace!
The thought of life that ne'er shall cease
Has something in it like despair,
A weight I am too weak to bear!"

(Golden Legend, Longfellow.)

Schubart, in his lyrical rhapsody, entitled: "der Ewige Jude," makes the Wandering Jew bewail his sad lot, in the following lament:

Oh, never to die! unable to die!
What torture of body and mind I suffer!
Oh, never to rest! unable to rest!
To a body shrivelled and worn I'm wedded,
The pallor of death is on my face!
The odor of the tomb around me!
For ages past this torture I have borne,
Condemned I am to suffer it for ages more!
Oh! to behold relentless Time, unsated,
Forever bringing forth his luckless children,
Forever his unhappy offspring devouring!
And Thou, who in high Heaven dwellest,
Thou forever nursing thy fierce wrath,
Hast Thou in store a still more dreadful
scourge?

Oh, on my head Thy lurid lightning hail!
Let the tempest dash me from Carmel's
steep height
On the sharp rocks below, there let me lie,
A mangled wretch, . . . let me gasp, . . .
let me die. . . .

FERDINAND L. LARUE, '03.

A RUNAWAY.

I HAD been looking for an opportunity to escape unnoticed from the college grounds. It was not long before I was able to carry my plan into execution. The days were growing shorter and soon it was quite dark during the evening recreation. On the evening of the 27th of September I strolled down to the gate at the farther end of the campus, opened it and favored by the darkness passed out unnoticed. With a light heart I plunged into the woods just as the bell was ringing for the boys to return to the study hall.

The silvery rays of the newly risen moon quivered through the intertwined branches of the trees overhead and described weird and fantastic shapes on the sward. Profound silence reigned everywhere, the song of the birds was hushed, the chirping of the insects had ceased; only now and then the melancholy hoot of the owl reechoed through the forest.

In my endeavors to reach the shell-road I came suddenly upon a little stream, from its rippling waters the slanting moonbeams glanced as from burnished metal. The sight so fascinated me that I fell into a deep reverie as I walked along, and was not aware of my surroundings until I was startled by the glare of electric lights and the clanging of car-bells. I kept to the side of the road, walking as much as possible in the dark shadow. I continued on my way until I reached Bienville Square, in Mobile. There I sat

down on a bench, feeling like a newly fledged bird whose first attempt at flying has been successful.

Here I rested for a while and about twelve o'clock I started for the depot where I bought a ticket for the south-bound train which was due soon after midnight. While waiting for the train I kept carefully in a dark corner. After half an hour of anxious expectation the train came in, and I secretly congratulated myself on the success of my venture. I rushed for the train and was on the point of boarding it when I felt a light tap on my shoulder and turning around I saw a well dressed man who informed me that he had come especially for me; he invited me to accompany him to his private carriage which was to take us to his residence. I was so taken by surprise that I followed the man without saying a word. We entered the carriage which was in waiting and were driven away at a rapid pace. After a long ride we finally stopped before a small brick building with barred windows, which I at once recognized as the police headquarters. I was conducted to a small room where a stern looking individual sat writing at a desk. He looked up from his book, and closely scrutinized me for a few moments; his face broadened into a smile when he learned from my companion what the trouble was. "Oh! another one of those Spring Hill fugitives," he exclaimed. Still

smiling he turned to me and said "Homesick I suppose. Well, we'll soon cure that." He pressed a button and immediately an officer appeared at the door.

"John," said the Judge, "take this youngster to cell No. 2, and treat him well." I was now ushered through a long, narrow passage, at the end of which we turned to the right, the officer opened a cell, thrust me in, and immediately locked the door.

On looking around I found that the only furniture in the room consisted of a low cot and a broken chair. There was only one window and that was near the ceiling and strongly barred, so all thought of escape vanished instantly.

It would be difficult to imagine how crestfallen I now was. Think what a contrast there was between my present surroundings and riding home in a pullman. I was reflecting on this and bemoaning my condition when I fell asleep. I dreamed that I was at home and had not started yet for college, but that I was to go on the first of the month; I looked forward with much joy to my college days; Oh! the fun I would have!

I was roused from my slumber by the gruff voice of the officer saying: "Get up and come with me." I did as I was bidden, and as I stepped into the passage I saw before me the same officer and with him another person, whom I did not at first recognize, but as we came into

the brighter light of the court room I saw that it was one of the professors of the college, who was commonly called by the boys "the detective."

He spoke very kindly to me and as we passed through the room to make our exit, I noticed that all the officers looked at me and smiled.

We took a Spring Hill Ave. car and were soon going towards the college at a good rate.

Oh! how different was this going back to the college from my stroll in the woods.

Neither of us spoke a word the whole way back, and when we finally reached our destination, I was simply told to go to bed, and nothing was ever said to me by any of the faculty about my attempted break for freedom.

However, I was not to escape so easily. When I came into the playground the next morning the boys began to ply me with innumerable questions, asking how I had enjoyed my trip home, and how it was that I had not stayed longer. One wise-looking little fellow looked up at me with a grin, then shook his head and said: "Well, Jim, I reckon it's healthier for you out here than in New Orleans anyway, don't you?" I smiled, told him yes and walked away.

Now boys, take my advice and never attempt to run away from college, for you are bound to get the worst of it in the end.

P. TARLETON PHILIPS, '04.

SOMETHING ABOUT TOPICS.

WHAT I hear and read concerning arrangement or order of thoughts, calls to my mind a certain proverb advising cooks to catch their hare before gathering in the ingredients, which, with the hare, go to make a savory mess.

A great deal has been written about the arrangement of thoughts in a speech or composition, but, what are we going to arrange and how are we to do the arrangement if thoughts are wanting? Picture to yourselves an unfortunate college boy with tousled hair and ink-stained fingers, bending over a desk with a head full of nothing but arrangement, and a sheet of white paper that seems to grow larger and larger. But his mind is vacant; no thoughts are flashing through his brain.

Now I wish to give him some encouragement; he needs it. I intend to show him how he may best make use of that portion of grey matter which was allotted to him when he first came to live on this earth. I shall help him to find out the things which he may arrange. The help I shall give is merely to point out the use of what rhetoricians call topics, certain leading considerations or lines along which if our minds travel we are bound to discover about any subject all that our capacity will enable us to find out.

It would be too long to go through all the topics. I shall only pick out a few. The topic of nature, for instance, applied to any thing tells

us, in the first place, what the thing is. Here is Falstaff's definition of boyhood: "Since I plucked geese, played truant and whipped top, I knew not what it was to be beaten till lately." Old Jack Falstaff's catechism on honor will give us another illustration. He is talking about that honor which is the soldier's greatest boast: "Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor has no skill in surgery then? No. What is honor? A word. What is that word honor? Air. A trim reckoning. Who hath it? He that died on Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. Is it insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it; therefore I'll none of it. Honor is a mere scutcheon, and so ends my catechism."

Again the topic of nature will warm the mind and imagination by counting up the parts of some subject and we see Old Jack using it to show the qualities of his recruits: "Will you tell me, Master Shallow, how to choose a man? Care I for the limbs, the thews, the stature, bulk and big assemblance of a man! Give me the spirit, Master Shallow. Here's Wart. You see what a ragged appearance it is; he shall charge you and discharge you, with the motion of a pewterer's hammer: come off and on, swifter than he that gibbets-on the brewer's bucket.

And this same half-faced fellow, Shadow, give me this man ; he presents no mark to the enemy ; the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a pen-knife ; and for a retreat, how swiftly will this Feeble, the woman's tailor, run off ! O ! give me the spare men and spare me the great ones !'

Here Falstaff enumerates the

qualities of a good soldier, who fights well, moves rapidly, does not expose himself needlessly, and can get off in a hurry when it is necessary. All which goes to show that Sir John Falstaff did not forget the scholarly training he had received at Sir Thomas Mobrai's castle.

JOHN C. HANWAY, '04.

FLOSCULUS REGINAE CARUS.

In silva, quondam, latebrosa sede ferarum,
 Purpureus vepres inter crescebat amarus
 Flosculus, aspectu jucundus, ordore suavis,
 Ad majora satus, nequam licet exul in agro.
 Hic etsi adversis crebro jactatus ab auris,
 Atque uno quamquam caelesti rore refectus,
 Florebat timidus, mediis tutusque periclis.
 Per silvam regis gradientem forte parentem
 Allicit ille sibi, quo totum odoramine replet
 Ambrosio saltum. Vultu regina benigno
 Miratur, cupiensque manu radicitus aufert,
 In regium posthac nati quo tranferat hortum.
 Hunc triplici penitus munitum sepe, soloque
 Felicem, saliens rivus de fonte perenni
 Irrigat, assiduo colit atque labore colonus.
 Hic rident varii numero, splendoreque flores
 Insignes, regi decus ingens atque voluptas.
 Haud tamen hos inter silvestris flosculus esse
 Erubuit : pulchris illis nam pulchrior ipse.
 Jamque novis properat laetus frondescere ramis,
 Erranti donec reginae forte per hortum
 Quantumvis tenerum placuit sibi carpere florem,
 Quo medius gemmis diadematis inde niteret.

Hujus forte cupis, lector, cognoscere nomen :
 Ille est qui totum celebratur Kostka per orbem.

DRACHMA.



College Brass Band



NAMELESS.

TOM RICHARDSON and Harry Delvour were lounging on a bench in the cool shade of a wide spreading tree. Two weeks of their vacation had passed, and with the inconstancy of youth they had already grown tired of their sports and freedom and longed for a change.

Tom picked up the morning paper. "I wonder," he said, "who won yesterday's baseball game."

After he had read through the baseball news, he glanced over the sporting column, reading aloud the following heading: "The Suburban Handicap," "Ornament Wins by a Length," "Odds, Two to One." A little further towards the end of the column he found this item: "Manager Overton of the Olympia Race Track has offered a prize for the fastest horse, to be ridden by a boy under eighteen. All entries must be made," etc.

"What do you say if we try," Tom cried out.

"I am willing," said Harry, with eagerness.

Now, some months before, Harry's father had bought a fine black mare, which was said to have carried all the stakes in the southern races. Her track name was La Verner, but when Mr. Delvour bought her, he wished to change her name. Many names were suggested, but none proved acceptable to all. At last Harry said: "Pshaw! call her Nameless." And so, Nameless she was called.

"We shall have to try our horses," said Tom.

"There is no time like the present," replied Harry; and they set off at once for the stables. After a few minutes they appeared, Harry mounted on Nameless, while Tom rode a chestnut half-bred, that had won the first prize for two successive years at a flower show.

They started; the chestnut took the lead and kept it for about a hundred yards. Nameless, however, began to gain gradually on the chestnut, and at last shot ahead and won by several lengths.

"I think I stand a good chance," remarked Harry, "Don't you think so, Tom?"

The day of the races came at last; it was clear and bright, but very cold for September. The race course was crowded and much betting was done. Waiting for the race to start, the horses walked slowly up and down the track which gave the spectators an opportunity to estimate their various good qualities.

First came Nameless. She was an exceeding tall, black mare, with a long arched neck, thin but extremely well-shaped legs, a thick mane and trailing tail. Next came Nitroglycerine, a thoroughbred, with long thin legs, a forehead slightly sunken in that betokened viciousness. But the animal that most amused the people was an old, gray mule and a very dilapidated one.

His legs were very knotty and crooked, his head was remarkably large and he limped with his right fore foot.

At last the signal for the races was given and all the competitors drew up in line. After much prancing and dancing the net was raised and off they sped. Nameless was in the lead with her long graceful neck stretched to the fullest, and her mane wildly fluttering in the breeze. Next came Nitro. The excitement increased as the distance between Nameless and Nitro gradually became less. As they rush by the three-quarter stake, the much-ridiculed mule showed his mettle and gained rapidly on the first two.

Excitement now ran very high and betting became lively. "Five to one on the mule," shouts some one as the last curve is rounded. The racers are enveloped in a cloud of dust and great is the suspense. But what was not the surprise and amusement to see the mule in the lead, with Nameless close on him and Nitro lagging behind. As they reached the grand stand yells and hurrahs rend the air. But on a sudden every voice is hushed and breathless silence reigns, for the mule frightened by the noise has stopped abruptly and his rider is pitched headlong forward, while Nameless shoots ahead and crosses the line. JAMES G. RAPIER, '95.

A DAY WITH THE BROOK TROUT.

WE were spending our vacation among the romantic scenery of the Tennessee mountains. One evening as we were seated around our camp fire talking over the adventures and sport of the day, someone suggested that for to-morrow we should arrange a fishing party. All took up the proposal with enthusiasm, and every one set to work at once to get his fishing tackle ready. We retired early, and tired by the day's sport and exercise, we were soon buried in a profound sleep.

As soon as the first rosy streaks of the dawn appeared in the east, the camp was all astir. A cup of hot coffee and a few crackers were swallowed in haste, leggings were donned, creels filled with crackers,

refreshments and meal wherewith to fry the fish were strapped to the back. All is soon ready and before the sun has risen above the mountain tops, we set out and strike across the hills for the brook where we are to try our luck.

O, the glory of the morning in the mountains! How invigorating is the fresh, crisp air! Passing through the woods our ears are charmed by the sweet carols of the birds, while we ourselves feel as light of heart and gay as the frisky squirrels that skip from tree to tree. The continual flow of jokes and laughter is checked only by the steep ascent of a high hill, but when we reach the top what a glorious view greets our eyes. The sun is

now fully risen and bathes all nature in a glorious light. The green of the near mountains and the purple of those in the far distance, with here and there a column of blue smoke curling up from some cottage that nestles snugly in some sequestered nook, overhead the deep blue of a cloudless sky form a scene which no brush can depict, no poet describe.

Gladly would we have lingered here to feast our eyes on that fairy scene, but we remembered that we had to walk yet a good distance before reaching the creek where we intended to fish; so we did not delay but quickly went down the slope of the hill into the valley. Soon we heard the gurgle of the brook, and walking for some distance we reached the ford where we intended to have our fish-fry.

We lose no time in preparing for the sport. The provisions are safely stored away, the fishing tackle is prepared, and we agree to have dinner at two o'clock at the ford. Then we start off two by two; some go up the creek, some down, others remain at the ford. My partner and I decided to go up the creek, so we make our way at a rapid pace through the fields and groves until we reach the point where we intend to begin fishing.

Here the creek is not more than ten feet wide and about half knee deep. We wade in and start down through the laurel bushes, fishing in the pools and riffles as we go on. What grand sport it is to feel your line tighten and know that on your hook there is a trout! Great skill

is needed to land the fish, for the brush is so thick and the fish so quick that he can easily unhook himself, but at last you have him safe in the creel, your hook is rebaited and the sport recommences.

Unless you have fished for mountain trout you cannot understand the excitement of the sport. This little fish, one of the gamiest, does not average more than five or six inches in length. Unlike most of the kind that we are familiar with he has no scales, his back is of a light brown, while his belly is white, he is dotted all over with tiny red specks. From these dots he gets the name of speckled trout; his fins are also tipped with red. This little beauty lives in the brooks of our mountains twenty-five hundred feet or more above the sea level, and the water in which he swims must be at most sixty degrees Fahrenheit. If it gets higher than that our fish dies from too much heat. Think of getting in the middle of a brook, for it is impossible to fish from the banks; of crawling under logs, over logs and around logs to fish in pools that are shrouded in perpetual twilight, or climbing over moss covered rocks and down falls to fish in the pools at the bottom. This is sport indeed and when your labors are rewarded by catching a brook trout, what better reward could be desired.

Thus my partner and I fished until half past one; then we left the brook and made our way back to the ford. We were the last to arrive. The rest of the crowd were lying around a big fire drying their clothes.

"What luck?" is the cry that greets us. "Fifteen, and what have you?" "Thirty-five all told." So fifty is the number of fish for the day. Some go to the creek to clean them, while others rake glowing embers between two rocks which serve as a fire-place. The frying pan is heated up, and some meat cooked to obtain grease in which to fry the fish. At last everything is finished, and down we sit on the green sward or on old logs to enjoy our meal in the woods.

What more could a man want? A good appetite, fish, out of the water into the frying-pan, and the song of a clear cold brook ever in our ears, with the music of the breeze as it murmurs through the giant trees that clothe the mountains towering above us. During our repast we are entertained by the older members of the party, telling us how many fish they used to catch in the brook, and instead of fifty, a hundred and fifty was the number usually brought in to a fry. They never fail to add that we are young and will learn to fish in time, that there are not as many fish as there

used to be, so after all we did as well as could have been expected. Nor must I forget the yarns that are told on these occasions. How many stories of the big fish that got away, and how excited do we become hearing these tales of good times past and gone.

But all good times must have an end. Every fish has disappeared, and we feel more like sleeping than trudging through the mountains back to camp. But we must be moving or else night will overtake us in the hills; so poles are unjointed, creels washed out and we turn our faces homeward. Having again climbed the hill we pause for a moment to view the magnificent sunset. It rivals, if it does not surpass the sunrise we saw in the morning. But we are too tired to be much impressed by its beauties, and we only think of reaching the camp.

At last we arrive at the wished for goal. Supper is cooked and eaten as soon as possible, the dishes are washed and everything is put in shape, then each man seeks his bunk and lives over again, in his dreams the day just past.

BREAM Jr.

THE RONDEAU.

HAVE you ever heard of the rondeau, gentle reader? I knew in a vague way that the rondeau was some kind of poem. But my notions were rather hazy, until I was asked by a friend to make a rondeau. The first thing to be done was to obtain a clear idea of what a

rondeau was. I, therefore, took Webster's Dictionary and looked for RONDEAU. This is the definition I found: "Rondeau, a species of lyric poetry, so composed as to contain a repetition or refrain which occurs according to a fixed law." This definition did not help me very

much. It does not give the distinguishing traits of the rondeau, which mark it off from all other lyrical poetry ; moreover, it fails to tell us what that fixed law is according to which the refrain occurs. Should you come across a rondeau and have only this definition to guide you, you would be unable to recognize it. Besides, there is the "rondeau redouble," "the rondel," "the rondelet," "the roundel," which bear all a family likeness.

Consulting the Standard Dictionary, we find the following definition of the rondeau : "A poem of prescribed form, first used in France. It consists usually of thirteen lines arranged in three strophes of five, three and five respectively, with only two rhymes and with an additional refrain after the eighth and thirteenth lines. The lines are of eight or ten syllables each." This definition is complete, and it will enable us to compose a rondeau should the Muse favor us.

The rondeau is not a plant indigenous to the soil of English poetry, it is a delicate exotic which blooms in all its glory in the gardens of sunny Provence.

The famous French poet Voiture joins the theory to the practice when he tells us in a rondeau how a rondeau is to be made. Mr. Austin Dobson gives the following free translation of Voiture's rondeau :

"You bid me try, BLUE-EYES to write,
A rondeau. What! forthwith? to-night?
Reflect. Some skill I have, 'tis true;
But thirteen lines! and rhymed on two!
'Refrain as well. Ah, hapless plight!

"Still there are five lines-ranged aright.
These Gallic bonds, I feared, would fright
My easy Muse. They did, till you—
You bid me try!

That makes them eight—the port's in sight:
'Tis all because your eyes are bright!
Now just a pair to end in "oo"—
When maids command, what can't we do!
Behold! THE RONDEAU-tasteful, light,
You bid me try!

We quote the following rondeau
on the rondeau, by E. B. Brownlow:

First find your refrain—then build as you go
With delicate touch, neither heavy nor slow,
But dainty and light as a gossamer thread,
Or the fleecy white cloud that is breaking
o'erhead,
Or the sea-foam that curls in the soft even-
ing glow;

And your rhyme must be swinging—not
all in a row,
But as waves on the sands in fine ebb and
thick flow;
Yet of rules for a rondeau I hold this the
head,
First find your refrain.

For the subject—there's nothing above or
below
That a poet can learn or a critic may know
But a rondeau will hold a rhyme-ring that
will wed
The thought to the thing, yet whatever
is said
Will ne'er be a rondeau till you with one
blossom
First find your refrain.

As a last illustration we give the
Rondeau of the Robin, by Magdalen
Rock :

The robin sings amid the trees
When first the leaves in Spring appear
When wind-flowers flutter in the breeze,
And daisies dance on grassy leas,
When lark and merle chant loud and clear,

When the cuckoo flies over seas,
 And rose and lilies lure the bees,
 When early wheat is in the ear,
 The robin sings.

He sings when boughs are red and sere,
 And meadow-lands are brown and drear.
 His simple, merry harmonies;
 Aye, when the pools and rivers freeze

In the mid-winter of the year,
 The robin sings.

The method according to which to
 compose a rondeau is now quite
 clear, but as I have not felt thus far
 the poetic afflatus, my rondeau is
 yet to be made.

ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

The following extracts from the "United States Catholic Miscellany" were kindly communicated to us by Mr. A. B. Fox, S. J., of Macon, Ga. They will prove of interest, we are sure, to the readers of the REVIEW, especially as they give many details about the foundation and first years of Spring Hill College.

"ALABAMA AND FLORIDA.

CHARLESTON, Sat., May 31, 1828.

The good Bishop of Orlenos, to whose care this district is confided, is now on his way to Europe, in order to procure aid for this desolate region. He was in New Orleans in the early part of this month, whence he was soon to have sailed, and expected to be accompanied upon his return by a sufficient number of priests to supply the wants of some of his flock, and to lay the foundation of a seminary. Dr. Portier is a native of Lyons, in France, a city in which much has been done by a zealous and pious population to aid foreign missions and certainly no one better deserves their generous sympathy than their own apostolic citizen, who has within the last year more than once, by fatigue and sickness, nearly fallen a martyr to his heroic exertions in the inhospitable climate where his lot has been cast."—(United States Cath. Miscel., Vol. vii, No. 47.)

CHARLESTON, Sat., Nov. 5, 1830.

The College of Spring Hill, under the direction of the Right Rev. Dr. Portier, Bishop of Mobile, which will be opened between the first and fifteenth of November next, under the appellation of "The College of Spring Hill" is situated on the great mail-road from Washington City to New Orleans, and seven miles west of the city of Mobile. Its elevated situation overlooking the surrounding country and commanding a distant view of the Bay of Mobile, the numerous springs and the purity of the water which surrounds it, together with its other physical advantages, all concur to render it a collegiate residence, not less healthy than agreeable.

The character of the founder, and constant testimonials of esteem and confidence with which the citizens honored him during the years which he consecrated to the instruction of their youth, are a sufficient guarantee of all that relates to the moral

and religious basis of a sound education.

Two professors of English language, two of the French, two of the Latin and one of Spanish, a professor of Mathematics, and a Director General of studies constitute the faculty or the council of the college under the direction of the founder, Dr. Portier, or the President, his Vicar-General, to whom is also assigned the duty of the Greek professorship.

To announce to the public that all these, with the exception of the Professor of Mathematics, who is daily expected from France, are already assembled at the college, or will be before the close of the coming month is but to assure parents and guardians, that no pains have been, or will be, spared in the scientific department necessary to insure an education both solid and brilliant.

It is needless to mention that Geography, Astronomy, History, Rhetoric, Belles-Letters, the elements of Physics, and Chemistry, etc., etc., are included in the course of studies.

The College of Spring Hill is designed to be essentially classic. All students, without exception, will pursue according to their age, progress and the direction of the Council of Professors, in connection with other branches, the study of the Ancient and Modern Languages. The English, however, will be exclusively the language of communication.

Though the Regency of the College be Catholic, yet no influence

will be exercised upon pupils bred in the principles of other Christian denominations. Good order, however, will require them to attend the public exercises of morning and evening prayers and the divine service of the Sabbath.—(United States Cath. Miscel., Vol. xi, No. 9.)

FIRST PROSPECTUS OF SPRING HILL COLLEGE.

CONDITIONS.

MOBILE, Oct. 29, 1830.

1st. The price for the Scholastic year is fixed at Two Hundred and Sixty Dollars; one-half payable semi-annually in advance.

2nd. The equivalent for this sum includes the board of the pupils, their washing, mending, lodging, (with the exceptions herein after mentioned) tuition, books, stationery and whatever else appertains to their studies.

3rd. No pupil can leave the College except at the end of each semi-annual term and in all cases (sickness excepted,) payment for a term once commenced will invariably be required.

4th. Parents who do not reside in Mobile or New Orleans, will be required to appoint in one or the other of these cities a correspondent, and every correspondent will be held responsible for all dues.

GENERAL REMARKS.

1st. The Fine Arts, such as Drawing, Painting, Music, etc., will constitute an extra charge.

2nd. Pocket money will be confided to the President, who will disburse it according to the internal regulations of the College.

3rd. Every pupil will furnish himself with a bedstead mattress, and the necessary bedding (mosquito bars are entirely unnecessary,) a pillow, two pair of sheets, also a wash bowl and stand, and also twelve shirts, six cravats, six napkins, six towels, twelve pocket handkerchiefs. three summer suits and a suit for winter,

consisting of a blue cloth dress coat, a surtout and two pair pantaloons, also a silver fork and table spoon

4th. Medical services and Medicines will be at the expense of parents, unless they commute with the Physician of the College.

5th. No pupil will be received whose age exceeds 12 years.—*This regulation admits of no exceptions.*

6th. Pupils of bad habits, or who are insubordinate to the regulations of the College, after all means suggested by wisdom and prudence for their reformation, have been employed ineffectually, and after their parents or correspondents have been informed of their conduct, will be expelled, and safely reconducted to their homes.

7th. Neither the Directors of Studies, nor the Professors, are allowed, on any consideration whatever, to inflict corporeal or other severe punishment.

8th. Twice during each semestre, or semi-annual term, parents will receive bulletins containing detailed statements of the conduct and progress of their sons at College.

9th. The pupils will be required to speak the French and English languages each successive alternate week. The studies, as above mentioned, will be pursued in English.

10th. The pupils are required to write to their parents at least once every month, and no such letters will be subject to the inspection of the Faculty or President.

11th. The pupils will be permitted to leave the College but once a month, nor then unless they shall have obtained from their respective professors, certificates of good conduct and application, nor even with these, unless their parents or correspondents cause them to be accompanied by persons responsible for their good conduct during absence.

This regulation does not, however, deprive pupils of recreation under the *surveillance* of the Faculty, on the College grounds which include an area of nearly one mile square, affording a delightful and picturesque landscape with the most agreeably diversified native scenery.

12th. No visits will be received at the College except on holidays.

In fine, it is believed that a more healthy locality can not be found in the Southern States—many persons, foreigners, and entire strangers to a Southern climate, have resided nearly a year under the same roof, not one of whom has experienced the slightest indisposition. The high elevation of Spring Hill, rendering it inaccessible to the fogs of the low lands, the regular and daily prevalence of invigorating sea breezes during the summer; the clear and serene atmosphere; the excellency of the water; the facilities for bathing; the nature of the soil, wholly incapable of producing noxious exhalations, and in addition to all this a large, spacious and well ventilated college edifice, surrounded by great variety of pleasing shade and shrubbery, unite all the advantages which the most scrupulous attention to health can require.

For further particulars address the "President of the College of Spring Hill," or Monsieur L'Abbe Jeanjean, at the Bishoprick of New Orleans.

The stage from Mobile to New Orleans passes the College three times a week. The tour is made either way in twenty hours via Pascagonla.

N. B.—All letters intended for the College must be addressed to the city of Mobile.

CHARLESTON, Sat., Sept. 3, 1831.

"ALABAMA, Mobile.—We are highly gratified at learning that the active and respectable Bishop of this See, Doctor Portier, has succeeded in completing the beautiful Seminary which he had commenced upwards of twelve months ago, at Spring Hill, within four or five miles of this city. It is represented to be the best edifice in or near Mobile. The site is salubrious and commanding, with excellent water in abundance. The building is one hundred feet in front, by about

forty-five in depth, its height to the plate of the roof is upwards of forty feet; it has four stories, with a triple piazza to the front, crowned with a pediment; the cornice and the frieze are supported by eight Tuscan columns of thirty-six feet in height.

The ecclesiastical students are at present three Deacons, a subdeacon and four minor candidates. In the lay division there are fifty boarders, and it is expected that the number will soon be one hundred. The course of studies will be pretty extensive and the discipline is well regulated.

The diocese of Mobile comprises Alabama and the territory of Florida. The cathedral of Mobile will probably be commenced in the course of next year. The Catholics of Pensacola are now engaged in erecting a new church.

There are six priests in the diocese, and two more are daily expected; the Bishop, thus it is thought, will be able to supply the demands of several, who, scattered throughout his charge, seek for that spiritual aliment of which they have so long been deprived.

Doctor Portier has, during the month of May, ordained upwards of thirty candidates, who came from Mexico to receive the order of priesthood in the United States.—(United States Cath. Miscel., Vol. xi, No. 19.)

FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS
AT SPRING HILL COLLEGE,
DECEMBER 21, 1831.

“On the solitary road leading from Pascagoula to Mobile, about

seven miles from the city, on a gentle eminence, a noble structure, towering over the loftiest trees, attracts the attention of the traveler and relieves the eye, tired from the monotony of the surrounding scenery. This building, fronted by a bold and massive colonade of the Tuscan order, is the Spring Hill College, recently established under the auspices of the Right Rev. Dr. Portier, late a worthy clergyman and talented principal of a seminary of learning in this city. Private business having called us in the neighboring state, we observed a notice announcing the coming examination, and curiosity induced us to visit the institution during the collegiate exercises. On a comparison with the past, we could not realize the wonders of the moment; about the same time last year we had occasion to travel that road, and then the bare and unsightly halls of an unfinished fabric were all that met the eye. But now patient industry has completed the work and peopled it with a cheerful, lively throng, pursuing a career of useful studies and forming their minds under the fostering care of the teachers.

Although it could not have been expected that the pupils, considering the difficulties which attend the organization of incipient classes, should have given proof of uncommon advancement, although the nature of their studies had hitherto been limited to the circle of elemental branches, yet the rigid and scrutinizing manner in which they were examined, the degree of self confi-

dence with which the questions of the examiners were answered, the order and decorum which strongly characterized the exercises, evidence favorably of the zeal, method and assiduity of the teacher. The course of studies pursued in the seminary is a liberal one, leaving nothing that can be wished for in a regularly classical and scientific education. Besides instruction in the dead languages and vernacular tongue, we perceived that special attention was paid to French and Spanish which are taught by qualified professors. The course of studies, we are informed, likewise embraces rhetoric, polite literature, and moral and mental philosophy, and the exact sciences.

The faculty have obligingly furnished us with a list of the premiums awarded at the solemn exhibition we publish it the more cheerfully as we notice the names of several youths of this city as honorably mentioned. While the fact that no institution of learning, on an extensive footing, has yet been able to outlive ten years in New Orleans, would almost have us believe in fatality, we cannot but sincerely rejoice that there exists within reasonable proximity of our community, a seminary, which presents all the requisites, all the guarantees, that parents expect to find in those whom they entrust with the important charge of fashioning the minds of their offspring. The present condition of Spring Hill College is thriving, the number of students being upwards of sixty and its future prospects are of the most

auspicious nature.—(New Orleans Bee, Dec. 28, 1831.)

FIRST DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS

AT SPRING HILL COLLEGE,

DECEMBER 21, 1831.

First Premium of Honor for good conduct and application, voted by the students to George Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. Morris Gates, New York; 3rd. Paul Chaudron, Mobile. First accessit, Phil. De La Rua, Pensacola; 2nd. *ex aequo* Alfred and Theod. Lanaux, New Orleans; 3rd. Manuel Bellido, Mexico.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

Third Division. Premium—A. Tankersley, Mobile; first accessit, M. D. Cruzat, Pensacola; 2nd. D. Lumpkin, Mobile.

Second Division. Premium—M. Gates, New York; first accessit, P. J. Garrow, Mobile; 2nd. B. Mitchell, Cahawba.

First Division. Premium—G. Lanaux, New Orleans; first accessit, P. Chaudron, Mobile; *ex aequo*, T. Lanaux, New Orleans, and Beyelle and J. C. Krebs.

PENMANSHIP.

Third Division. 1st. premium—B. Lipscomb, Mobile; 2nd. M. D. Cruzat, Pensacola; first accessit, Z. LeRoy, Philadelphia; 2nd. D. Lumpkin, Mobile.

Second Division. 1st. premium—N. Lyon, Mobile; 2nd. D. Brickell, New Orleans; first accessit, W. Pope, Mobile; 2nd. Connolly, New Orleans.

First Division. 1st. premium—G. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. *ex aequo*, A. Lanaux and T. Lanaux, New Orleans; first accessit, S. Krebs, Mobile; 2nd. H. LeBoeuf, Lafourche.

THIRD ARITHMETIC CLASS.

1st. premium—T. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. A. Brusle, New Orleans; first accessit, A. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. LeRoy, Philadelphia.

SECOND ARITHMETIC CLASS.

1st. premium—Connolly, New Orleans; 2nd. A. R. Meslier, Mobile; first accessit, M. Bellido, Mexico; 2nd. B. Lipscomb, Mobile.

FIRST ARITHMETIC CLASS.

1st. premium—G. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. T. J. Garrow, Mobile; first accessit, A. Beyle, Philadelphia; 2nd. M. Mitchell, Cahawba.

THIRD ENGLISH CLASS.

Excellence. 1st. premium—M. Peire, New Orleans; 2nd. W. DePeyster, New Orleans; first accessit, M. Bellido, Mexico; 2nd. T. Lanaux, New Orleans.

Reading. 1st. premium—W. DePeyster, New Orleans; 2nd. *ex aequo*, J. Lipscomb, Mobile, and T. Lanaux, New Orleans; first accessit, LeRoy, Philadelphia; 2nd. H. Peire, New Orleans.

Translation into French. 1st. premium—*ex aequo*, O. Robertson and M. Bellido; 2nd. W. DePeyster, New Orleans; first accessit, LeRoy, Philadelphia; 2nd. H. Peire, New Orleans.

SECOND ENGLISH CLASS.

Excellence. 1st. premium—G. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. M. Mitchell, Cahawba; first accessit, A. Collins, Pensacola; 2nd. De LaRua, Pensacola.

English Grammar. Premium—B. Lipscomb, Mobile; accessit, E. LaCoste, New Orleans.

Composition. 1st. premium—P. De LaRua, Pensacola; 2nd. G. Lanaux, New Orleans; first accessit, A. Collins, Pensacola; 2nd. H. Judson, Mobile.

FIRST ENGLISH CLASS.

Excellence. 1st. premium—M. Gates, New York; 2nd. C. Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, L. Moore, Claiborne; 2nd. P. G. Garrow, Mobile.

Composition. 1st. premium—M. Gates, New York; 2nd. *ex aequo*, Connolly and Moore; accessit, Philip Chaudron, Mobile.

Geography. 1st. premium—M. Gates, New York; 2nd. P. Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, Connolly, New Orleans; 2nd. S. Krebs, Mobile.

THIRD FRENCH CLASS.

Excellence. 1st. premium—A. Tankersley, Mobile; 2nd. M. Cruzat, Pensacola; first accessit, Barkley, Pensacola; 2nd. Da Costa, Pensacola.

Reading. 1st. premium—A. Tankersley, Mobile; 2nd. M. Cruzat, Pensacola; first accessit, W. Pope, Mobile; 2nd. Barkley, Pensacola.

French Grammar. Premium—A. Tankersley, Mobile; first accessit, B. Lipscomb, Mobile; 2nd. E. Everett, Mobile.

SECOND FRENCH CLASS.

Excellence. 1st. premium—P. J. Garrow, Mobile; 2nd. M. Gates, New York; first accessit, *ex aequo*, M. Bellido and R. A. Meslier, Mobile; 2nd. LeRoy, Philadelphia.

Reading. 1st. premium—A. R. Meslier, Mobile; 2nd. M. Mitchell, Cahawba; first accessit, M. Gates, New York; 2nd. Brickell, New Orleans.

French Translation. 1st. premium—M. Bellido, Mexico; 2nd. LeRoy, Philadelphia; first accessit, M. Gates, New York; 2nd. M. Mitchell, Cahawba.

FIRST FRENCH CLASS.

Excellence. 1st. premium—G. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. P. Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, P. De La Rua, Pensacola; 2nd. S. Krebs, Mobile.

French Grammar. 1st. premium—G. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. Paul Chaudron, Mobile, first accessit, H. Piere, New Orleans; 2nd. S. Krebs, Mobile.

French Composition. 1st. premium—S. Krebs, Mobile; 2nd. Paul Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, G. Lanaux, New Orleans; 2nd. P. De La Rua, Pensacola.

THIRD LATIN CLASS.

Excellence. 1st. premium—P. G. Garrow, Mobile; 2nd. G. Lanaux, New Orleans; first accessit, P. De La Rua, Pensacola.

Translation. Premium—P. J. Garrow, Mobile; first accessit, H. Garridel, New Orleans; 2nd. G. Lanaux, New Orleans.

SECOND LATIN CLASS.

Excellence. *Ex aequo*, Krebs, Mobile, and Beyelle, Philadelphia; first accessit, F. Butaud, Philadelphia; 2nd., W. De Peyster, New Orleans.

Translation. Premium—A. Beyelle, Philadelphia; accessit, W. De Peyster, New Orleans.

FIRST LATIN CLASS.

Excellence. Premium—P. Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, B. Mitchell, Cahawba; 2nd. M. Mitchell, Cahawba.

Latin Version. Premium—P. Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, B. Mitchell, Cahawba; 2nd. M. Gates, New York.

REUNION OF ALL THE LATIN CLASSES

FOR COMPOSITION.

1st. premium—P. Chaudron, of first latin class. 2nd. premium—P. J. Garrow, of third latin class; first accessit, G. Lanaux, of third latin class; 2nd. accessit, *ex aequo*, B. Mitchell and L. Moore, of first latin class.

SPANISH CLASS.

Excellence. Premium—M. Bellido, Mexico; accessit, P. De La Rua, Pensacola.

Spanish Translation. Premium—P. De La Rua, Pensacola; accessit, M. Bellido, Mexico.

GREEK CLASS.

Excellence. Premium—P. Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, M. Gates, New York; 2nd. F. Butaud, Philadelphia.

Greek Composition. Premium—P. Chaudron, Mobile; first accessit, F. Butaud, Philadelphia; 2nd. B. Mitchell, Cahawba.

BISHOP PORTIER.

CHARLESTON, Sat., Feb. 4, 1832.

"The respectable bishop of Mobile arrived in the city on Wednesday afternoon, and remains with us a short time previous to his departure for St. Augustine, whither he proceeds upon his visitation. It is the first time that Charleston has seen two Catholic bishops; indeed, except the bishop of the diocese, we believe, that until now, no other Catholic bishop has been in South Carolina. Doctor Portier has been usefully, successfully and

with great credit occupied in New Orleans nearly twelve years chiefly in superintending the college of that city; previously to his promotion to the bishopric of Orléans *in part*, and the charge of Vicar Apostolic of the district of Alabama and Florida. He was appointed to the charge in 1826, and consecrated in New Orleans by the present Bishop of St. Louis in November of that year. In 1828 he visited Rome and other parts of Europe on ecclesiastical business, and during his sojourn at Rome, Mobile was erected into a See, and his translation from the See of Orléans to that of Mobile, placed him in the American hierarchy. He has since his return in 1829 been closely engaged in the building and organization of an elegant collegiate edifice and establishment at Spring Hill in the vicinity of Mobile, and superintending the education of some candidates who have presented themselves for the ministry. His efforts have been eminently successful. The college at present has eighty boarders, and buildings are about to be erected to accommodate the additional numbers that press their applications.

The Bishop is in the 37th year of his age. He is a native of Lyons in France, but has resided in the United States over fifteen years.

We are, indeed, highly gratified at the visit which the Bishop has paid us, and trust that it is but a commencement of a series which will prove not only consoling but beneficial."—(United States Cath. Misc., vol. xi, No. 32.)

THE VOICES OF THE WAVES.

The waves are breaking on the shore ;
Their front is dark, their crest is hoar,
They dash and crash with boist'rous roar,
A-screaming : " Never, Nevermore."
Wild waves are bursting on my soul ;
They rave and rage and 'whelming roll,
A-threat'ning: " Ever shame and dole !
"Thou'lt never, never win the goal!"

The wavelets gently kiss the shore
Aflash with light and haloed o'er.
And laughing, dimpling, softly pour,
A-singing: " Ever, Evermore."
Soft wavelets sweetly touch my soul
With light and grace and fill it whole,
And Angels' chimes within me toll,
A-ringing: " LO, THE BLESSED GOAL!"

O'BRIEN'S TOUCHDOWN.

A TALE OF THE WHITE - BARRED FIELD.

THERE was a great stir on the opening evening at Greenmount college when an automobile puffed up the hill and stopped beautifully before the main porch ; and much craning of necks as a slight, clean-built young man, clad after the manner of a fashion-plate, bounded to the ground, and, with a few words to the porter about his baggage, tripped lightly up the steps and proceeded into the registrar's office. A stealthy glance at his baggage failed to reveal his identity, and to an inquiry the chauffeur's only answer was as he steamed away: "Couldn't say, sir."

The crowd of students that gathered under the porch-way was somewhat mystified.

"He's a hummer," said Reid.

"Who saw his tie?" 'Twas as a vision of an angel's wing," remarked McCann, to poesy inclined.

"Wonder if he's a Freshy ? Guess he is. Looks a little fresh, anyhow," added Dick Wilkins, the quarter-back.

"He's somebody's brother, boys" misquoted McAndrews, the funny man.

"But who is he?" drawled out Smith, the quiet senior, who believed in facts.

As a result of these and other remarks, many of them couched in language unintelligible to one not initiated into the mystic college world at Greenmount, Smith was unanimously appointed a committee

of one for the purpose of investigating the present state and previous condition of the latest arrival. He was empowered to summon any and all to his aid and instructed to report to the assembly under the porch at the earliest possible moment.

Smith was back in fifteen minutes and proceeded to drawl out the finding of the committee.

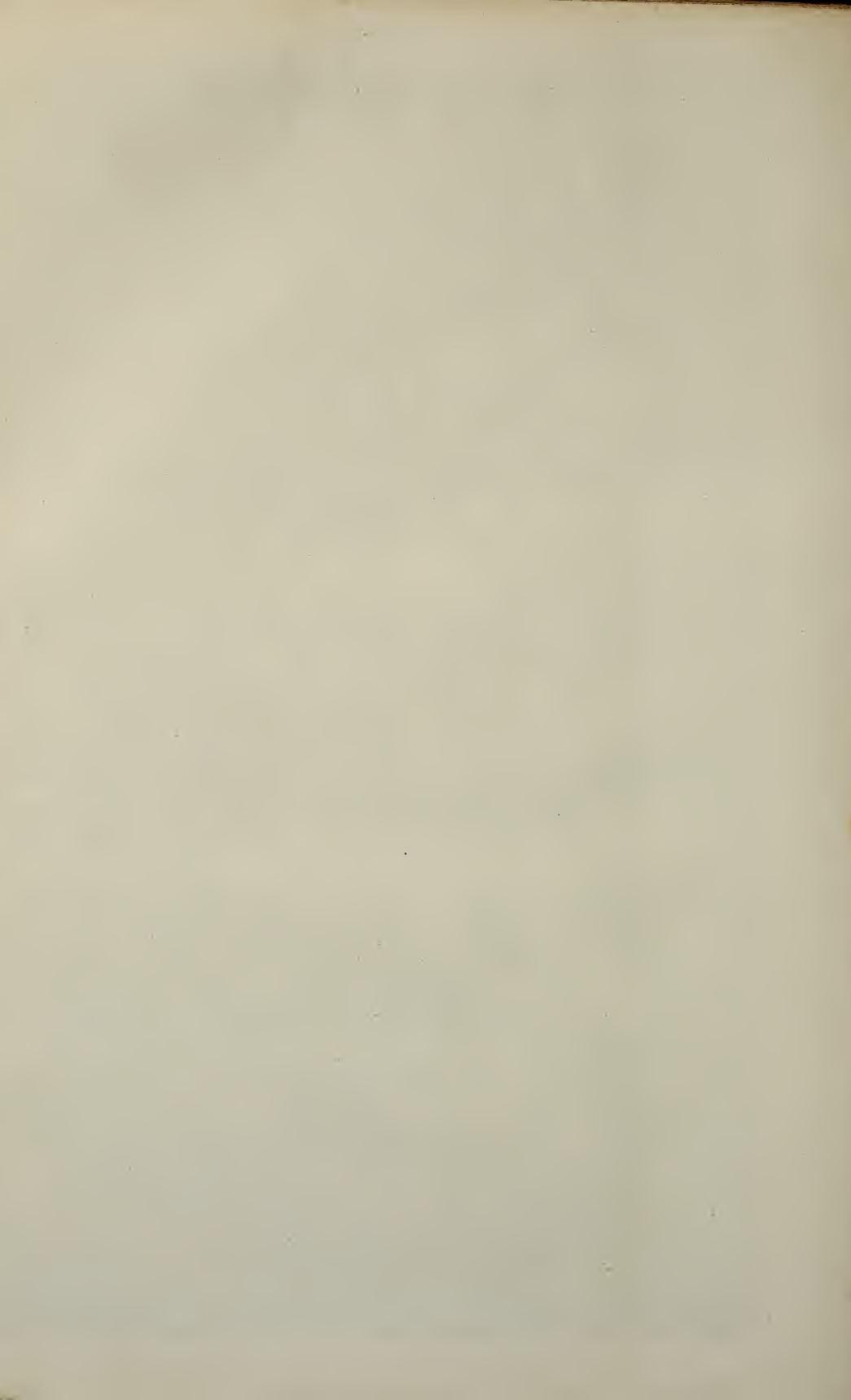
"The last part of his name is O'Brien, the other parts are Cyril Alfred Lawrence. He comes from Cottdale, up the state, He is going to enter sophomore. That much is in the register. His pa owns a cotton plantation, a bank, and pretty nearly the whole of the town. Cyril Alfred Lawrence has sampled several of the colleges, and has managed to pick up enough learning to enable him to make sophomore here. He ran down during the summer and took the exam. At the present moment he may be found in his room on the soph corridor, at the southwest corner. Mr. O'Brien will be pleased to make the acquaintance of any of you gentlemen, sophs preferred. His friend, Billy Barnes has him in tow and will do the introducing. Billy will also be able to give you further details."

Here Smith subsided amid tumultuous applause which had also punctuated his report, and the meeting broke up with many mock "hoo-rays" for Cyril Alfred Lawrence.

Half an hour later Dick Wilkins found his way around to the new-



College Football Team



comer's quarters. Dick was a rather cosmopolitan sort of a young man, who made it a point to become acquainted with as many people as possible in this world. In a few minutes he was quite at home, snugly esconced in a rocker, and joining Billy Barnes and O'Brien in a pipe. He was pleased to find the latter a straightforward, manly young fellow and not in the least uppish, as he had at first judged. His eye was soon caught by the decorations of the room. These, he learned later, had been put up a few days before by a man sent out from town. He noticed that in the decorative scheme, the noble game of football, in all its phases, held a prominent place. There were posters of all the last season's great intercollegiate games, photographs of famous players, past and present, various implements of the mimic warfare, and suspended between the curtains of the window a football, gayly beribboned, much begrimed, and bloodstained. Dick was at a loss to know what all these trophies meant. Being himself a noted football player and enthusiast any grid-iron hero appealed to his fancy. But had this young gentleman before him any real right to make this display by reason of deeds of prowess done on the field of battle, or was he a mere side-line warrior, the sum of whose striving consists in loud whooping and much waving of flags? He was inclined to choose the latter alternative, and he turned the conversation on the subject.

"By the way, I see you are somewhat of a football crank," he

quietly remarked, as if observing the signs of it for the first time.

"Oh yes, I take quite an interest in the game. I have been making a little collection of souvenirs of some hard fights I have seen," said Cyril O'Brien waving his hand around the room.

"So I notice; that pigskin up there looks as if it had seen some pretty rough usage."

"It certainly has; our eleven at Exville won the game against the State University last Thanksgiving with that ball. You may have heard about the game."

"I have some recollection of it, but, I must confess it is the haziest kind," answered Dick Wilkins, rather taken back. He realized too, that he was not getting the desired information out of O'Brien.

Billy Barnes broke in and saved the situation.

"Tell him all about it Cy. You know Dick had the big head for a few days after Thanksgiving last year, and he could only see one name in the papers and that was Wilkins. Of course, you read all about his goal from the field when the score was tied, and with only one minute to play."

"Indeed I did," answered O'Brien; in fact, I must honestly say that it was the free advertising the newspapers gave you about the grit you all showed in that game that made me first think I'd like to be at Greenmount."

"Let's hear about that football," said Dick, anxious to get away from a topic of which he had long since grown tired.

"Well, there isn't much to tell about it," began O'Brien. "You know that Exville College and the State University have always been great rivals. The state fellows beat us four years hand-running, and we were naturally very anxious to get back at them. Their team was generally much heavier than ours, so we had to depend almost entirely on skill and sand. However, last year we had a little more weight and up to five minutes before the end of the second half we had them played to a standstill—o to o. The ball was ours, but it was dangerously near our goal. The boys at the ropes were yelling as they had never yelled before. One of our half-backs held the local college record for the hundred yard dash. Our captain gave him the ball by a swift double pass and before the state fellows knew it he was away and around their end in a fierce race for a touchdown, with the whole twenty-one behind him. That's the ball that made the touchdown that won the game."

"And this is the man," chimed in Billy Barnes, nodding towards Cyril O'Brien, "that carried the ball that made the touchdown that won the game."

"Well, I'm mighty glad to hear that you are a player, and a half-back too, and such a modest one at that; just what we've been looking for around here, especially the modesty," said Dick.

"Oh! but I don't intend to play at all this fall," blushing dissented O'Brien. "The game took up too much of my time at Exville, and I'm

getting old and it's about time for me to be settling down to hard work."

"Nonsense, man!" said Dick warmly, "I don't know how it is at Exville, but I assure you that athletics and hard study generally go hand in hand at Greenmount. Of course, we have some fellows on the squad who don't do much study, and wouldn't even if they weren't on the team; the chances are they'd do less, because the faculty will bar them if they get too low down. Why! our football captain carried off the mathematics medal last year, and our crack catcher the Greek. I went to the trouble of making out the average of all the men that were in last year's Thanksgiving game and I found it to be eighty-four, and that's not so bad."

"Well' if I had been in that game I bet I'd have pulled those figures down by several points, so I guess I had better keep out," said Cyril O'Brien, who had his mind made up.

"You'll see your notions will be changed after you have been around here for a few weeks," rejoined Dick, rising, "but suppose we go down below and meet some of the fellows. They're all swapping seaside and mountainside yarns—partly true, mostly not. The crowd will be there quite a while yet, as there is no hour set for 'lights out' on the first night."

The trio soon found themselves mingling with the merry mob under the arc light. Cyril O'Brien was introduced to several, chiefly among the sophomores, and was happy to

see that he was received on terms of easy companionship. Perhaps the knowledge that he was no mere novice in college life contributed not a little to his kindly reception; and, perhaps too, the hit he made by his automobile entrance, added to Smith's story of his, or rather his father's, fabulous wealth tended to make his friendship worth cultivating. At any rate, long before the night's celebration broke up with a healthy rendition of the "Carmen Viridomontanum," and the last loiterer had hied him to his room, Cyril O'Brien had settled it in his mind that he was going to have a very pleasant time at Greenmount. And so he had. Yet before the last days of November had come and gone he had serious misgivings about his future happiness.

It soon became pretty generally known throughout the college that O'Brien was a past master in the science and art of football. He appeared a few times on the field in his togs and played with the scrubs against the 'Varsity. The sharp-eyed coach at once spotted him out and decided to give him a place on the eleven. But not all the reasoning of the coach, nor the pleading of the captain, nor the bluff advice of Dick Wilkins, nor the quiet attempt at persuasion of Billy Barnes, not even the pressure of college opinion which was steadily being brought to bear on him, could make Cyril O'Brien budge from the stand he had taken. The result, of course, was that his new found friends and admirers fell off much more quickly than they had cleaved to him. He,

however, stuck to his guns, fully conscious that the more firmly he did so, the more rapidly the number of his enemies grew. He reasoned with himself and rightly, that after all, he had come to Greenmount first and foremost, to unfold and develop the much neglected powers of his mind, that he had in the past given more than enough attention to the training of his physical forces, and that therefore it behooved him now to labor ^{manfully} in the acquirement of knowledge. To the oft-repeated taunt, that by refusing to play on the team he showed himself lacking in college spirit, and utterly devoid of a sense of the obligations which devolved on each component part of the college body, his only answer was that in the light of past experience and knowing himself as he did, he could not see his way to sacrificing his vital personal interests for the sake of the glory of the college. However, it was his intention to keep himself in prime physical condition, and if at any crisis he really felt that his help was needful, or even very useful, he would certainly be found ready to take his place in the line-up. These things he said not in any spirit of pride or self-importance, but because he realized as a plain matter of fact that he was justly regarded as a star player. Though many of the fellows were inclined to think that O'Brien was afflicted with the "swelled head," still the more sober-minded saw that his trouble was far less serious, and that time would work out his cure.

As lecture succeeded lecture, and

weeks followed weeks, the feeling grew on Cyril O'Brien that he was not the dullard he had secretly feared he was. At the other schools he had attended it was all he could do to make one class in two years; but here the progress he was making badefair not alone to get him through his examinations, but even to win him a place high up on the honors list. He was positively surprised at himself. He also began to see gradually that what Dick Wilkins had said about there not necessarily being any conflict between study and athletics at Greenmount, had a great deal of truth in it. He noticed that no more than a legitimate amount of time was given to practice, and that the faculty rigorously enforced the rule of allowing no game outside of ordinary holiday afternoons. Working regularly and steadily at his studies every day he found that he could easily afford to devote the required time to practice with the eleven.

So about the middle of November O'Brien had a talk with Billy Barnes and Dick Wilkins.

"You were right about football at Greenmount, Dick," he said; "I have discovered that I can keep well up with my class and still have time to spare."

"Well, that's just about what Dick told you the first night you were here," remarked Billy Barnes.

"I know it," rejoined Cyril, "but all my experience was the other way, and I didn't believe it possible."

"The best thing you can do now is to get right into the game; I'll

tell the coach and explain that you've given in," said Wilkins, who had really expected this result to come sooner.

"Oh! I'm quite willing to capitulate and let the fellows see that I acknowledge the error of my ways; but there can be no question of my forcing either of the half-backs off the team. They have played such star games that they cannot be replaced."

The captain happened to come along as they were talking, and Dick dangled before his eyes the scalp he had taken. He was much pleased to hear that O'Brien had abandoned his position and he was quite ready to receive him with open arms, but he too, saw that it would be manifestly unfair to the men who had worked so hard all the season to crowd any one of them off the eleven at this late hour, particularly as the great Thanksgiving game with Wyeton College was the next and last on the schedule.

It was finally decided that O'Brien was to watch the team closely in practice, to get the signs down fine, and be in perfect form for the game. If either of the half-backs was obliged to retire during the game, he was to be called on to substitute. He asked the captain and his friends to keep this management as secret as possible.

Thanksgiving day broke clear, with just enough crispness in the air to make one feel that autumn was coming to an end. An ideal day it turned out to be for football, not too warm for the heavily padded players, and not

uncomfortable for the spectators on the stands.

The Greenmount-Wyeton game always drew a large crowd, sure of witnessing a hard-fought contest. The Greenmount rooters were headed by the college band, and the noisy Prep. school contingent paraded wildly up and down to the tune of their own brass band's favorite piece: "On to Victory!"

The substitutes were out in full force, all of them with hopes set high of being called inside the roped field, for it went without saying that more than one of the 'Varsity eleven would be disabled in the game. Not a little surprise was caused by the appearance of Cyril O'Brien in full battle array; the other substitutes especially looking at him askance as increasing the number of chances against each one's sharing in the struggle and the glory of the day. But O'Brien chatted pleasantly with one of his friends, apparently unconscious of the comment he was creating. Very few were aware that he was in perfect training, so it was generally thought that he would be called on only in the direst necessity. He never felt in finer fettle in his life, as a result of his hard but secret practice, and he longed for the fray, if for no other reason than that he might set himself right in the eyes of all Greenmount.

The shrill shriek of the referee's whistle brought a momentary hush down on the assembled crowd, and the game was on. Greenmount won the toss and chose to defend the west goal. Wyeton kicked off,

and two minutes later by a 45-yard run, Ward, Wyeton's right half back, carried the ball over the — well, the less said about that first half the better, at least from the point of view of any Greenmounter. It is enough to know that when the smoke of battle cleared and the battered remnant of the Greenmount 'Varsity eleven trotted off to the club-house for the fifteen minutes interval, the score stood 11 to 0 against them.

Great, as may be fancied, was the rejoicing of the Wyeton backers, right heartily did they wave on high their crimson and gold; and great in proportion was the sorrow and dejection of the Greenmounters, but with true Greenmount grit they swore that never, never should their royal purple and white be trailed in the dust. So they spent the time between the halves singing and cheering just as if everything were coming out as they had calculated. The rooters-in-chief busied themselves marshalling their battalions and instilling hope into the hearts of all, so that when the teams appeared for the second half there was not a Greenmount man but felt deep in his soul that the old college was going to win, and that in some hidden, mysterious way. And by their cheering and words of encouragement they let their men see that they had full confidence in their ability to vanquish Wyeton. The magic fluid seemed to have been transmitted to the players and to have energized their beings.

Williams kicks off for Greenmount and sends the pigskin high in the

air straight towards the Wyeton goal; the falling oval is neatly caught by Palmer who advances it forty yards before the whistle sounds "down." Wyeton, now sure of an easy victory, begins a repetition of those fierce line plunges which had proved so effective during the first half; but with a different result now. Greenmount has said it, that their opponents shall not score another point. "Second down! Four yards to gain!" is the cry. Wyeton passes the ball back to Ward, but his kick is balked by Dick Wilkins, who captures the oval and a moment later he is flying for a goal with a clear field before him, and makes the first touchdown for Greenmount. Palmer kicks the goal. Score 11 to 6 in favor of Wyeton.

Greenmount is anxious to face the game. Another six and the victory is theirs! All eyes are fixed on the ball as it sails through the air towards the Wyeton goal. Ward fumbles and is forced to punt back. Lacey, Greenmount's star half back, catches the sphere and tucking it tightly under his arm starts up the field. He dodges two tackles, wriggles out of a third one and is already, with the help of grand interference, within fifteen yards of the Wyeton line when he is overtaken by Ellis, who, flinging himself headlong, gets him around the waist. The momentum of the tackle is so great that both men slide along for ten feet. The ball rolls from Lacey's grasp and he is unable to rise. He looks ruefully towards his right ankle.

"It's pretty badly wrenched," he says to the coach. The coach rubs it for a moment.

"How bad is it?" asks the captain rushing up.

"It's so bad he won't play any more this game."

The wild frenzy that had seized on Greenmount as Lacey ploughed through the Wyeton team, has almost turned into blank despair as he is borne off the field. The captain looks along the line of substitutes and O'Brien's name is heard. O'Brien springs to his feet with face aglow, peels off his sweater and rushes on the field. At last his chance has come. He never can replace Lacey, think the Greenmounters in their hearts, but with their lips they give him a loyal send-off.

The line is formed. Wyeton has the ball on their own 12-yard line. Once more they try to break through the line, but fail to gain the slightest advantage; they make several attempts at the ends but are forced back and finally are driven to a safety. Score 11 to 8, but Greenmount will win out yet. Eight minutes to play. The ball is in the midfield and Wyeton has it. Backward and forward surge the players, now making a small gain, now losing ground, exhaustive work, with no result, when so much needed. To the full back once more the ball is passed. With well-directed aim he kicks it and straight between the goal posts it sails. Score 16 to 8 in favor of Wyeton, and but five minutes to play! Disappointment is pictured on each

Greenmount player's face, but not despair. At the sound of the whistle the ball is sent far into Wyeton's territory, and before it can be returned half way there is another series of attempts at breaking through the line, and running around the end; the result is a loss of four yards for Wyeton, and the ball is Greenmount's. Three minutes to play. The Greenmount captain steps over to Dick Williams, the quarter back, and whispers something to him, then quickly takes his position, "52-35-64" calls out Dick, and like a flash Cyril O'Brien goes around right end for a gain of twenty-five yards. This play is followed by another gain through the line, and once more the fortunes of Greenmount are entrusted to O'Brien. With a brilliant dash he scores the second touchdown for Greenmount. Williams drops the leather over the crossbar as clean as a whistle. Score 16 to 14.

Less than two minutes to play! Oh! the agony of it. Greenmount kicks off. "If it were only the other way!" think the rooters. Ward catches the ball and rushes it back to Greenmount's 30-yard line before he is downed by the Greenmount captain. The line-up is formed. Now for the last desperate struggle. The signal is given and the two teams are jammed together in a huge mass, from the bottom of which O'Brien emerges with the

ball, and before the tangle is undone he is darting goalward with half the train in hot pursuit. But alas! for him, Graham, the star sprinter of Wyeton, is close upon his heels. The race is one for life and with breathless silence all await the result. On and on they go, the pursuer is not five feet behind his man, but is not gaining. Wyeton's 20-yard line is passed, fifteen yards, ten, seven, six, five! Victory! but Graham, seizing his one chance makes a fierce plunge at O'Brien and tackles him low. Both fall heavily to the ground, but Cyril O'Brien has fallen across the goal line, and before Greenmount can realize that the great game is theirs—19 to 16—the referee's whistle has called time.

And so Greenmount won, and in a way that no one ever dreamed of. Hundreds of willing hands would have borne the hero off the field, but the men on the team claiming that honor for themselves with one accord lifted him off the ground in spite of his resistance and swung him aloft on their shoulders. They forced and fought their way through the frantic crowd. There were cheers for Greenmount, cheers for the team and endless cheers for Cyril O'Brien, and the echo of those cheers awakens today in the heart of many a Greenmount man at the mention of O'Brien and his touchdown.

S. H. R.

WHO AM I?

A cunning man did calculate my birth.

* * * * *

Jove sometimes went disguish'd, why not I!

Shak. Henry VI.

Who am I, cunning reader, can you tell?
You feign to know not, but you know me well!
I was no stranger to good old Spring Hill
When first it opened, and am in it still.
'Mid its sweet springs I linger and repose;
Its very name to me the College owes.
Were I not present there would be no spring,
Nor hill, nor bird in its old woods to sing.
In the dormitory the middle place I keep;
In weariness I'm sunk, though never found in sleep.
No snoring noise is heard, till, in repose,
I hold the bridge of some poor sleeper's nose.
Three times in Exhibitions I appear.
In bliss the boys behold me, not in fear.
And every student to his parting friend
Will introduce me just before the end.
Turn to the Infirmary your eye,
I am the leading character you spy.
To consultations the Doctor brings me in;
He needs my help to make up medicine.
'Mid the police, too, I have found a job,
And in Mobile I keep behind the mob.
Were I not present there would nought remain
Of sin, or grief, or sickness, or of pain.
Yet without me all happiness would fleet,
And e'en Eternity be incomplete.
Therefore forever I'll remain in sight,
Ne'er in the wrong, but ever in the right.
Years may roll by, but men shall see me still
As did their sires, clinging to Spring Hill.
Then who am I, dear reader can you tell?
You say you know not, but you know me well.
Read once again the lines that I have writ;
Try which of all your friends they seem to fit.
I've planned them such that if you read again
With me in sight, the plan becometh plain.
Know then my name, before I say good-by,—
I am the lowly little letter "i."

F. M. '90

HIGH HONORS FOR A SPRING HILL ALUMNUS.

IT was with feelings of pardonable pride that Spring Hill learned last September that a gold medal was presented by Queen Alexandra

ling the deaf to hear and to improve the hearing of those partially deaf. Mr. Hutchison had been treating Queen Alexandra for deafness some



MILLER REESE HUTCHISON.

of England, to Mr. Miller Reese Hutchison, of Mobile, Ala.

Mr. Miller Reese Hutchison is the inventor of an apparatus for enab-

time previous to her coronation, and so gained the esteem of the Queen that, as a token of her regard and in recognition of his ability, she pre-

sented him with a gold medal on which the following inscription is engraved: "Presented to Miller Reese Hutchison by Alexandra, Queen, as a token of friendship and a reward of merit for scientific investigation and invention."

Mr. Reese Hutchison is still a young man, having been born August 6, 1876, at Montrose, Baldwin county, Ala. He was educated at Spring Hill College and at the University Military School. Afterwards he took a special course at the Polytechnic Institute of Alabama.

It is not my intention to give, in this brief sketch, a detailed account

of Mr. Hutchison's invention the "Akouphone." A full description may be found in the *Scientific American*.

Let it suffice to state that the severe tests to which this instrument has been put and the satisfactory results obtained with it in hundreds of cases of deafness, together with the testimonials of physicians and specialists give ample testimony that Her Majesty Queen Alexandra, in showing her appreciation of Mr. Hutchison, only voiced the sentiments of sincere gratitude which fill the hearts of thousands who have been benefited by Mr. Hutchison's invention.

SELF - SACRIFICE.

BRIGHT and glorious was the October day. On the calm bosom of the bay which heaved with the regular pulsations of the tide, the schooner "Petrel" rode at anchor. On all sides danced the gay wavelets in the bright sunshine, swashing with gentle music against the sides of the "Petrel." Far away across the broad expanse rose the towering masts and dark hull of another vessel towards which a small boat, bounding before the sailors' swift strokes, was fast flying.

On the "Petrel's" deck stood a silent group that, with longing eyes pursued its dancing flight, the captain's two children, Joe and Mary, with a colored man named Sam. The captain, called away to this other vessel, had left his son and

daughter in charge of his faithful servant. They now stood watching the fast receding boat, the children bright and happy, prattling gaily: the man with a far-off look on his face, pondering on the captain's parting words: "Sam, whatever happens let no harm come to these, my jewels. They are all I have."

Presently Sam roused himself and clasping gently their hands in his led them to the cabin. Pretty mites indeed were those two. Mary, a girl of eight years, with a sweet, quiet face, adorned with a pair of deep blue eyes which beamed in calm confidence upon her brawny guardian; Joe, a jolly urchin of six years, whose curly, brown locks and dimpled cheeks were the pride of his father.

The day wore on, evening approached and with it came a gentle breeze off shore, that bore upon its wings the sweet scent of freshly gathered harvests. But when the sun was sinking in the west amid an encircling aureola of crimson and purple clouds, this zephyr-like breeze freshened. With the growing darkness it gathered strength and when the last lingering gleam of day had faded from the evening sky mighty, lowering clouds came hurrying over the horizon and spread themselves like a heavy pall over the heavens. Each minute the wind increased in violence and ere long a raging storm was howling through the "Petrel's" rigging. The placid bay upon which the glorious morning sun had shone so brightly, was now a raging, foaming gulf. Great monstrous waves crashing against one another hurled the mighty mass against the vessel's sides and tossed it to and fro as though it were but a feather dropped from a fleeing petrel's wing.

The staunch little vessel shivered from stem to stern under the heavy impact of those mighty weapons of the storm king, which in quick succession burst one after another over her deck and all but buried her in the stormy deep. Now surrounded by walls of swaying waves, now lifted on high, she fought bravely her battle against the might of wind and wave. All the crew toiled and strained to head her to the gale. Meanwhile the mate—the captain had not returned—shouted out his orders and strove to urge his men to greater efforts, but to no avail. The

storm had claimed the vessel as his prey and was fast working out her destruction.

It was soon perceived that the vessel was sinking and then came the cry: "All hands to the boats." What a mad rush followed! Crew fought with the passengers to gain a place in the boats. The men raved and the officers swore; but in all this turmoil there stood one calm and watchful. The negro Sam, seeing that all hope of saving the vessel was lost, sought a means of saving his little charges. Finding in the cabin a large sack, he placed them in it and made his way to the deck. Two boats filled with their human freight had already pulled away into the darkness of the storm. The third was just receiving the last of the crew, when the officer in charge saw Sam with his burden.

"Hello, Sam," he shouted, "where are the captain's children?"

"Here, sir," said Sam, pointing to the bag.

"Well, either hand them down or come down yourself for there is not room here for all of you."

"Take the children then and leave me here," said Sam, "for I have promised Captain Jones to keep them from harm, and I will do it as long as I am able." Then with a calm, resigned face he passed down the little children.

"When you place them safe and sound into their father's arms," he said to the officer, "tell him that Sam preferred to give his own life rather than betray his trust."

And into the raging storm they rowed, leaving the noble, self-sac-

rificing servant to face death alone. With folded arms and bowed head he stood till the rising waters received him in their bosom and bore him gently to his watery grave.

Such was the end of one who feared not to "lay down his life for his friend."

MAXIMIN D. TOUART, '03.

A TALK ON GEOMETRY AND ALLIED MATTERS

THE study of Geometry has always had a fascination for men of clear and logical minds. Great lawyers and others who are continually in need of sharp and clear thinking are on record as having devoted much time to this study, which they acknowledge to be a most reliable means to render themselves accurate and close reasoners. Not to mention others, we will only cite here President Lincoln who made this study a discipline for his mind and who used to attribute to it his skill in clearly and concisely developing a legal opinion.

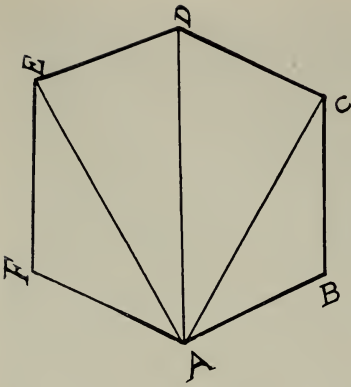
What has been said is of course more distinctly applicable to professional mathematicians. It is an undeniable fact that the more they study this great department of human learning, the more do they become devoted to it, and the more do they feel an irresistible impulse to run in pursuit of the newer and richer fields of inquiry, which open out as they advance.

We will not, however, in our modest columns go out of sight of the general reader, for we do not claim as yet much more than a respectable acquaintance with the ordinary Euclidian Space theorems. Our present essay will therefore be

limited to a few simple gleanings from these elements of geometry, while the higher realm of the science may be reserved for a later and more mature disquisition. We assume that our readers are familiar with the common geometry as it has been handed down to us by Euclid, and also with some of the many excellent text books which are published at present especially in the English speaking world.

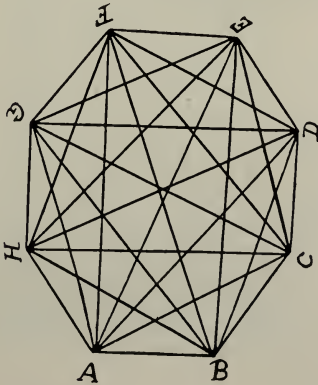
Among the elementary theorems referred to, those treating of Polygons possess undoubtedly a special interest, as a mere inspection of them will evidently show. Now in connection with the polygon in general, as distinct from triangles, there is one class of lines that claims special attention, namely, diagonals. In regard to these there are two questions which naturally arise, though in the ordinary text-books of the class-room they are not, as a rule, treated explicitly, we mean:

1. The number of diagonals inscribable from any vertex of a polygon;
2. the total number of diagonals which can be drawn from all the vertices in a given polygon. To the first question the answer is quite simple and easily shown. Let us take the vertex A of the hexagon ABCDEF.



Every diagonal radiating from A joins that point with an opposite vertex as A—C, A—D, . . . Now it is plain that with the exception of the initial vertex A and its right and left hand neighbors B and F, every other point has a diagonal joining it to A, therefore, as the theorem is evidently general, there must be in every polygon $n-3$ vertices, which can be joined by diagonals from any of its corners. In regard to the second inquiry we state that the number of all the diagonals traceable from all the vertices of a polygon is $\frac{n(n-3)}{2}$ where "n" stands for number of sides in the polygon.

Let us take an octagon ABCDEF GH and start the diagonals from the



vertex A consecutively in the direction of the arrow. We know that from every corner of the octagon $n-3$ or 5 diagonals can be drawn, therefore if we take them separately we will thus get $n(n-3)=8 \times 5=40$; but every diagonal joins two vertices and therefore doubles back on itself, hence the above number $n(n-3)$ must be divided by 2 and our formula becomes $\frac{n(n-3)}{2}$, which means that in any polygon the total number of diagonals is thus equal to the number of sides multiplied by itself diminished by (3) three and the whole product must be divided by two.

The figure annexed will illustrate this, and as the reasoning is plainly general, the theorem will stand.

We shall not enter into any question as to the practical use of which this matter may be capable, or which it may have been put to, but we shall devote a few lines of our remaining space to a little digression into the neighboring field of calculation.

Many students who delight in poring over geometric figures and in unravelling the relations which often seem to play hide and seek with their industry and their patient study, feel less attracted to the often tedious arithmetical work in the numerical solution of a problem.

Division is especially tiresome and any device tending to shorten it and make its results more readily controllable may claim some attention. Such an artifice has lately occurred to the writer who, while he disclaims any desire at setting it up as something very original, yet

feels sure that its use may often be welcome to the weary reckoner.

The merit of this new wrinkle will be seen to consist in this that it gives us for a divisor a number which is round, and which therefore quickly gives a quotient easily checked, while the work of reaching the exact quotient is quite as easily and almost as summarily completed.

Two examples will explain our new idea in division. Suppose we wish to divide 20000 by 371.

Write it thus :

$$\frac{20000}{400-29} = 50 + 50 \times \frac{29}{871}$$

or again let us take 20000 to be divided by 267, we shall write now

$$\frac{20000}{250+17} = 80 - \frac{17}{267} \times 80$$

The results in either case admit of rapid and certain verification.

We have purposely chosen simple examples because they are quickly understood and make application to more complicated ones readily intelligible.

The general character of the method above given, will be understood from an algebraic statement. Let "D" stand for dividend, "d" for a round divisor, "q" for the first quotient obtained, d+d' or d-d', will then indicate either a

composition or a separation of the actual divisor into a round number, to which another is either added, or subtracted from, to give the real divisor. The operation may be thus expressed :

$$\frac{D}{d - d'} = q + \frac{qd'}{d - d'}$$

as in the first example, or :

$$\frac{D}{d + d'} = q - \frac{qd'}{d + d'}$$

as in the second example,

Thus we have in fact two divisors one of which is chosen so as to be a round number (see examples) then if we divide this first number into the dividend we are able to write down the first quotient from mere inspection, while we proceed to add or subtract from it as explained, while the two examples show how how rapid and easy is the road to the result desired.

We trust that our benevolent readers will pardon us for taxing their patience with what we have written on a subject, which allows of an infinity of short cuts and artifices ; they may perhaps have some of their own, preferable to the one briefly outlined. If they will let us know of them, we promise to examine them, and make due acknowledgment.

J. H. M.

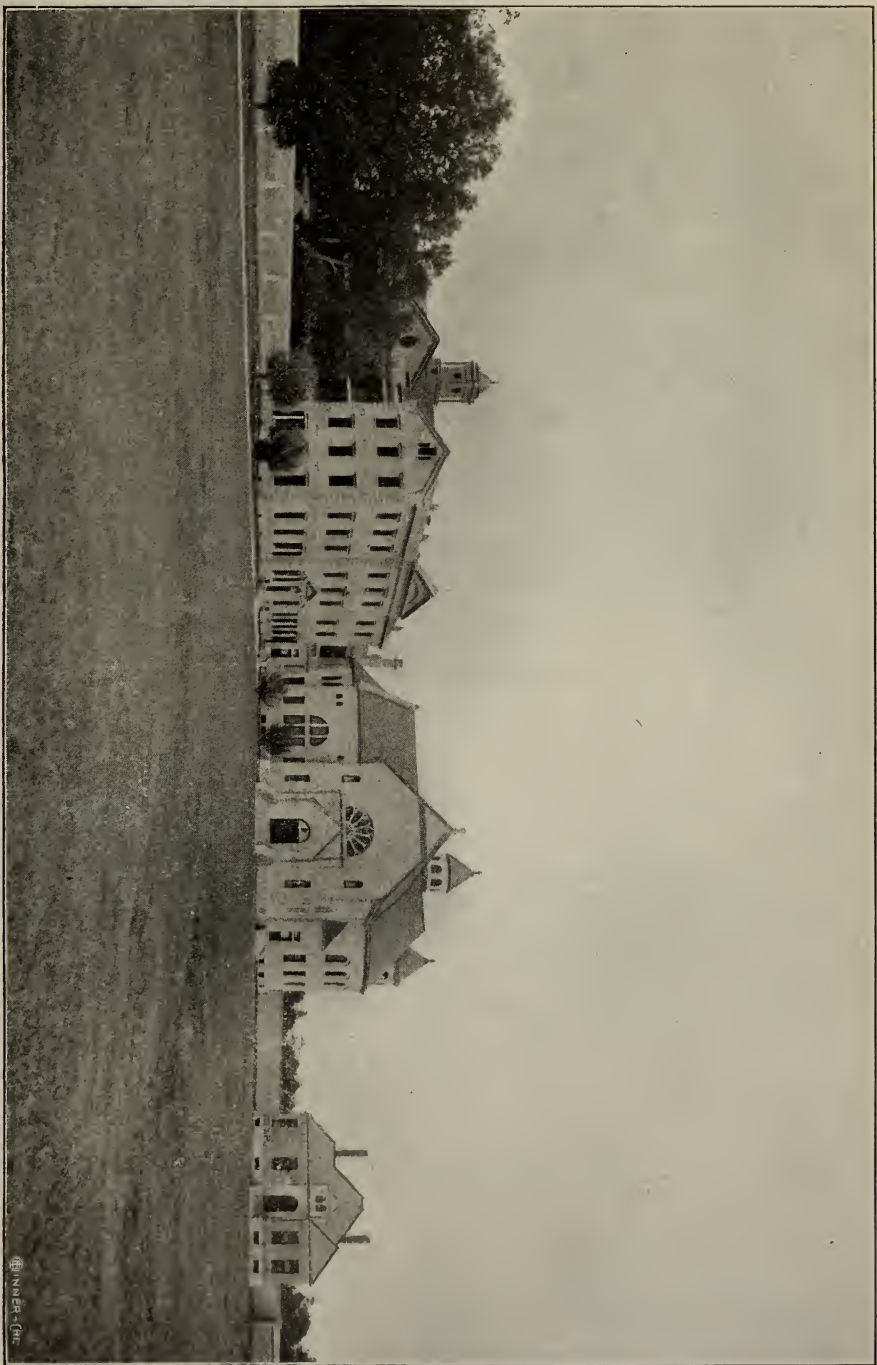
THE ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION,

MOBILE, ALA.

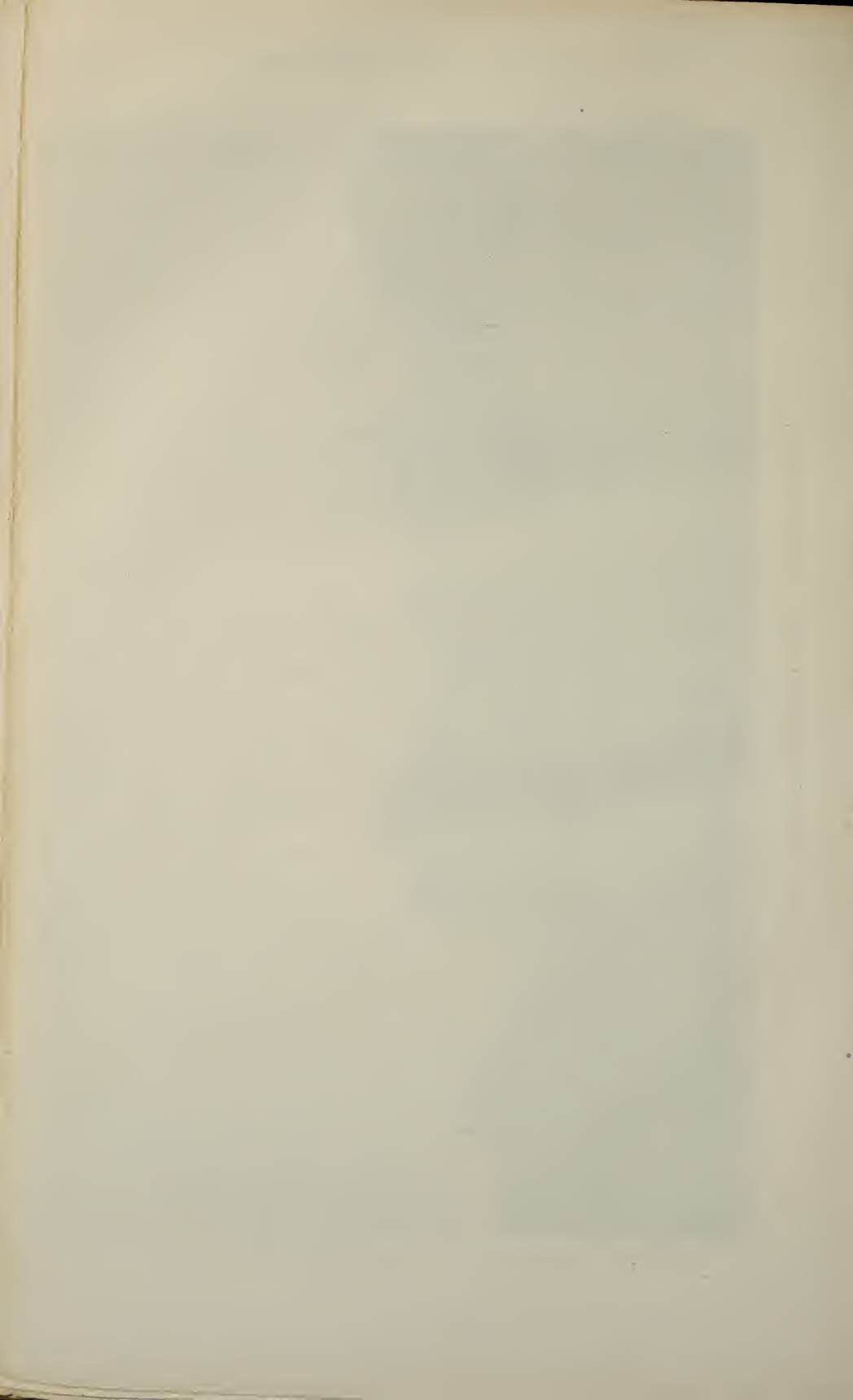
THE wave of progress and improvement which swept along Spring Hill avenue during the past year, bore away many of those picturesque old landmarks to which sentiment clings, but which are fast

disappearing before the irresistible current of the century. Progress is no respecter of sentiment, and the ancient and historic have to give place to the modern and up-to-date.

Among the most notable improve-



ACADEMY OF THE VISITATION, MOBILE, ALA.



ments of the year, and most worthy of mention, is the extensive addition to the Academy of the Visitation. The ancient western wing has been demolished and replaced by a handsome three story building extending 280 feet and containing Class Rooms, Science and Reading Rooms, Oratories, Museum, Refectory, Dormitory, Infirmary, and Bath Rooms; while a large part is devoted to the uses of the Monastery for offices, Storerooms, Bakery, and Printing and Typewriting Rooms.

The whole building is lighted by electricity, heated by steam and fitted up with all modern appliances. Every facility will be afforded the pupils in the study of the sciences, and every comfort and convenience secured to them in the admirable plan of this addition.

The Refectory is unique, attractive in arrangement and furnishing, having a cheerful, homelike appearance with its separate tables, each seating six, and covered with spotless napery and dainty china.

The Sodality Room of the Children of Mary is an exquisite little Oratory, containing the beautiful Munich statue of the Immaculate Conception, the gift of Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen, D. D. To the left, and

facing the entrance, is a double stained window presented by Mde. Camille De Poorter.

The Oratory of the Sacred Heart is enriched by an exquisite statue of the Sacred Heart, the gift of Mrs. Lorenzo Semple, who selected it herself in the studios of Paris; and to the Angel Sodality has been presented a statue of St. Michael.

The spirit of improvement is not confined within the walls of the building, but has extended to the exterior. A graceful sweep of sloping lawn, and a belt of young forest, recently annexed, broaden and beautify the grounds, and add greatly to the already attractive surroundings of the Academy.

In the rear of the Monastery a spacious steam laundry has been erected, and, for the heating plant, a brick power house and stack which are admirable works.

The plan of this extensive addition, and of the many improvements still going on at the Visitation, was the conception of the late Mother M. Liguori Fox, who was called to her eternal reward before the completion of the work, but this handsome building stands as a monument to her zeal and energy for the greater glory of God.

A THRILLING EXPERIENCE.

JOHN McBRAH said to me one day as we were comfortably seated before the glowing fire in his study: "Let me tell you a strange thing that happened to me some ten years

ago." My curiosity was excited and I was prepared to lend an attentive ear to his story. "About ten years ago," he began, "I was in rather poor health and my doctor

advised me to travel and if possible to take a trip across the ocean. I followed his advice. The trip benefited me much. I went to Paris where I intended to spend a week or two. While in Paris, I remembered that I had some friends in Fontainebleau, and I determined to pay them a visit. After spending a few days with my friends, I resolved to return to Paris and to start soon for America. When I was leisurely making my way towards the depot about ten o'clock at night I was met by a gentleman whose acquaintance I had made at a party to which I had been invited. After accompanying me for a while, he invited me to his house which was only a short distance away and on my way to the depot. I at first declined his kind invitation, but as he insisted, I consented to enter his house for a few moments. We entered the drawing-room and there my companion introduced me to an elderly gentleman as his father, and to another, who seemed to be about thirty years of age, as his brother. After chatting for a while, I was asked to take supper with them. I politely declined, giving as an excuse the want of time, as I had only half an hour to spare to catch my train. Still they pressed me so much that at last I yielded and sat down at table with them. We talked a great deal about America, for they seemed very anxious to be informed about that wonderful country. Time flew without my perceiving it, and when I rose to depart I found to my disappointment that it was after midnight and too

late to catch the train. My friends kindly invited me to stay with them that night, telling me that I could leave by the six o'clock train next morning. Seeing that this was the best I could do under the circumstances, I accepted their offer. After some further conversation with my kind hosts, I was conducted to my room. It was situated on the second floor. After my friend had shown me the room he bade me good night, closing the door after him.

"As the door shut I thought that I heard it click in an unusual manner. As soon as I heard my friend's footsteps die away on the stairs, I examined the door, and found it securely locked from the outside.

"I wondered what this meant, and commenced hitting and pinching myself to find out whether I was awake. But this was not all, for upon further observation, I found that the bed was stained with blood, which appeared to be quite fresh. I next looked under the bed, and found there a dead body, with a dagger still sticking in its breast, and the blood slowly oozing out from the deep wound. The light which illuminated my room was suddenly extinguished and there I was left in complete darkness with a murdered man close by. I found my way, with much difficulty, to the door and seated myself there to ponder over the fearful trap into which I had been blindly led.

"As I was absorbed in these thoughts, I heard footsteps again on the stairway faintly at first, then in the hall, they finally stopped im-

mediately in front of my door, which was suddenly unlocked and pushed open. I made a bold dash through it, but ran into an officer, who grasped my arm and arrested me.

"Handcuffs were tightly secured around my wrists, and I was conducted to gaol. I was left there in a small dingy looking prison cell, where I remained for some time, until the day of my trial arrived.

"I was accused of murder, and all the evidence seemed to be against me. The trial lasted for several hours, and when it was ended, I remember the Judge proclaiming with a loud and thrilling tone, "Convicted for murder and condemned to serve as a galley slave for life."

"On hearing this my heart seemed to stop beating, I thought of all the dear ones at home, who perhaps would never see me again. Soon after my sentence had been pronounced I was conducted to Marseilles and placed among the galley slaves. To describe what I suffered during the three months I was imprisoned there is impossible. The very thought of it makes me shudder. When I had given up all hope and black despair was taking possession of my soul, I was called one morning and told that I was free. The real criminal, who was no other than my pretended friend of Fontainebleau had died suddenly, but before his death he had made a full confession of his crime, and declared me innocent."

LOUIS BLOUIN, '04.

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.

NO Irish writer of verse was perhaps endowed with as great a genius as James Clarence Mangan. We have all read the life of Edgar Allen Poe; Mangan's life was somewhat similar to his. But as Mangan far surpasses Poe as a poet, so too his life was far more wretched than Poe's.

The lyre to which Mangan attuned his song may have had seven strings, but the chord which most often vibrated was that of sadness. Even when he struck this chord its tune was not full—something in it sounded hollow. Perhaps it was of his own tempest-tossed

self that he was thinking when he wrote:

"Tell how his boyhood was one drear
night-hour,
How shone for *him*, through his griefs
and gloom,
No star of all Heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb;"

and yet the passions which raged in his soul and made him their slave were held in abhorrence by his noble mind,

"Trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and
wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song."

His translations from the German

especially are masterpieces of diction, even granted that they are but translations. He never confined himself to a slavish translation, but on fancy's fleet wing, he soared aloft

"Till above you star,
That burneth afar,
Where Virtue and Innocence only are."

Mangan was a scholar, and he was a self-made scholar, one in whose breast the fires of ambition could not be quenched, nor the flames of despair ever burn, one for whom obstacles and sufferings seemed only made to be surmounted.

" with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes
 blasted,
He still, still strove."

His soul glowed with the fire of patriotism. In his Irish National Hymn he exclaims :

O Ireland! Ancient Ireland!
Ancient, yet forever young!
Thou our mother, home and sireland—
Thou at length hast found a tongue.
* * * * *
"O Ireland be it thy high duty
To teach the world thy might of Moral
 Beauty,
And stamp God's image truly on the
 struggling soul."

"Poets are strange," once wrote a poet and these words seemed verified to the very letter in the life of James Clarence Mangan. A body worn out and the slave of degrading passions, and a soul that seemed to live in an entirely different world. If we are to judge his soul by the tone of his poetry, we must conclude that it was endowed with noble and lofty sentiments.

When we pass over the ground once trodden by the poet's feet, when we visit in spirit the scenes he painted, when we live in imagination the life he portrayed, we are naturally inclined to excuse his shortcomings, to condone his faults and remember only his brilliant achievements. This is especially the case with a poet like Mangan, whose pathos never fails to make a deep impression on our minds. Besides his verse is as limpid and pure as the rushing brooklet in the mountain gorge.

Mangan never lost the memory of his woes

. my school of woe
Dates, alas! from youth's deserted
 bowers,
Twenty golden years ago."

When his youth was gone the shadows of gloom seemed to have settled on his mind

" * * * * * amid wreck, and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless
 nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights."
"And lives he still, then? Yes! Old and
 hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know."

When his life was drawing to a close, welcome indeed must it have been to him who was long, long ago tired of the world and its friendships

"Wifeless, friendless, flaggonless, alone,
Not quite bookless, though, unless I
 chuse,
Left with nought to do, except to groan,
Not a soul to woo, except the muse—
O! this is hard for me to bear."

Mangan cared not to carve his

name on the emblazoned pillars of fame, he longed but for a grave beneath the cold sod, where trials over and troubles buried, he might rest and in rest find peace. Well might he apply to himself the "Poet's Consolation" of Koerner:

"What, though no maiden's tears ever
be shed
O'er my clay bed,
Yet will the generous Night never refuse
To weep its dews."
"And though no friendly hand garland the
cross
Above my moss,

Still will the dear, dear Moon tenderly
shine
Down on that sign."

"And if the saunterer-by songlessly pass
Through the long grass,
There will the noontide bee pleasantly
hum,
And warm winds come."
"Yès—you at least, ye dells, meadows
and streams,
Stars and moonbeams,
Will think on him whose weak, meritless
lays
Teemed with your praise."

JOSEPH M. WALSH, JR., '03.

DISCIPLINE.

THE other day while running over pages of one of our daily papers, my attention was attracted by the following heading: "Riotous Students." My first impression was that perhaps the students had been badly and unjustly treated, and exasperated had at last risen in rebellion. But I soon changed my opinion when I read the sequel, "the students of the different colleges of this place spent hallowe'en night in riotous fashion. After leaving the theatre they joined forces and marched through the main streets, throwing stones at street cars. They tore down signs, broke plate glass windows, thereby causing heavy damages to some of the stores. Early to-day mounted police charged them with the result that a number of the students received serious injuries. Six of them were arrested."

"What a disgrace," I said to myself, "do the teachers exercise no

control over the students? Is there no discipline in that institution?"

Instruction may be given in a variety of subjects, the mind may be cultivated, but true education, the training of all the better faculties of man, the molding of his heart and will seem to be sadly neglected in many of our institutions of learning.

I do not wish to set myself up as a master in Israel, but consulting my limited experience it seems to me that serious study and real advancement in learning can not exist without discipline.

"It is good for a man," says Holy Writ, "to bear the yoke from his youth. Parents would spare themselves many a sorrow if they had made their children feel the yoke in their youth.

As Shakespeare well says:

"Had doting Priam checked his son's
desire,
Troy would have been bright with fame,
not with fire."

Discipline is necessary if we wish to achieve anything great. "In schools and colleges," says Froude, "in fleet and army, discipline means success, and anarchy means ruin."

Ask the great men of our country by what means they have attained to such eminence in their professions and they will answer that it was through systematic training, through discipline. Ask the soldier and sailor who have fought our country's battles, how the victory was gained and they will tell you through discipline. Ask the criminal what was the cause of his ruin and almost in every case he will confess that it

was a want of early training. Discipline then is of the utmost importance, at times it may be irksome and hard to bear, but the fruit will be all the sweeter. In conclusion let me quote the words of a venerable old man, a type of the old school: "My son," he wrote, "had I a free scholarship to one of our high-toned universities, yet knowing that moral training was neglected there, I would rather spend a fortune for your education where I knew discipline reigned."

The old gentleman but echoes the sentiments of every sensible person.

JAMES C. CASSERLY, '03.

THE TWO PICTURES.

SOME months ago when visiting a famous art gallery in New York City, I was very much struck by two pictures hanging side by side. One represented a child with an angelic countenance, the other, that of a young man bearing all the signs of a wasted and dissipated life. The artist who happened to be in the gallery, seeing my wonder, came up to me and asked what I thought of the pictures. I answered that I admired them very much. He told me that there was a history connected with these pictures, and that if I cared to learn their history, he would relate it to me with the greatest pleasure. I readily accepted his kind offer.

"Some twenty years ago," he began, "when I was a poor un-

known artist, I was one day walking through Fifth avenue on the way to my studio, when a runaway team came dashing down the street and was on the point of running over a little boy, when I rushed forward and had the happiness of rescuing him from certain death. He was the only son of one of the most wealthy citizens of New York, and I was offered a large sum of money as a reward. This, however, I refused, but I asked as a favor that the boy should be allowed to come to my studio in order that I might paint his picture. My request was readily granted, and for three weeks the boy was sent regularly to my studio. The portrait was very much admired and often I was offered large sums for it, but I was always

loath to part with it. After some time I left New York and traveled through various places, and I lost sight of the boy.

"About two years ago a poor wretch came to my studio and implored me for God's sake to give him some work as he was starving. I took compassion on the poor fellow—for he was a wretch, indeed—and gave him some little job about the studio. One day when he was occupied about the studio cleaning and dusting, he came before this picture and stood as if rooted to the ground, and remained standing motionless gazing intently on that portrait. I walked up to him and asked him the reason why he was so interested in that painting." "Sir," said he, his voice trembling with emotion; "look at that picture and then look at me. Perhaps you will not be able to detect any resemblance between that beautiful innocent face and mine, haggard and disfigured by excess and debauchery. And still I was once that innocent child."

And then he wept bitterly, I did not dare to intrude on his grief, and abstained from asking him any

questions. But after a while he continued. "My sad story, sir, is soon told. When I was eighteen years old I lost my parents and found myself the possessor of an immense fortune and my own master. Young and inexperienced with no one to guide me, I soon was on the downward path. I plunged into every excess, took to gambling then to drinking, and in less than three years I had squandered my fortune. I was left a beggar, all my so-called friends left me, and more than once have I felt the pangs of hunger. For two years I dragged on a miserable existence, despair often taking possession of my soul, tempting me to suicide, until I met you a few days ago." Here he stopped, sobbing bitterly.

He remained with me for some time, but soon his health, ruined by his former excesses, broke down completely and he died here a few months ago. Before he died, however, he allowed me to paint his portrait again and to hang it beside the picture of his youth with this motto under it: "Only a few years between an angel and a devil." JOHN H. QUINN, '04.

AD JESUM NASCITURUM.

Nascere, dive Puer, caelestia desere regna,
 Ne timeas humilem magnus adire domum.
 Nascere, dive Puer, sine te nec terra salutem
 Sperat, nec merito gaudet honore polus.
 Te Pater Omnipotens, Te dilectissima Mater,
 Te chorus angelicus, terrigenaeque vocant.
 Te veniente, redit moribundum vita per orbem.
 En tibi nostra fides, en tibi noster amor.

E. M.

WAS GEORGE WASHINGTON A PROPHET?

He who would win the name of truly great
Must understand his own age and the next
And make the present to fulfill
Its prophecy and with the future merge.

J. R. LOWELL.

THE following is an unpublished letter to the Colonial Governor of Maryland in which Washington predicts the future greatness of our country :

Friday, 13th June, 1755.—Hon'd Sir ; I am now with the Army of His Excl'y. Gen'l. Braddock, encamped on the line of march leading from Ft. Cumberland to Ft. Necessity. While it is useless for an inexperienced officer like myself to dictate what an Army should do, yet it behooves me to write you that I am sure from what I have seen that his Majesty's forces are doomed to certain defeat. His Excl'y. Gen'l. Braddock is a very brave man, but inexperienced in Indian warfare.

"This wonderful country impresses me more and more each time I go through it. I am sure, Hon'd Sir, that it is destined to out-rival some day and out-grow His Most Christian Majesty's home-country—England. These mighty forests of soft and hard woods will furnish the ships of the world, and with the native stones build the residences of future generations.

"Again—what is beneath the soil? There may be stored mineral wealth which will astonish the countries of the old world, while the fuel of the future may also be found therein.

"The road laid out by Col. Cresap and his Indian guide, Nemacolin, while now rugged and steep at places, if not followed directly, marks approximately the line of travel for the settlement of the great unknown West, and the modes of travel, I am sure, will change from the saddle horse to a comfortable, swift conveyance, propelled (who knows to the contrary?) by the unbridled, unseen elements which, we know, lie dormant in nature all around us.

"To the right of our camp on the slightly sloping plateau between the Savage Mtn and Wills Creek Mtn is a wondrous site for a city, and as I muse by the campfire I imagine that there will be the metropolis of His Excellency, Lord Baltimore's colony.

"Now, Hon'd Sir, pardon me the freedom with which I write, and return with my servant who delivers this a message containing the news relating to the welfare of our friends and your views of this undertaking. With assurances of my esteem, I am, Hon'd Sir,

"Your Obt Servant,
G. WASHINGTON.

"P. S.—We are breaking camp. Tomorrow—Sir Peter Halkett's Regt will lead the line of march.

"To His Excl'y, Horatio Sharpe."
Were it granted to Washington

to revisit these United States which he crowned with freedom, more than a century ago, he would be lost in wonderment, seeing the immense strides they have made on the road to progress. For the reality must have far surpassed his most sanguine expectations.

From the thirteen states which he governed as President, the country as developed into a vast empire, stretching from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, and reaching from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

Instead of a few wooden vessels that constituted the navy of America in the time of Washington, we now possess a fleet of huge battle ships, swift cruisers, torpedo boats, which bids fair one day to outrival the boasted navy of England—moreover these vessels have been built with American timber and American steel, on American soil, by American skill and labor.

"What is beneath the soil?" queried Washington. With equal and perhaps more reason we may ask: "What is there not beneath the soil of America?" Think only of its 300,000 square miles of coal fields! Look at the rich gold mines of California—the silver mines of Colorado and Nevada, the copper mines around Lake Superior, the

iron mines of Pennsylvania and Alabama.

There are also mines of lead, zinc, nickel, aluminum and almost of every known metal. Then there are the inexhaustible quarries of granite, lime stone, and marble of great variety and rare beauty. Nor must we omit to mention the rich oil fields of Pennsylvania, of Beaumont, Tex., and Western Louisiana, fields so rich that they would suffice to supply the whole world with light and fuel.

From the "saddle horse" of Washington's time to the steam and electric car of our own days is undoubtedly a great advance. Instead of the few roads that were the only means of travel in the olden times, the country has been covered with a network of railroads which make travel both easy and expeditious.

"The unbridled, unseen elements which lay dormant in nature around us," have been roused and bridled; they propel our cars, light our dwellings and cities, send our messages with the swiftness of lightning from one corner of the earth to the other,

Can we doubt then that Washington was a prophet? Was he not a Seer who "understood his own age and the next?"

JOHN A. BOUDOUSQUIE, '03,

VACATION AT COLLEGE.

VACATION at college! What a dreadful sound these words have for the average college boy! This seems to him the very acme of misfortune and misery. Well, I can assure him that in this world something worse may happen even to a college boy. Like so many other things it improves on closer acquaintance. I do not write, however, for the purpose of inducing others to stay at college during the next vacation. I only wish to remove some prejudices and misapprehensions and show that too often things seem worse than they really are.

After the students had left and the excitement attending on commencement day had somewhat subsided, we—that is about twenty of us who were obliged to remain at the college—began to devise ways and means and make plans for the vacation.

First of all we had the Seniors' quarters at our disposal. The gymnasium, the reading room, the billiard room, etc. We spend our mornings in reading, playing games, taking exercise in the gymnasium. When we were tired of this we took a stroll to the picturesque lake that nestles at the foot of the hill and there we sported to our heart's content in its clear and cool waters. During the afternoon we followed about the same routine, but towards evening when it became somewhat cooler we often had a game of baseball or handball. After supper we whiled away the time in singing

songs or telling stories. But I must not forget to mention our vacation brass band. After a few days of our vacation had passed some one suggested to organize a brass band; the proposition was eagerly taken up by all, and as there was a great deal of musical talent among the members of the cant-get-away club, we soon made up a creditable brass band which used to discourse strains of



pleasing music during the silent hours of our balmy southern nights.

Mindful also of the advice of the Latin poet,

"Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,"

the suggestion of having a little class was gladly enough received. The class, it must be remarked, was by no means conducted with the rigor

of school time, in fact for many especially of the larger boys, it was rather a time devoted to reading.

And so time passed very pleasantly. Towards the middle of July we left the college for Battle's Wharf. Here we were to spend the rest of our vacation. Battle's Wharf is situated in Baldwin county on the eastern shore of Mobile Bay. Here the college possesses a beautiful summer villa, where the professors and students spend their vacation during the great heats of July and August.

The steamer is now heading for the eastern shore. At first it seems a slender line of green emerging from the waters of the bay. Soon, however, we perceive the high bluffs clothed with the luxuriant growth of a tropical vegetation. Through the thick foliage we catch now and then a glimpse of an elegant cottage nestling among some shady bowers.

At last we reach Battle's Wharf. when

"Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon



As the steamer glides away from the city down the Mobile river, she soon enters the beautiful bay. How enjoyable this trip on the bay. We left the city sweltering in the scorching heat of a July sun, but now the refreshing gulf breeze tempers the heat and sends new vigor through every limb. From time to time we pass some large steamer on her way to Mobile from Central America, laden with tropical fruit, or some schooner lazily drifting with outspread sails before the gentle breeze.

Like a magician extended his golden wand
o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and
water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted
and mingled together."

Our vacations at the country house at Battle's were very pleasant. Many were the expeditions we made to the different streams called creeks which, like silvery threads, wind their way through the dark green of the forests, their banks



... o'ershadowed by oaks, from
whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and mystic
mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden
hatchets at Yule-tide."

Most of these expeditions were undertaken for pleasure, but some also had a scientific object in view.

Mr. Paul C. Boudousquie, professor of drawing at the college, extended to the graduating class an invitation to accompany him on a geological investigation to the large red bluff, near Rock Creek. We all had heard so much about this bluff and were so anxious to visit it that we accepted his kind invitation most readily.

Early next morning, long before the sun had risen, we started on our journey. After rowing for about two hours we entered the mouth of Rock Creek, at the foot of the red bluff.

We moored our boat and at once we began our explorations. The first spot to attract our attention was an abandoned brick yard where the bricks for Forts Gaines and Morgan were made. This brick

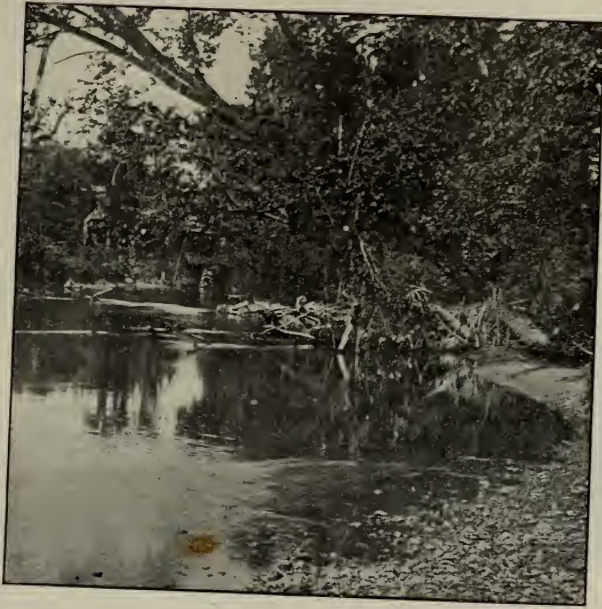
yard is now the property of Mr. Boudousquie. The remainder of the day was taken up with the examination of the great variety of clays and sands which are found in that locality.

Not far from the villa flow the crystal waters of Sweet Water Branch. Thickly along its banks are clustered vines and shrubs hiding at times its limpid waters.

Of course so romantic a place could hardly be expected to be without some legend. A nymph is said to haunt this fairy spot. Often did we visit Sweet Water Branch, but never could we catch a glimpse of the nymph.

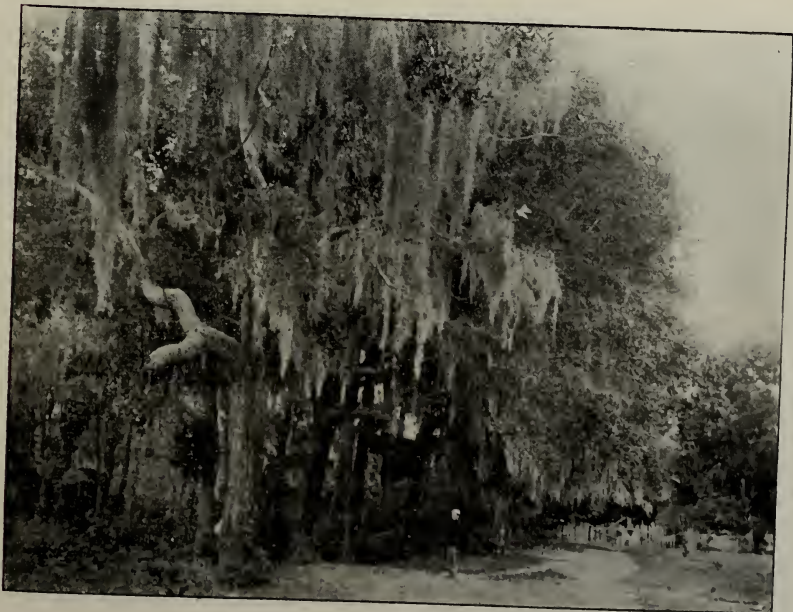
Many a delightful hour did I spend, seated on the broad and spacious veranda, watching the south breeze gently rippling the glassy surface of the bay, and sighing through the trailing mosses, which





“Waved like banners that hang on the
walls of ancient cathedrals.”
(Longfellow.)

And what shall I say of the pleas-
ure I felt when sailing over the blue
waters of the bay.





“I heed not, if
 My rippling skiff
 Float swift or slow from cliff to cliff;—
 At peace I lie,
 Blown softly by
 A cloud upon this liquid sky.

Over the rail
 My hand I trail
 Within the shadow of the sail,
 A joy intense,
 The cooling sense
 Glides down my drowsy indolence.

O happy ship
 To rise and dip,
 With the blue crystal at your lip!
 O happy crew,
 My heart with you
 Sails, and sails, and sings anew!

And at night how

Lovely the moonlight was
 As it glanced and gleamed on the water!”

When the sky

Spreads like an ocean hung on high,
 Bespangled with those isles of light.”

Pleasant indeed were the days
 of vacation, and the memory of those
 blissful hours haunts me still like
 some sweet melody.

DOMINGO J. VILLAMIL, '03.



The Spring Hill Review

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Address all communications to

THE SPRING HILL REVIEW,

SPRING HILL COLLEGE, MOBILE, ALA.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Joseph M. Walsh, Jr., '03.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

John A. Boudousquie, '03.

Domingo J. Villamil, '03.

John H. Quinn, '04.

J. Earle Mannoccir, '04.

Franccis A. Giuli, '04.

ATHLETIC EDITORS.

James C. Casserly, '03.

Eugene V. Costello, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Maximin D. Touart, '03.

T. Hubbard McHatton, '03.

ADVERISING MANAGERS.

T. Peyton Norville, '04.

James G. Rapier, '05.

MOBILE, ALABAMA, JANUARY, 1903.

COLLEGE NOTES.

THE FACULTY. The faculty of Spring Hill College for the term of 1902-1903 is as follows: Rev. W. J. Tyrrell, S. J., President; Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., Vice President; Rev. J. J. McLaughlin, S. J., Secretary; Rev. T. W. Butler, S. J., Chaplain; Rev. A. J. Hugh, S. J., Treasurer; Rev. J. J. De-Potter, S. J., Professor of Mental Philosophy in the Classical Course; Mr. A. L. Kunkel, S. J., Professor of Sciences; Rev. O. M. Semmes, S. J., Professor of Mental Phil-

osophy in the Commercial Course; Rev. J. H. Myer, S. J., Professor of Mathematics, German and Stenography; Rev. J. D. Foulkes, S. J., Professor of Rhetoric; Rev. J. McCreary, S. J., Professor of English Literature in the Commercial Course; Rev. L. Paris, S. J., Professor of Poetry; Rev. L. G. Bashnal, S. J., Professor of First Grammar Class; Mr. L. Bellocq, S. J., Professor of Second Grammar Class, Section A; Mr. D. Cronin, S. J., Professor Second Grammar Class,

Section B ; Rev. E. Gaffney, S. J., Professor of Third Grammar Class, Section A ; Mr. R. Brooks, S. J. Professor of Third Grammar Class, Section B ; Mr. F. X. Finegan, S. J., Professor of First Commercial Class and Typewriting ; Mr. P. McDonnell, S. J., Professor of Second Commercial Class ; Rev. E. I. Fazakerley, S. J., Professor of Third Commercial Class, Mr. S. Gillow, S. J., Professor of Preparatory Class ; Rev. J. B. Franckhauser, S. J., Professor of Mathematics in Poetry Class ; Rev. L. H. Stagg, S. J., Professor of Book-keeping. In the Senior Division Rev. O. M. Semmes, S. J., is Prefect of the study hall, and Rev. J. McCreary, S. J., is Prefect of the yard. In the Junior Division Rev. L. H. Stagg, S. J., is Prefect of the study hall and Rev. J. B. Franckhauser, S. J., is Prefect of the yard. Mr. Paul C. Boudousquie is Professor of Drawing and Calligraphy ; Messrs. A. J. Staub and Angelo Suffich, Professors of Music. W. M. Mastin, M. D., Attending Physician.

FACULTY Rev. A. C. Porta, S. J., our late Vice-President fills the chair of Philosophy at the Jesuits' College, New Orleans. Rev. J. J. Navin, S. J., the Prefect of the Senior Division of last year is doing missionary work in Florida. Rev. P. Cronin, S. J., and T. D. Madden, S. J., are stationed at Frederick, Md. Rev. N. Davis, S. J., is stationed at the Jesuits' College, Augusta, Ga. Mr. J. Clements is at St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.

THE OPENING. The college opened on September 3rd. On that day there were 112 boys present ; it was considered a very good attendance for the first day. New arrivals have swelled this number to 165.

SODALITY CHAPEL. During the month of September the Sodality Chapel was thoroughly renovated, and now presents a neat and pretty appearance. This chapel is one of the landmarks around Spring Hill College. During the great fire of 1869, which laid the college in ashes, it was saved as it were by miracle. Scores of old students, we are sure, keep fond memories of that little chapel nestling so prettily among the gigantic live oaks at the end of the garden.

CONSECRATION OF AN ALTAR. On December 3rd., Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, consecrated the beautiful marble altar in the Mortuary Chapel, the gift of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Kearns, of Lebanon, Ky. The ceremonies began at 6:30 a. m., and were over at 9:30. The altar is dedicated to Blessed Edmund Campion and companions, martyrs of the Society of Jesus. The relics of the following martyrs were enclosed in the altar stone : St. Placidus, St. Theodore, St. Tharsisius, St. Ireneus, St. Victor, St. Valeria, St. Virginia and St. Theodore, Abbot.

CHALICE DONATED. Mr. George M. Kenedy, of the First Commercial Class has donated a beautiful chalice to the college chapel.

SCIENCE CLASS EXHIBITION. The first of the series of monthly entertainments was given on the first of October in the College Hall by the Science Class.

The subject chosen was one of universal import, namely, "Wireless Telegraphy."

The College Orchestra, under the able direction of Prof. A. J. Staub, opened the programme with "Lustspiel," overture, by Keler-Beler, which was excellently rendered. Then followed the customary reading of notes, after which Mr. J. Hooper, '04, read the introductory essay. He was immediately followed by Mr. M. Touart, '03, who read a brief yet clear sketch of the life of Signor Marconi. Mr. J. Casserly next came forward to give a comprehensive explanation of the oscillator, that distinctive feature of the transmitting apparatus. To assure the audience that there was no need to doubt the truthfulness of the experiment, two gentlemen, Messrs. Quinn and Hanway, were invited to examine the apparatus, which was found to have no communication by wire with the receiving station at the end of the hall. Mr. J. Casserly then gave a demonstration of wireless telegraphy, which was successful and much applauded. Mr. J. Walsh was greeted with great applause when he came forward and explained the coherer, a necessary adjunct of the receiving station. Mr. Walsh was very witty at times in his remarks.

After this the Science Class Orchestra rendered "Little Nestlings"

in a pleasing manner. Mr. Meininger was next to appear and explain by means of drawings and instruments the induction coil. He then offered to give any one in the audience a slight shock. Some responded, to the great amusement of all. Then a prize was offered to any one who could swing a pair of electric dumbbells for five minutes, but no one was successful. Finally a dollar and conductor from a coil were placed in a jar of water, and anyone holding the other conductor in his hand was assured that the coin would be his if he were able to take it out of the jar. Many tried but failed, to the great delight of the on-lookers.

Mr. Villavaso, heralded as "Hermann the Great, Jr." appeared and performed several apparently magical tricks with a little water and some roses, such as changing the colors of both, but he afterwards explained how he used aniline dyes, and the tricks were made plain. This closed the science exhibition—"W. R. Two-Step" was then given by the Junior Brass Band, after which followed the distribution of cards. Then the "El Capitan" march of Sousa was played by the Senior Brass Band.

The President, in a few words, expressed his satisfaction at the application, talent and gentlemanly conduct of the boys.

This is the first year the college has given an entertainment on the first of October, and every one was surprised at the way in which the affair was carried out. It was undoubtedly the best science exhibition ever given in the College, and

both scientists and musicians may well feel proud of their success.

The programme is as follows;

Overture—Lutspiel, - - Keler-Beler
College Orchestra.

Reading of Notes.

Introduction, - - - J. Hooper
Who is Marconi and What Has He

Done? - - M. D. Touart

The Oscillator, - - J. C. Casserly

The Coherer, - - J. M. Walsh

Little Nestlings, - - Gavotte

By members of the class.

The Induction Coil, - J. C. Meininger

The Chemistry of Color, F. Villavaso

W. R. Two-Step, - - Junior Band

Distribution of Cards.

Chevalier March, - - Senior Band

RHETORIC CLASS On Wednes-
EXHIBITION. day, Nov. 5,

the Rhetoric Class gave their monthly exhibition. The exercises opened with the overture of "Zampa," played by the College Orchestra. This overture is rather difficult of execution, but let it be said to the credit of the members of the orchestra that they acquitted themselves of their difficult task to the satisfaction of all. The College Orchestra is excellent this year, both in numbers and in quality, and is under the able management and direction of Father Foulkes and Prof. Staub. The lovers of classical music may expect many a treat this year.

The subject chosen by the members of the Rhetoric Class for their entertainment was "Falstaff." The proceedings opened with a debate, the question being, "Was Sir John Falstaff a Rhetorician?" Mr. T. Philips, as Chairman, made the

opening address. Messrs. E. Costello, J. Quinn, J. Hanway and F. Giuli debated the question proposed and proved conclusively that Sir John Falstaff was a skilled rhetorician.

The second part of the entertainment opened with a vocal solo, "The Rosary," sung by Mr. J. Hanway. This young gentleman is gifted with a beautiful voice, and so pleased was the audience with his performance that he was enthusiastically encored. Mr. E. Mannocir came next and dilated on the failings and frailties of Sir Jack, quoting many a doing and saying of Falstaff in proof of his assertions. Mr. P. Norville, in an elegant address, brought out the good points in Sir John's character; while Mr. V. McCormick, in a few well-chosen sentences, closed the literary exercises.

The Junior Brass Band under the direction of Prof. Suffich, played "Etna."

Testimonials for excellence, good conduct and application were then awarded. The exercises terminated by the playing of the overture, "Impromptu," by the College Brass Band, under the direction of Prof. Staub.

The following is the program:

PART FIRST.

Overture—"Zampa" T. Herold
College Orchestra.

Reading of Notes.

Was Sir John Falstaff a Rhetorician?

"I am your theme. Let me have right
and let desert mount."

"Now, my masters, every man to his
business," T. Philips

"Here lies the point," E. Costello

- "Do not speak like a death's head,"
.....J. Quinn
 "Have I the expedition of thought?"
.....J. Hanway
 "For the effect comes by cause,"..F. Giul
 PART SECOND.
 "The Rosary,"—Vocal Solo ..J. Hanway
 What Was Falstaff?
 "Falstaff, varlet vile!".....E. Mannoccir
 "I have much to say in behalf of that
 Falstaff,".....P. Norville
 "Go thy ways, old Jack," V. McCormick
 "Etna,"—Waltz, Junior Brass Band
 Awarding of Cards.
 Overture—" Impromptu,".....
 College Brass Band

POETRY CLASS EXHIBITION. It is an old tradition of Spring Hill College that the poets have ever been capable of entertaining an audience. True or not, it matters little; yet these same newborn followers of the muses upheld their reputation with added honors yesterday. A treat was expected of them, and the treat was given. When the grave philosopher and the ardent rhetorician were asked, "How fared your younger brothers?" the former answered, "Well," the latter, "Our admiration was great indeed."

At 2:30 p. m. the doors of the hall were thrown open and promptly at 2:45 the exhibition began. The audience was suddenly hushed by the melodious strains of the orchestra rendering, in a most excellent manner, Suppe's "Light Cavalry," overture. After due applause the program proper began. The subject treated was "The Coming of Christ," in two parts.

The introduction was read by Mr. E. Devinney, who, in a few choice words, explained the subject. In

brief he said that as Christmas was so near at hand the class could think of nothing better for the exhibition than the subject chosen. The first part consisted of "Christ in Prophecy," adapted from Pope's celebrated "Messiah," by the class. Each member took a selection, which was previously explained by Mr. Devinney.

Before the other part was given the monthly notes were read. Then the College Glee Club entertained the audience with the song, "Tche-functa."

The curtain was again lifted and Mr. R. Wallace appeared with an essay entitled, "Through Universal War to Universal Peace." To give an idea of the wars before the birth of the Redeemer a scene from Shakespeare's "Anthony and Cleopatra" was given, with Messrs. P. R. Adamson as Octavius, J. Kelly as Maecenas, and J. Rapier as Agrippa, who related in a very creditable manner the existing trouble between Anthony and Octavius.

Mr. E. A. Burguières, in an essay, "The Dawn of Peace—Actium," gained the praises of the audience.

Following this essay was a dialogue by the aforesaid characters, to whom were added Messrs. T. McCarty as Horace, and E. Burguières as Virgil. Octavius, now Caesar Augustus, was praised by his friends as the principal cause of peace, and advised by them to take the crown.

The exhibition was closed by Mr. Rapier in an essay "The King of Peace," which he gave in a manner befitting the great subject treated.

At the end of the exhibition the

Junior Brass Band rendered "The Blue and Gray."

The distribution of the monthly cards, followed by "Living Pictures," played with great success by Senior Band, ended the entertainment, and after a short address of congratulation by the Rev. President of the College, the pleased audience retired.

The Poetry Class exhibition ended the series of entertainments for the year 1902, and it did not fall short of the merits of its predecessors.

The program was as follows :

PART FIRST.

Overture,—Light Cavalry.....Suppe
College Orchestra.

The Coming of Christ.

Introduction.....E. Devinney
Christ in Prophecy.....The Class
(Adapted from Pope's Messiah.)

Reading of Notes.

Tchefuncta,—Solo and Quintet,—Song
College Glee Club.

PART SECOND.

Through Universal War to Universal
Peace—Essay.....R. Wallace

Before Actium—(From Shakespeare's

Anthony and Cleopatra.....

OctaviusP. Adamson

MæcenæJ. Kelly

AgrippaJ. Rapier

MessengerT. McCarty

The Dawn of Peace—Actium—Essay

E. Burguières

Vivat Augustus ! Vivat Imperator !—

Dialogue

AugustusP. Adamson

MæcenæJ. Kelly

AgrippaJ. Rapier

HoraceT. McCarty

VirgilE. Burguières

The King of Peace Has Come,—Essay

J. Rapier

The Blue and the Gray—Junior Brass

Band

Distribution of Cards.

Living Pictures.....Senior Brass Band

FEAST OF

ST. CATHERINE.

The Philosophers celebrated the feast of their Patron Saint on November 25th. They received Holy Communion in a body at the mass in the morning. Afterwards they went to the city and had their annual banquet at Klosky's. They returned in the evening and had an entertainment in the reading room. They all enjoyed themselves much and the day was pronounced a success.

IMMACULATE

The feast of the **CONCEPTION**. Immaculate Conception was kept with great solemnity according to a time-honored custom. In the morning Solemn High Mass was celebrated, after which a full holiday was granted. After supper the statue of the Immaculate Conception, erected by the faculty and students in 1855, was brilliantly illuminated. The students gathered under the porch and sang some beautiful hymns in honor of Mary Immaculate.

OUR SANCTUM.

The editors of the REVIEW have taken possession of their new sanctum. It consists of a comfortable room situated in Yenni Hall. This apartment has been fitted up with desks, tables, shelves, and everything requisite in a first-class sanctum.

SENIOR

The officers of the **SOCIETIES**. different societies of the senior division are as follows :

SODALITY OF THE BLESSED VIRGIN.—Director, Rev. J. De Potter, S. J.; Prefect, M. D. Touart; First Assistant, J. M. Walsh; Second Assistant, J. H. Quinn; Secretary,

T. H. McHatton ; Sacristans, J. C. Casserly and J. C. Hanway ; Organist, D. J. Villamil.

BRASS BAND.—President, Rev. J. D. Foulkes, S. J.; Director, Prof. A. J. Staub ; Vice-President, M. D. Touart ; Secretary, A. H. Hymel ; Censor, D. J. Villamil.

BILLIARD ROOM ASSOCIATION.—Director, Rev. J. McCreary ; President, T. J. McHatton ; Secretary and Treasurer, M. D. Touart ; Censors, P. L. Kearns and L. Blouin.

GYMNASIUM—Director, Rev. J. McCreary, S. J.; President, J. C. Casserly ; Secretary and Treasurer, V. McCormick ; Censors, F. Cannon and E. Villamil.

FOOT BALL ASSOCIATION.—Director, Rev. J. McCreary ; President, J. H. Quinn ; Secretary and Treasurer, J. M. Walsh ; Captain, V. McCormick ; Manager, V. Beeker ; Coach, Palmer Pillans.

SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.—Moderator, Rev. J. De Potter, S. J.; President, J. M. Walsh ; Secretary, J. E. Mannocir ; Censor, J. C. Casserly.

READING ROOM ASSOCIATION.—Director, Rev. J. McCreary ; President, J. M. Walsh ; Secretary and Treasurer, J. E. Mannocir ; Librarian, J. H. Quinn ; Censors, B. Kern and J. Hooper.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.—Promoters, J. M. Walsh, M. D. Touart, J. C. Hanway, J. A.

Boudousquie, J. C. Casserly, J. E. Mannocir.

JUNIOR SODALITY OF THE SOCIETIES. **HOLY ANGELS.**—Director, Rev. L. Paris ; Prefect, F. R. Blouin ; First Assistant, A. Wagner ; Second Assistant, H. A. Touart ; Sacristan, M. E. Reilly and O. Reynaud.

ALTAR BOYS' SOCIETY.—Director, M. P. McDonnell, S. J.; President, W. J. Lambert ; Secretary, H. A. Touart ; Censor, M. E. Reilly.

JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY.—Director, Rev. J. D. Foulkes, S. J.; President, W. J. Lambert ; Secretary, G. A. Lasseigne ; Censor, D. P. Hymel.

JUNIOR ATHLETIC CLUB.—Director, J. B. Franckhauser, S. J.; President, W. A. Lambert ; Secretary, G. C. Whipple ; Treasurer, G. Lange ; Censor, H. Wagner.

READING ROOM ASSOCIATION.—Director, J. B. Franckhauser, S. J.; President, G. C. Whipple ; Secretary, C. C. Thibaut ; Treasurer, H. A. Touart ; Librarian, E. Escalante.

JUNIOR BRASS BAND.—President, R. Brooks, S. J.; Director, Prof. Angelo Suffich ; Vice-President, H. A. Touart ; Secretary, C. Scriber. Censor, D. P. Hymel.

LEAGUE OF THE SACRED HEART.—Promoters: G. Lasseigne, H. A. Touart, G. Whipple, M. Reilly, D. Hymel, A. Wagner.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

FIELD DAY. On Saturday, November 1, the annual athletic games were held in both divisions. The following is the record of the results:

Senior Department :

Forty - Yard Dash — First, L. Kearns, $5\frac{1}{4}$ seconds; second, L. Francez; third, R. Sullivan.

One Hundred-Yard Dash—First, L. Kearns, $10\frac{3}{4}$ seconds; second, L. Francez; third, B. Kern.

Putting Sixteen - Pound Shot—First, J. Quinn, 38 feet; second, R. Sullivan; third, L. Francez.

One-Mile Run—First, J. Casserly, 4 minutes and 50 seconds; second, R. Anton; third, B. Kern.

Running High Jump—First, R. Sullivan; 4 feet 11 inches; second, J. Quinn; third, J. Rapier.

High Kick—First, F. Villavaso, 9 feet 6 inches; second, L. Francez; third, L. Kearns.

Standing Broad Jump—First, J. Hanway, 9 feet 6 inches; second, L. Francez; third, J. Rapier.

Running Broad Jump — First, L. Kearns, 18 feet 7 inches; second, R. Sullivan; third, J. Rapier.

Throwing Baseball — First, B. Blanchette, 320 feet; second, M. Touart; third, L. Kearns.

The relay race between the Classics and Commercials was won by the Classics.

The gold medal for the greatest number of points was won by L. Francez.

The other victors received handsome prizes.

Officers—Referee, J. M. Walsh;

Starter, M. D. Touart; Judges, T. McHatton, J. Quinn, V. Becker and H. Burguieres.

Junior Department—Division A :

High Jump—First, B. Hoffman; second, G. Whipple.

Broad Jump—First, J. Hountha; second, A. Salvaggio.

One-Hundred Yard Dash—First, J. Hountha; second, G. Whipple.

Fifty-yard Dash—First, J. Hountha; second, Salvaggio.

Putting Shot—First, E. Duchamp; second, G. Whipple.

Potato Race—First, J. Hountha; second, P. Reggio.

Jumping From Rings—First, W. Lambert; second, D. Hymel.

Three-Legged Race — First, C. Scriber and G. Lasseigne; second, E. Duchamp and W. Lambert.

Division B:

High Jump—First, K. Voorhies; second, P. Neely.

Broad Jump—First, K. Voorhies; second, P. Neely.

Throwing Baseball—First, K. Voorhies; second, E. Staub.

Fifty-yard Dash — First, E. Staub; second, L. Cowley.

Potato Race—First, E. Staub; second, K. Voorhies,

Sack Race—First, J. McHardy; second, N. Vickers.

Jumping From Rings—First, A. Anton; second, H. Spotswood.

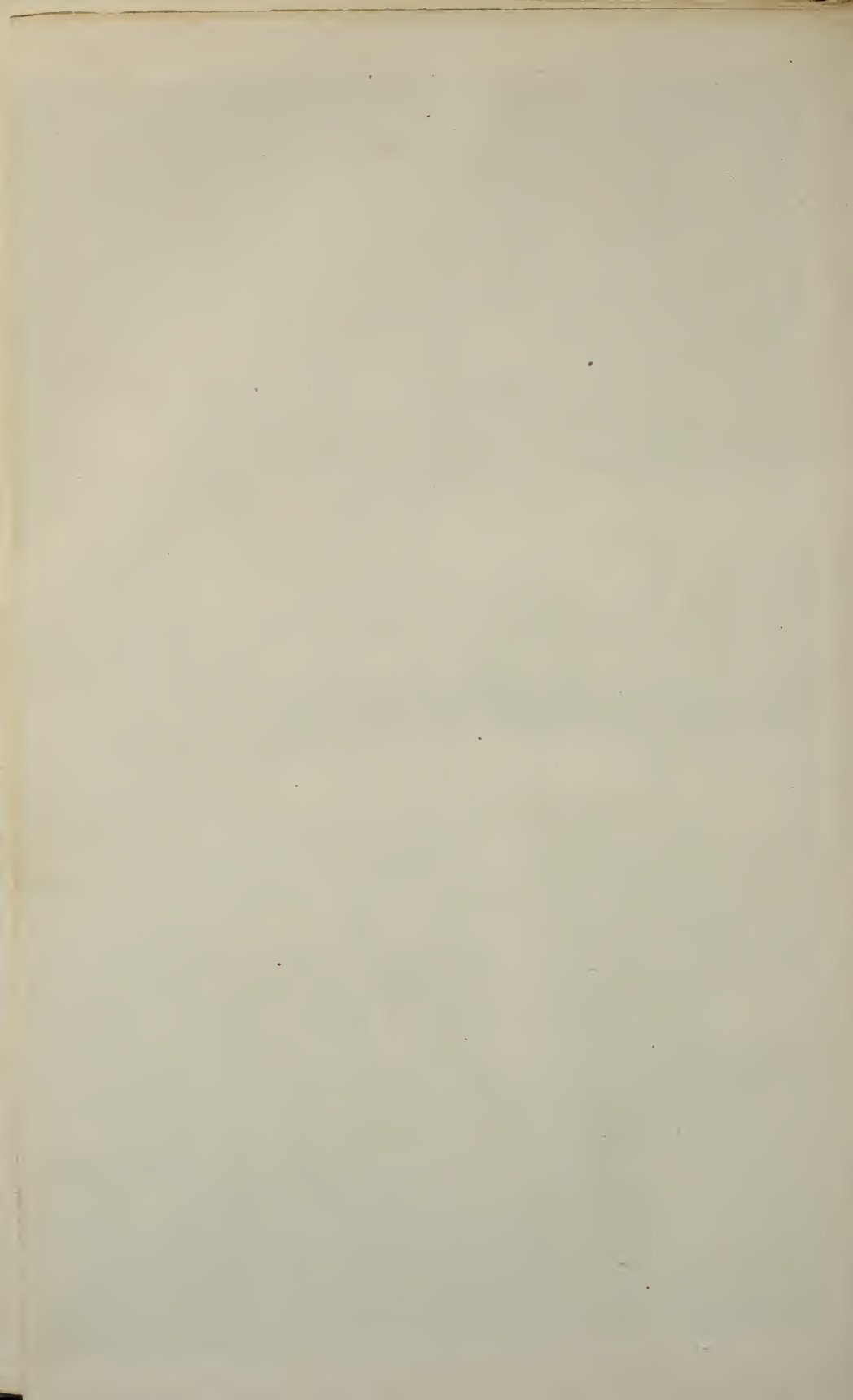
Division C:

Chewing String—First, J. Blanchard; second, J. Ransdell.

Candle Race—First, E. Estrada; second, H. Blanchard.



Team of the Senior Baseball League



Catching Can of Water—First, J. Ransdell; second, G. Whipple.

Barrel Race—First, G. Whipple; second, J. Ransdell.

The gold medal for the greatest number of points was won by J. Hountha.

Judges, H. Wagner, F. Miller, H. Touart, D. Ory, A. Danos, T. Burns, A. Wagner,

LAWN TENNIS. From the Mobile Register : There has been a considerable revival of interest recently in the game of lawn tennis, and several new courts have been built during the past summer, one in particular, at the Country Club, being as fine as any in the South. At Spring Hill College the game is becoming quite popular and yesterday afternoon, in reponse to a challenge, Messrs. Ed. M. Wheeler and Walter G. Horn won a hotly-contested match of doubles from Messrs. J. H. Quinn and R. C. Sullivan, on the college court. The match was for the best three out of five sets, and the locals won the first set handily, but the next was taken after a hard struggle by the college team by virtue of some clever playing down the side lines. After that however the superior steadiness and endurance of the locals proved too much for the college team, and the match went to Mobile by a score of 6-3; 5-7; 6-4; 6-0. Messrs. Hanway and McHatton were umpires for the college and Rodger Burgett for Mobile. A return match is to be played at an early day.

BASE BALL. From the Mobile

Daily Item : The first base ball game of the term was played on the College campus Sunday between the reorganized College nine and the Louisville and Nashville and Mobile and Ohio combination team of Mobile.

Spring Hill College seems to have entered its banner year, not only with regard to numbers and talent, but also in the athletic field.

The game Sunday was not one which tested the power and playing of the College nine when brought to bay, with defeat staring them in the face. Such a moment did not come. Yet it went to show that there is among the college base ball element some very good material which practice will surely ripen before the spring season. Furthermore it proved that they play hand-in-hand, and that one man is running the team and not "nine." A happy thing sure. The boys of the white and purple held the visitors down in the first two innings, scoring the whole three runs.

In the third, Blanchette, of the visitors, crossed the rubber, aided by Moffat's single to left.

The three following innings marked goose eggs for the visitors, while the collegians crossed the rubber in quick succession, making nine runs in the fifth, five in the preceding and one in the sixth.

In the seventh Clark and Moffat scored for the visitors and the college boys adding two to their already great number, realized twenty runs to the visitors' three.

The sensational parts of the game came when Kearns slugged

twice for two home runs, and Sullivan following his example sent the sphere far over the center fielder's head.

Hanway's twirling proved a strong component in the strength of the nine. Kern, behind the bat, was lively and attentive to his bases. Captain Quinn handled his men in a manner very creditable.

Moffat's playing together with that of Rapier's, were the most pleasant thing the visitors had to remember when they left the campus.

Score by innings :

College	2	1	0	5	9	1	2	—20
Visitors	0	0	1	0	0	0	2	— 3

The line-up was as follows :

College—Hanway, pitcher ; Kern, catcher ; Quinn, (captain) first base, Giuli, second base ; Sullivan, short stop ; Tait, third base ; Becker, right field ; Francez, center field ; Kearns, left field.

L. & N. and M. & O.—Wheeler, pitcher ; Bullock, catcher ; R. Rapier, first base ; Moffat, second base ; Barnett, short stop ; Lacy, third base ; Sheridan, right field ; Corr, center field ; Clark, left field.

On Thursday last the football squad made its appearance for its initial practice. While the average weight is lighter than last year there is quite an amount of good material and there are great expectations for the college eleven. The squad will be under the direction of Mr. Pilans as it was last year.

The tennis tournament, which is causing much excitement, is now in

full sway. The teams which are ahead in the race for the "doubles" championship, are three, namely : Messrs. McCarty and H. Burguières, F. J. Jenkins and Doherty, and Boudousquie and St. Martin. Messrs. McCarty and H. Burguières are expected to win.

ST. VINCENTS 9 The "Pearl **PEARL GRAYS 5** Grays," the representative baseball club of the College, met their first defeat of the season with the Mobilians on Sunday November 9th. The College nine played a hard game but their efforts were uphill work. Never varying for a moment from their best endeavors they played to a finish, their score being 9 to 5, five runs of which were made in the last inning.

The Mobile Aggregation is known as the St. Vincent's baseball club, having players who have played with the team at its beginning and grown hoary in its service. Mobile can hardly have a better baseball representation.

The College amateurs were almost powerless against these professionals, yet when they showed weakness and lack of judgment, the boys were quick to take advantage, as was shown in the decreasing of the gap in the score of 9 to 1.

Beardsley's, Calmetti's and Benny's playing was excellent for the visitors, while Clark, Francez and Hanway did good work for the College. The game in detail was as follows :

Calmetti of the visitors, took first bat, but being hit by ball accepted

first. Martin followed, and with a mighty swing of the willow placed the ball in the hands of the center fielder. Penny then drove the ball in right field for a base hit which put Calmetti on third. Schultz satisfied himself with three swings. Brown however preferred a base hit, bringing in Calmetti and Penny, he, however, was put out trying to steal second.

The Collegians came in and retired to the song of one, two, three and out. Kearns batted a foul to the third baseman. Hanway struck out and Sullivan sent the ball to short but never reached.

Betancourt then stood up, placing the ball to the third baseman, but owing to a wild throw reached first. Not content with this he took two more with ease. McMahon, the comedian of the evening arose next, bunting the ball, making first and bringing in Betancourt. Beardsly contented himself with a pop fly to the pitcher. Calmetti and Martin followed but both were hit and the bases were filled.

Penny, wishing to give the on-lookers a surprise, tapped the ball over the fence for a home run. Schulz wanted a base hit and took it. Brown very generously tapped a fly to the second baseman, and likewise did Hugh send the sphere within reach of the heavy man on first.

The boys again tried their luck at the bat, but with the same success as before. Quinn bats to the short-stop, Rapier struck out and Francez sent a grounder between third and second, but was thrown out at first.

Less success met the Mobile team in this inning. Betancourt fouled and was caught out by the catcher, McMahon bunted but failed to reach first, Calmetti struck out.

Kearns appeared next with the ball stick, but was given three strikes, as also was Giuli. Clark hardened, swung viciously and ran three bases safely. Kern raised the ball, but the left fielder was unwilling to make an error.

Kelly, Penny and Schultz were the only three to touch the willow this inning. The first sent the pitcher's pet to the third baseman which reached first before him, Penny sent a flyer to centre-field, and the third was thrown out at first by the short-stop.

Hanway batted to right-field, but did not move. Sullivan hit for a base and was not disappointed. Quinn drove but the path of the ball being obstructed by the short-stop and a throw to first sent the Collegians again to the field.

The fifth inning was by no means slow. After Braun took his base on balls, he was caught off his base. McHugh struck out and Betancourt was as fortunate.

And so with the Collegians in. Rapier was caught out by the right-fielder, Francez was thrown out at first by the third baseman, and Kearns struck out.

Hanway then gave McMahon and Beardsly three strikes each, but Calmetti came in contact with the ball and was marked for a base hit. He stole second where he remained as Martin tried the same, but was thrown out at first by the short-stop.

Giuli swung hard for a hit, but no hit was forthcoming. Clark was caught out by the centre-fielder, and Kern, more successful than his predecessors, was enabled to run two bases. Hanway, however, apparently preferred three strikes.

Penny sent the ball whizzing to the short stop but was thrown out at first. Schultz received his base on balls and went to second on Brown's hit. McHugh thought a place hit in right would be the thing but the second baseman was there to receive it and McHugh was marked for a sacrifice. On Calmetti's pop fly to the pitcher the side was retired. Sullivan hit the ball to the third baseman on whose error he reached first. Quinn tapped to short stop but Sullivan was thrown out at second. Quinn trying the robbing act was executed near the second station.

Rapier had the misfortune of dying with the bat in his hand.

McMahon sought to overbalance the short stop but he failed as he also did to reach first. Beardsly was more fortunate, he placed the ball over the second baseman's head, and reached first safely; not satisfied, he dared and did reach second and third successfully. Calmetti gained his base on balls. Martin then batted for deep left but was caught out, but Beardsly came in. The ball was thrown to the second baseman and an error being made Calmetti came in. Penny tried hard for a base hit, but by the activity of the short-stop he failed.

Francez then undertook to lose

the ball but the pitcher thought it best to give him four balls, and by the catcher's error he reached second. Kearns struck out and Giuli advanced Francez to third, but himself was thrown out at first by the short-stop's assist. Clark, seeing his opportunity, hit the ball safely, bringing Francez in and himself reaching first, but Kern took three useless swings.

At last came the ninth inning and this was the telling one. Schultz struck for a home run, but was disappointed by the centre-fielder. Braun on a slight error of the third basemen reached first. McHugh sent the ball to the second baseman and McMahon popped to the pitcher. "Do or die," was in the minds of every College player, and perhaps they would have to accept the latter were it not for the recklessness of the visitors.

Hanway took his base on balls, Sullivan fouled and the catcher doomed him. Quinn tapped to centre and made first safely, but Hanway never touched second. Rapier took his base on balls. Francez landed a base hit in left-field, Quinn and Rapier did not fail to cross home-plate. Kearns took first on balls, then Giuli struck at two balls, and also at a third; but this same third proved too much for the catcher. Having regained the unwilling ball he threw it with a force that would rival a Grecian athlete, at the first baseman. The velocity was great, but the journey of the ball was far from the right path, and while the right fielder sought to capture it Kearns

and Giuli came home. Clark ended the game by batting to the second baseman and being thrown out at first. The score follows :

	R	1B	SB	PO	A	E
Calmetti, 2b.....	3	1	0	3	1	0
Martin, 1b.....	1	0	0	6	0	0
Penny, lf.....	2	2	0	0	0	0
Schultz, cf.....	0	2	0	2	1	0
Braun, c.....	0	2	0	1	1	3
McHugh, 3b.....	0	0	0	1	1	1
Betancourt, ss.....	1	0	2	2	5	0
McMahon, rf.....	1	1	0	2	0	0
Beardsly, p.....	1	1	2	10	0	0
Totals.....	9	8	4	27	9	4

	R	1B	SB	PO	A	E
Kern, 2b.....	0	0	0	1	2	0
Hanway, 1b.....	0	0	0	9	1	0
Sullivan, lf.....	0	1	0	0	5	0
Quinn, cf.....	1	1	0	10	0	0
Rapier, c.....	1	0	0	0	1	2
Francez, 3b.....	1	1	0	3	0	0
Kearns, ss.....	1	1	0	1	0	0
Giuli, rf.....	1	0	0	3	1	1
Clark, p.....	0	2	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	5	6	0	27	10	3

By innings—1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

St Vincent.....	2	5	0	0	0	0	2	0—9
College Pearls.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	4—5

Summary: Homerun—Penny 1; Three base hit—Clark 1; Two base hit—B. Kern 1; Hit by pitched ball—by Ory 3; Passed balls—by Braun 1; Struck out—by Beardsly 9, by Hanway 7; Base on balls—off Hanway 3, off Beardsly 4. Umpire—T. H. McHatton. Scorer—Rounds.

COLLEGE 15

The Sunday following the defeat of the college baseball nine by the St. Vincent's the Winning Nine of Mobile played on the college campus against the same representatives.

The game was fairly well contested, but the best side of the playing was done by the Spring Hillians. In the beginning the visitors were unable to place but three at the bat in an inning, and throughout Ory

had them guessing for the ball. Kearns and Quinn in their respective positions had many opportunities for adverse playing, but they both did full justice in their line of action. Werneth at second and W. Fanane behind the bat, handled the ball very well.

After the ninth inning the score read: College Pearls 15, Winning Team 5.

The game in detail:

The game began with collegians at bat. Kern marked a base hit, and Hanway called for the same. On a passed ball both advanced a base. Sullivan batted to short-stop and a wild throw from that position placed him on second and brought in Kern. Quinn swung the willow for a base hit which brought home Hanway and Sullivan. On a passed ball he advanced a base. Hooper hit to the pitcher and was put out at first. On another passed ball Quinn went to third, and on the catcher's wild throw to third came in. Kearns placed the ball in the second baseman's hands. Clark was given base on balls. Giuli retired the nine by being put out at first by the third baseman's assist.

Farmer struck out. Rudderford struck hard to left-field, but Kearns received the ball. Werneth followed Farmer's example.

Ory hit to short-stop and on the error reached the first landing place. Kern planted the ball for a two base hit. Both came in on a base hit by Hanway who, not content at first, went unquestioned to second. Sullivan hit for a base which sent Hanway so third, he then stole second.

Quinn struck for two bases which brought the two foregoing runners in. He then stole third. Hooper batted to the pitcher, was put out at first, and Quinn was also caught trying for home. Kearns hit to the first baseman, and on the error gained the base. Clark tried the same trick but was caught out.

Again the Mobileans put but three of their players up. Adamson gave the pitcher a pop fly; Barret sent a grounder to the second baseman and ended at first; W. Fanane bunted and was put out at first with an assist to the catcher.

The collegians were treated in the same way. Giuli sent the ball to the second baseman but never reached first. Ory sent a fly to the left-fielder and Kern did likewise to the pitcher.

Nor did the visitors improve in the third inning. Fisher and J. Fanane both sent the sphere to the second baseman and both retired at first, as was Lacey stopped at the same place by an assist from the short-stop.

Hanway took base on balls, but was put out at second by Sullivan batting to that position; he too was caught out at first with the assistance of the pitcher. Quinn hit to short-stop and on the error made first. Hooper batted to the same place, and Quinn was called out at second.

Farmer hit to Sullivan and on the error reached first safely, but on trying to steal second was put out by an assist from the catcher. Rudderford and Werneth both uselessly struck at the ball.

Kearns took the bat and gained a base hit. Clark batted to the pitcher and Kearns ended at second. Werneth then threw wild to first and Clark advanced another base, after which he stole third. Giuli hit to short-stop and was declared out at first; Clark however, crossed the home-plate. Ory was jotted down a base hit, but on Kern's hit to second he was caught out.

Adamson took three strikes. Barret hit hard to short-stop, but never reached first. N. Fanane landed a fly to Kearns.

Hanway fouled, to be caught out by the third baseman. Sullivan hit to the pitcher and was put out at first. Quinn hit to short-stop and on the error made first. He stole second, and came home on Hooper's base hit. Kern batted to short-stop and was called out at first.

Fisher struck out. J. Fanane was hit by a pitched ball and was given the first resting place. Lacey struck for a base hit. On a passed ball they both advanced a base. Farmer hit to short-stop and J. Fanane was caught out at home: Farmer stole second. Rudderford struck for a base hit and brought Lacey and Farmer in. Werneth sent a foul to the catcher.

Clark sent the ball to short-stop, on the error made first. Giuli hit to the third baseman and ended at first. Ory's base hit brought Clark home. Kern batted to second baseman and on the error made second. Hanway, by a base hit, brought the two base runners across the home rubber. He was put out at second by an assist from the

catcher. Sullivan sent the ball to the right-fielder.

Adamson fouled to the catcher. Barret on the third baseman's error reached first. W. Fanane was given base on balls. Barret, while running to third base, was caught out by an assist from the center-fielder. Fisher sent the ball to short-stop, but was put out at first.

Quinn made a base hit. Hooper sent a fly to the second baseman's hands. Kearns also made a base hit, and while Quinn stole third he took second. Clark was given base on balls, A base hit from Giuli brought Quinn and Kearns in, and a wild throw of the left-fielder placed Clark on third and Giuli on second. Ory struck out, and Kern sent the ball to the center-fielder.

J. Fanane took three strikes. Lacey batted to the second baseman and on the error made first. Farmer was given base on balls. Rudderford tapped to Clark and was caught out. Werneth struck for a base hit and brought Lacey and Farmer in. He stole second and on a passed ball took third. Adamson batted to short-stop and was put out at first.

In the ninth inning Lacey changed positions with Rudderford, and W. Fanane with Werneth. Hanway earned a base hit, as also did Sullivan. Quinn batted to third base and Hanway was put out. Sullivan stole third and Quinn second. Hooper hit to the short-stop's hands, and Kearns struck out.

Barret was hit by a pitched ball and took first. W. Fanane struck out. Fisher, like Barret, was given

first. J. Fanane struck out. Lacey hit to short-stop and on the error made first, and Barret came in. Farmer closed the game by striking out.

The score follows:

College Pearls.

	R	LB	SB	PO	A	E
Kern, c.....	3	2	0	3	2	0
Hanway, rf.....	2	4	1	0	0	0
Sullivan, ss.....	2	2	2	0	5	2
Quinn, 1b.....	3	3	3	8	0	0
Hooper, 3b.....	0	0	0	1	0	1
Kearns, lf.....	1	1	1	2	0	0
Clark, cf.....	2	2	1	1	0	0
Giuli, 2b.....	0	0	0	1	3	1
Ory, p.....	2	2	0	11	0	0
Totals.....	15	16	8	27	10	4

Winning Team.

	R	LB	SB	PO	A	E
Farmer, cf.....	2	0	1	1	0	0
Rudderford, ss., p.....	0	1	0	1	3	4
Werneth, 2b., c.....	0	1	1	8	1	2
Adamson, lf.....	0	0	0	1	0	1
Barret, 3b.....	1	0	0	2	2	0
W. Fanane, c., 2b.....	0	0	0	1	1	1
Fisher, 1b.....	0	0	0	10	1	1
J. Fanane, rf.....	0	0	0	1	0	0
Lacey, p., ss.....	2	1	0	2	4	0
Totals.....	5	3	2	27	12	9

By innings:

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
College.....	4	4	0	0	1	1	3	2	0—15
Winning Team.....	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	2	1—5

Summary: Two-base hits, Kern 1, Quinn 1. Hit by pitched ball, by Ory 3. Passed balls, by Kern 2, by W. Fanane 3. Struck-out, by Ory 10, by Lacey 1, by Rudderford, 1. Bases on balls, off Ory 2, off Lacey 2. Double-play, Lacey to Fisher to W. Fanane. Umpire, T. H. McHatton.

FOOTBALL. College 6, Fort Morgan 0. In a warmly contested game the Fort Morgan eleven went down in defeat before the Spring Hill College team. This annual game played between the respective teams on Thanksgiving day always creates a

great deal of enthusiasm among the collegians.

One goal was decorated with purple and white, the college colors, the other, in honor of the visitors, was decked out in the stars and stripes.

The game was one of the fastest ever played on the college gridiron, only two minutes and seven seconds having elapsed, when Rounds with the pigskin under his arm crossed the Fort Morgan goal for the first and only touchdown of the game. Outclassed in strength and weight, yet not in quickness and determination, the College eleven fought hard and triumphed.

The Fort Morgan Eleven played a fine game. In the second half they advanced to the college five-yard line, Broshinski with the ball under his arm and every prospect of a goal, fumbled, the pigskin rolled behind the college line, and Blanchette quickly covered it. This was the nearest they came to the college goal. The game was the best conducted and most spiritedly contested ever witnessed on the college gridiron. The College eleven are very proud of their laurels, for this is their first success against Fort Morgan in three years.

THE GAME IN DETAIL.

At 2:45 p. m. the game was called. Fort Morgan won the toss and chose the west goal, Rounds kicked to Soldiers' 10-yard line. Pagel recovered the ball and was downed in his tracks by Hunter. Reiss skirted left end for 3 yards. Wolfe plunged through guard for 5

yards, Broshinski rushed 4 yards through right tackle, fumbled ball, and McCarty covered it.

College Ball. McCormick cleared right for 10 yards, Rounds circled left end for a touchdown amid the cheers of the crowd of spectators.

Time, 2:07. Rounds kicked an easy goal. Score, 6 to 0.

Teams changed sides. Reiss kicked to Casserly on 20-yard line, who advanced 15. Philips cleared left end for a fine game of 15 yards, being downed by Reiss. Rounds plunged through guard for 5½, McCarty lost 1½ around right end, Philips cleared left for 5 more and was tackled by Wade. Rounds plunged through guard for 3 yards, Philips advanced 4 yards. Rounds punted to Broshinski who advanced 6 yards, and was tackled by Kern.

Broshinski advanced 2 yards around left end and was stopped by Philips. Fort Morgan fumbled and Kern covered the pigskin. McCormick circled left end for 3 yards. Anton fumbled and the ball went to Fort Morgan. Wolfe dashed around right end for 6 yards and was tackled by McCarty. Wade was winded and time was taken out. On resuming play Wolfe advanced 2 yards through left tackle and was downed by Casserly. Broshinski dashed through right tackle and end for 16 yards being downed by Philips. Wolfe added 5 yards. Broshinski advancing through left guard, fumbled ball and Casserly covered it. Rounds cleared left end for 4½ yards, McCormick advanced around right end and was pushed back 2 yards by Wade.

Time of first half over. Score 6 to 0.

SECOND HALF.—Reiss kicked to college 20-yard line and Casserly advanced ball 18 yards where Hartman downed him by a fine tackle. Rounds struck the line for 4 yards, Philips added 2 by moving around left end, McCarty added 2 more. After an unsuccessful attempt at centre, Rounds punted ball outside of bounds at soldiers' 7 line, Reiss covering it.

Wolfe struck right guard for 5 yards, Ellsworth took the ball 4 yards through right guard, was stopped by Kern. Wade fumbled and Wolfe covered it with 1 yard gain. Broshinski advanced for 2 yards, Reiss plunged through left tackle for 2 yards. Wolfe took 5 yards around end, was tackled by McCarty. Then followed a series of headlong games. Broshinski rushing between tackle and end for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards. Reiss struck centre for two yards, being brought to a stop by Philips. Broshinski rushed through right tackle for 5 yards, when McCormick downed him. Wolfe tried the same play on the left side, adding $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards, but was tackled by Kern. Wolfe cleared right end for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards, tackled by Casserly. Broshinski plunged between right tackle and end for 4 yards, being downed by McCormick. Wolfe followed for a game of $4\frac{1}{2}$, and Broshinski struck tackle for 3 yards, tackled by Rounds. Reiss plunged through guard for 2 yards, added two yards and the pigskin was on the college 5-yard line.

There was a hush as the signals

were called out. The ball was swopped, Broshinski, with the pigskin under his arm, was plunging and fighting his way towards the goal line, when on the 3-yard line the ball slipped from his hands, rolled behind the college goal line and Blanchette fell on it.

A yell went up from the collegians when they saw their goal saved by an untimely fumble of Broshinski. Rounds kicked from 25-yard line, Paegel advanced two yards and was brought to a stop by McCormick. Reiss plunged through guard for 2 yards. Wolfe followed, but met a determined resistance, only adding $\frac{1}{2}$ yard. Then Broshinski took the ball, but before he had made a step he was downed by Anton. The ball went to the college. Rounds plunged through guard for $4\frac{1}{2}$ yards, being downed by Reiss. Rounds, in circling end only advanced $\frac{1}{2}$ yard, owing to the tackle of Broshinski. Then McCormick made a sensational run around right for 16 yards and was downed by the plucky Wade in a fine tackle. Philips tried an end play, was stopped by Hartman. Kern made no gain and Rounds punted 4 yards to other side of the field. Reiss covered ball, Broshinski rushed between right tackle and guard for 5 yards and quickly followed for another gain of 2 yards. Wolfe failed to gain at left tackle, and Reiss punted 20 yards, Hunter covering the pigskin. McCormick circled end for a 16-yard dash, was downed by Wade. Philips tried the other end, but Hartman pushed him back 2 yards. Kern made a beautiful circle of left end for 17 yards,

and had a clear field for a touch-down when Reiss downed him. Then McCormick took the pigskin and with admirable skill dodged through the crowd for 9 yards, being stopped by Purcell. Rounds made a gain of $\frac{1}{2}$ yard through guard. Casserly fumbled and Fort Morgan covered the ball. Wolfe was slightly disabled and time was taken out. Play resuming, Broshinski struck left tackle for no gain. Kern tackled. One minute being left, Wolfe asked the umpire to call the game, which was done with the ball on the soldiers' 5-yard line. Time of the second half, 20 minutes.

Score, 6 to 0.

Line up :

Spring Hil.	Fort Morgan.
McCarty.....	left end Hartman
Casserly	left tackle Cowan
Hunter	left guard..... Ellsworth
Anton.....	centre Zimmerman
Villamil.....	right guard..... Purcell
Burguiers.....	right tackle..... Fowler
Kern.....	right end Paegel
Blanchette	quarter back Wade
McCormick	left half back Wolfe
Philips.....	right half back, Broshinski
Rounds.....	full back..... Reiss

Substitutes: College, Dupont Hymel ;
Fort Morgan, Neville.

Umpire, Moffett ; Referee, McHatton ;
Timer, Quinn ; Linemen, Clark, Osowski.

ALUMNI JOTTINGS.

GRADUATES W. A. McAdam is
OF '02. studying law at New
York.

B. L. Layton is following the
course of civil engineering at Tu-
lane University, New Orleans.

L. P. Sarpy is studying medicine
at the same University.

J. McKeon has a position with
the Queen & Crescent R. R. at
New Orleans.

R. J. H. Rev. J. H. Du-
DUBERNARD. bernard, pastor
Donaldsonville, La., died there on
August 1, 1902. Father Duber-
nard was an alumnus of Spring Hill,
having resided at the college in
1855. We quote from the Weekly
Times of Donaldsonville :

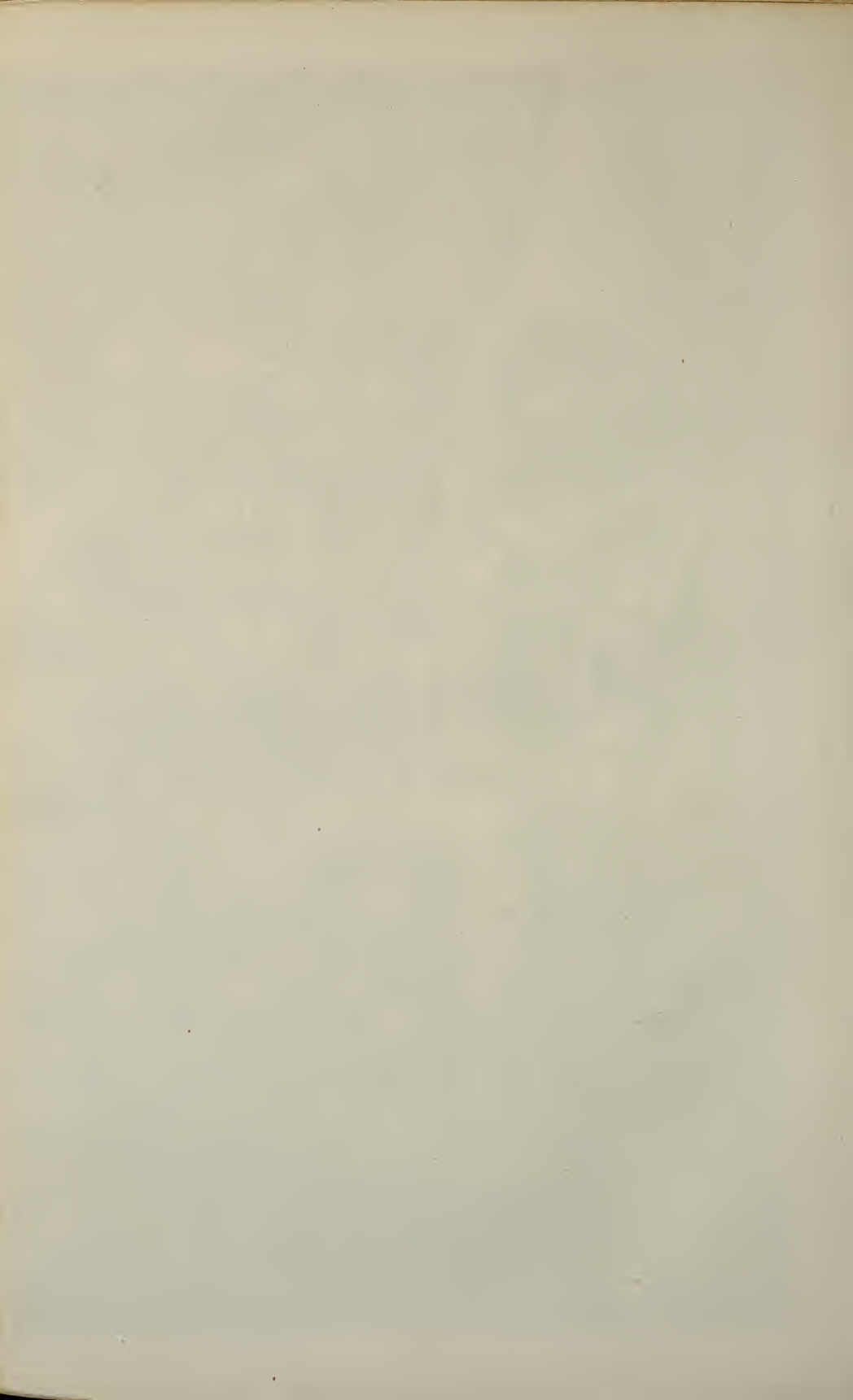
"Deceased was a native of the
south of France but came to the
United States when very young,

entering Spring Hill College, near
Mobile, in 1855, to perfect himself
in theology and familiarize himself
with the English language.

"He was ordained a priest in 1857
and celebrated his first mass in the
chapel of the Academy of the Visi-
tation near Mobile. After a year
spent as vicar of St. Augustine's
church in New Orleans, he was
transferred to Breau Bridge, re-
maining in charge there for ten
years. His next charge was at St.
Gabriel, serving the Bayou Goula
church at the same time. After
eighteen years spent in Iberville,
he was appointed to this pastorate
and has remained in charge contin-
uously ever since, winning golden
opinions from his parishoners and
members of other religious denomi-
nations alike.



Team of the Senior Baseball League



"In early life Father Dubernard saw active military service in the Algerian campaign, serving in the famous Voltigeurs Corps of the French army.

"Deceased leaves a brother and sister who reside in Lafayette, La., and a nephew in the person of his able assistant and vicar, Father Castel, to mourn his loss.

"Father Dubernard was seventy-five years of age when death overtook him, and throughout the course of his long and useful life had won for himself the admiration, esteem and love of all persons, irrespective of creed or condition, with whom he was thrown in contact."

C. O. DEMOUY. We have also to chronicle with regret the decease of another alumnus of Spring Hill, Charles Osbonne Demouy. Mr. Demouy was a student of the College as far back as 1847. We quote from the Mobile register :

"Mr. Charles Osbonne Demouy died at midnight Friday night at his home on Dauphin way, after a brief, painful illness. He was born in Mobile, August 15, 1831, and had spent all his life in this county, being educated at Spring Hill College. At the outbreak of the war he at once enlisted in the Southern army and was in the siege of Vicksburg, where he was desperately wounded, and when that city fell was captured. He was paroled and returned to his home in Mobile, where he was afterwards exchanged and then enlisted in the home guards, with whom he served in the operations around Mobile from Au-

gust, 1864, to April, 1865, when the war closed.

"He was quiet in his ways and of a modest and retiring disposition, actuated by kindly feelings toward every one, and was well loved by those fortunate enough to know him intimately. Throughout his life he was a devout Catholic. He leaves four brothers, William, Max, Augustin and Franklin P. Demouy, and two sisters, Miss Merced Demouy and Mrs. John L. Rapier."

E. HULL. We were glad to hear of one of our graduates of before the war, Mr. Edgar Hull, now residing at Scranton, Miss. Mr. Hull was graduated in 1859. If he can find time, he may write one day his reminiscences of old Spring Hill. We are sure that they will prove very interesting to the readers of the REVIEW.

In an elegant Latin letter, Mr. Hull gave us a few details of his college life, showing at the same time that he had well profited by the lessons of such a master of Latin as Father Yenni. We quote a few lines :

"Alumnus sum Collegii Sancti Josephi, apud Spring Hill, ubi puer habitavi ; discipulus etiam, tribus annis, Patris Yenni, grammatical latinae eruditissimi auctoris ; tribus sequentibus annis sub disciplinam patrum Lespez, Dechambenoist, Free, Gautrelet, Cornette ; deinde omnibus peractis classibus, ad gradum A. B. simpliciter admissus die VI.—si non me fallit memoria—Octobris, anno MDCCCLIX."

W. GLASS. We are in receipt

of two pretty pieces of music, entitled "Orange and Blue," and "Gulf City March," which the talented composer, William Glass has presented to his Alma Mater. The song "Only An Orange Blossom" will soon be published. The REVIEW extends congratulations to the young and talented composer.

G. SONIAT. We have read with interest the lecture on "Divorce" by Mr. G. Soniat, delivered before the Jesuit Alumni Association of New Orleans. Mr. G. Soniat resided at the college in 1875.

W. DALY. Mr. William Daly, of Mobile, paid a visit to his Alma Mater before starting on his trip to Honolulu. Mr. Daly has been on the stage for some years, and has been very successful in his career. He has kindly promised to write an account of his trip for the next number of the REVIEW.

CONDOLENCE. Alma Mater sympathizes with her old alumnus, Hon. W. F. Walsh, Mayor of Mobile, in the sad bereavement which he has recently suffered in the loss of his two children.

VISITORS. Since the opening we have had the pleasure of meeting the following visitors at the College:

Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile; Very Rev. C. T. O'Callaghan, D. D., V.-G.; Rev. J. A. Coyle; Rev. Fr. Dunn; Rev. T. J. McCormick; Rev. D. Beaudequin, S. J.; Rev. L. Schuler, S. J.; Very Rev. W. Power, S. J.; Rev. E. Mattern, S. J., President of St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La.; Rev. H. S. Maring, S. J., President of the College of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans; Rev. T. McElligott, S. J.; Rev. J. P. Moore, S. J.; Rev. F. O'Connor, S. J., President of St. John's College, Shreveport, La.; Rev. A. Biever, S. J.; Rev. A. Guyol, S. J.; Rev. J. Ritger, Milwaukee; Rev. B. J. Bekkers, Meridian, Miss.; Rev. Wm. Lee, Beaumont, Tex.; L. Fabacher, New Orleans; Jos. Buckley, New Orleans; M. Shea, Elizabeth, N. J.; Rev. J. O'Shanahan, S. J.; Rev. J. Winkelreid, S. J.; Rev. P. English.

EXCHANGES.

The "Georgetown Journal" is always a welcome visitor to our sanctum. A. F. Duffy's account of his "Transatlantic Races" in the November number is very interesting. The article on the "Rise and Growth of the District of Columbia" promises to be very instruc-

tive. The poetry of this journal is generally of a high order.

The November issue of the "Fordham Monthly" has certainly kept up to the standard. Of its choice articles the sketch of "Russell of Killowen" deserves special mention. The poems are neat and

catchy, possessing a very harmonious ring. We admire also the college spirit shown in this monthly. From the Southland we send greetings to thee, Fordham!

We have had the pleasure of perusing the "Alpha" for November and find that it contains a number of interesting articles, but the one that pleased us most is "The Church and Mosque of St. Sophia." There is also an exquisite poem entitled "November" which deserves special mention on account of its neatness and sweet simplicity.

From far-off Mangalore, India, the "Mangalore Magazine" pays a regular visit to our sanctum. In the Michaelmas number there is a very thoughtful article on the "Indian Educational Crisis." The historical articles are highly interesting.

We always look forward with pleasure to the arrival of the "St. Mary's Chimes." This magazine offers its readers an abundance of choice essays, stories and poems. The article in the November number on the "Martial Element in Poetry" is well worth perusal. This same number contains a string of short poems very prettily turned.

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: The "Dial;" the "Blue and Gold;" the "Reveille;" "Normal Echoes," Pascua, Florida; the "High School World;" "Monroe College Monthly;" "Agnetian Monthly;" "X-Ray;" "Leaflets from Loretto;" "Our Alma Mater;" the "Crimson-Grey;" the "Oahuan;" the "Shamrock;" the "College Reflector."

Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never-failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to a beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long exercise has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a university, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The Directors of the Institution are members of the Society of Jesus which, from its origin, has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a paternal solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement, and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing that strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based upon Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but also to instil their hearts with solid virtue and a practical love of duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

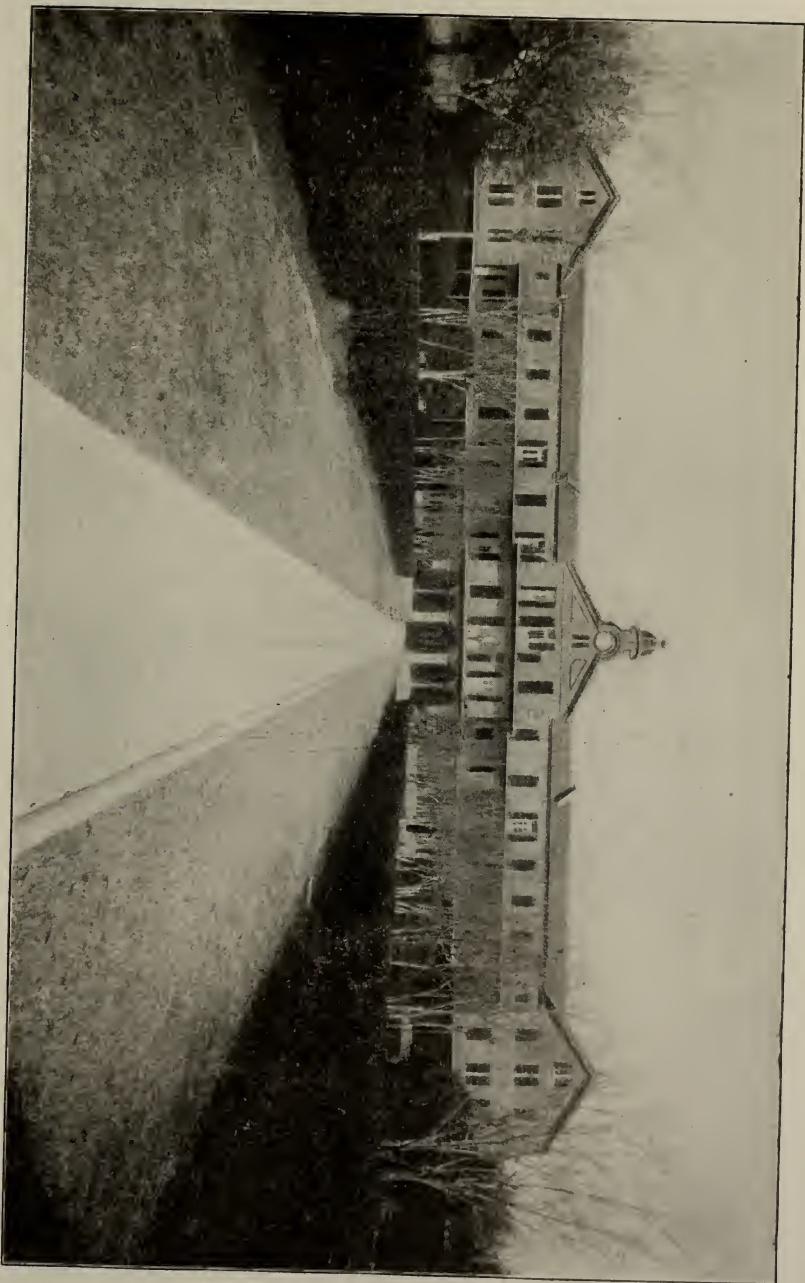
The public worship of the Institution is that of the Catholic Religion; however, pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of instruction is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL and CLASSICAL.

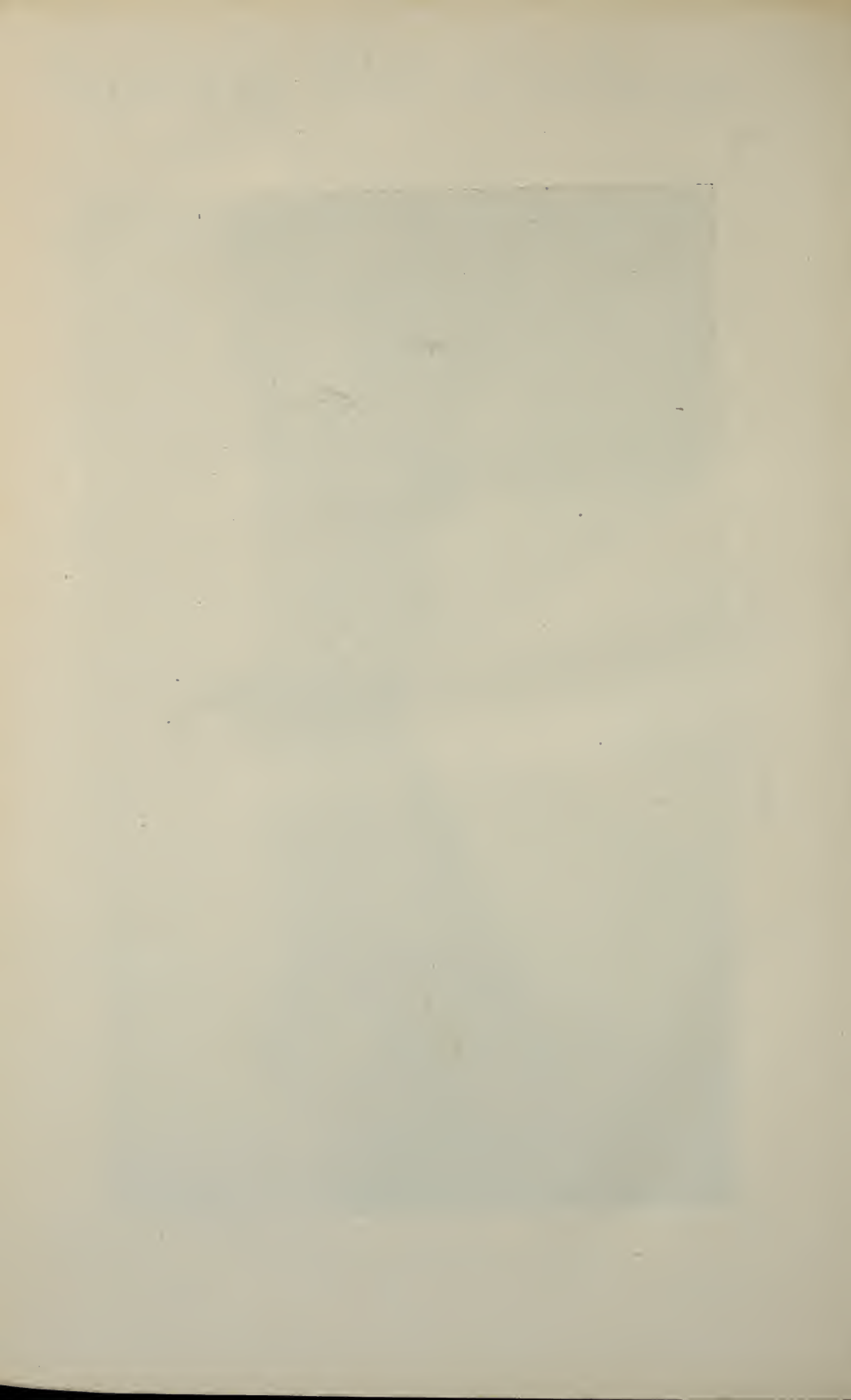
French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses, are optional and are taught without extra charge.

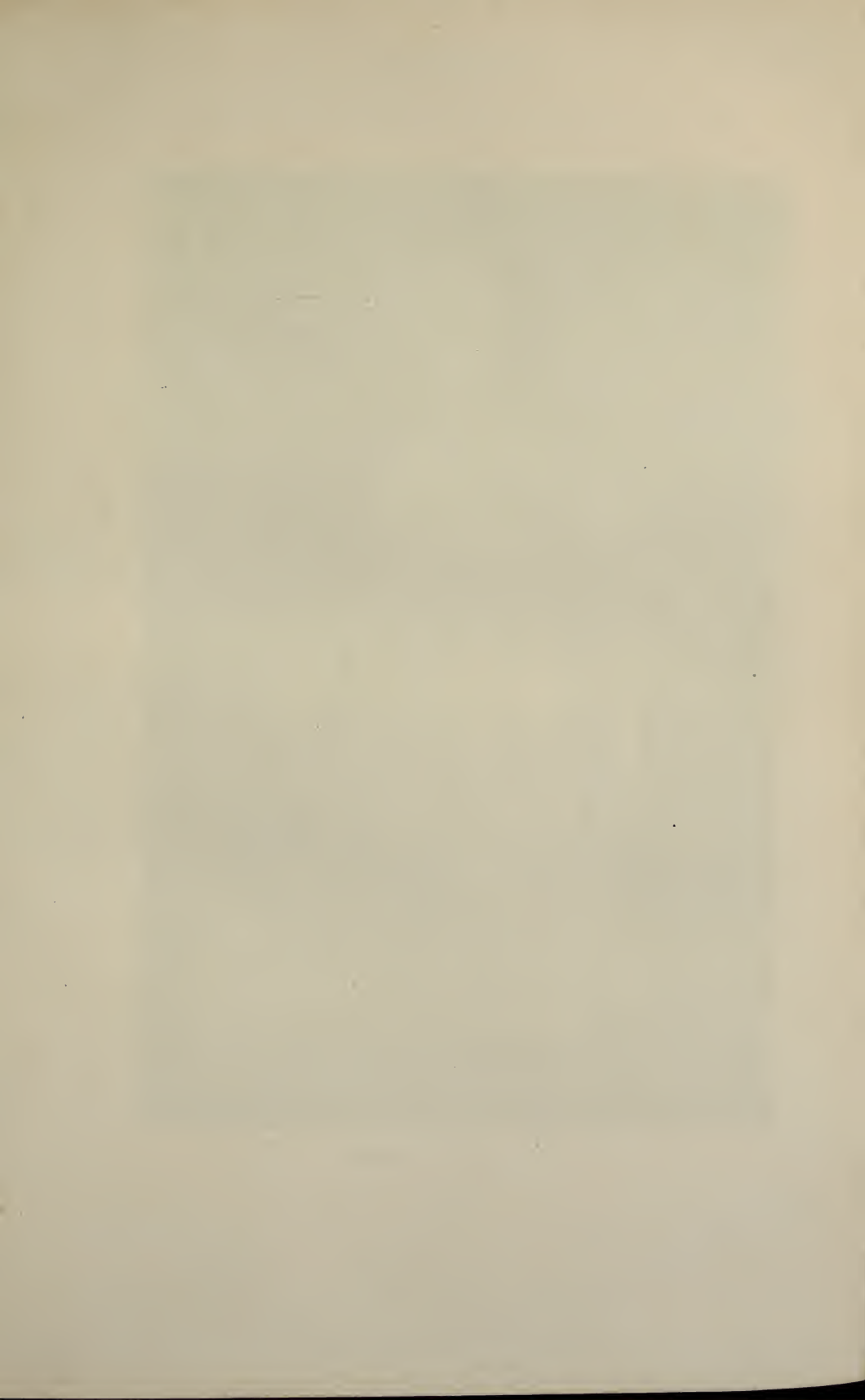
Extensive grounds, spacious buildings, commodious class rooms, library, reading rooms, billiard and recreation rooms, and the largest and best equipped college gymnasium in the South, afford every facility for the self-improvement and physical well-being of the student.

For catalogue, &c., apply to REV. W. J. TYRRELL, S. J., President.



SOUTH VIEW OF COLLEGE.







HIS HOLINESS POPE LEO XIII.

A. M. D. G.

The Spring Hill Review

Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

PRESS OF
COMMERCIAL PRINTING COMPANY,
MOBILE, ALA.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
To Leo the Thirteenth	C. A. M. 109
Leo XIII	M. D. Touart, '03 110
To the Pink Azelea	Xavier 116
August J. Staub	D. J. Villamil '03 117
Saint Joseph	L. 119
Our Sylvan Spring	F. M. 120
A Ghost at Lynehurst	J. E. Mannoccir, '04 121
The Stage and the Actor	William O. Daly 123
Graves of the Blest	C. A. M. 124
Near the Sea	Xavier 125
Saved by Drowning	A. C. P. 126
A Spark	L. 133
A Famous Election	S. H. R. 137
P. F. X. de Charlevoix	C. W. 146
Carmen Bucolicon	K. 150
Echoes From the Past	J. E. Mannoccir, '04 151
A Tear	Eyon 153
The Louisiana Centenary	C. W. 155
Sohrab and Rustum	{ G. C. Whipple, '07 C. A. Tait, '07 161
The Roses of the Sacred Heart	E. I. F. 171
Our Lady of Montserrat	J. Doherty, '07 172
A Rescue	J. Neely, '07 174
William O. Daly	Jos. M. Walsh, '03 176
The Confederate's Story	E. L. Harang, '06 178
The Legend of Guadelupe	G. Lange, '07 181
True Courage	D. T. Hails, '06 184
"Backward, Turn Backward"	Braeme, Jr. 190
Canals	J. A. Boudousquie, '06 191
The Progress of Our Navy	J. H. M. 196
Willie Fredericson's Invention	J. G. Rapier, '05 199
The Padre's Story	Jas. Fernandez, '07 201
Lost in the Snow	T. P. Norville, Jr., '04 203
Colonel DuMont	205
A Story of Santiago	J. H. Quinn, '04 207
Electricity	F. Larue, Jr., '03 209
The Crvesse at La Grange	V. McCormick, '04 212
John L. Clements, S. J.	F. Cannon, '07 213
Mr. Clements' Grave	F. M. 214
The Pyramids	P. T. Philips, '04 215
A Sonnet	'04 216
My First Smoke	Jos. Kelly, '05 217
Michael McCarthy, S. J.	218
The Hermit of Bel Nadir	J. E. Mannoccir, '04 219
France To-Day	J. C. Casserly, '03 222
Poem	Jos. Kelly, '05 223
Back to Earth	Braeme, Jr. 224
A Ballad of the Southland	J. M. Walsh, Jr., '03 229
College Notes	231
Athletic Notes	242
Alumni Notes	243

Spring Hill Review.

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1903.

No. 2.



Let the Sun in Heaven linger,
 With his brightness from above,
O'er the hills where God's own finger,
 Sketched the Rock of faith and love!

On that rock, aloft, all-solemn,
 While the day prolongs its length,
Bright in spire and oak and column,
 Stands the tower of light and strength.

Leo, King! Thou art that tower,
 Luminous from pole to pole!
Bright the columns of thy power,
 Bright thy spires of mind and soul!

Anarchist and tyrant trembling
 Dare not face thee on the field;
Truth that stands without dissembling
 Finds in thee her sword and shield.

Workmen, wearied, disaffected,
 Lift their heads and face the world!
Mightily are they protected,
 Leo's banner is unfurled.

As the night-clouds, yet unfolded,
 Break before the morning sun:
 So shall hearts, that thou hast moulded,
 Show thy light when thou art gone.

Linger, sunset! Linger longer!
 Brighten his declining hours!
 Usher him to Light yet stronger,
 'Mid Eternal-sunlit towers!

C. A. M

LEO XIII.

THE celebration this year of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the pontificate of Leo XIII has called forth many eulogies and sketches of this great pontiff. Catholic and non-Catholic have vied with each other in paying tribute to his virtues and statesmanship. In him the whole world has learned to see the keenest mind and the most brilliant light of the age. People marvel alike at his poetic turn of mind, his wonderful attainments in affairs of state and his wisdom in expounding the doctrines of the church. In their thoughts of him, he rises up as the defender of the oppressed and the champion of liberty. He is indeed, as he himself so well expresses it:

"Invictum robor dubia in certamina vitæ,
 Fulgida lux signans tutum iter ad
 patriam."

"A tower of strength that shall thy foes
 And all their darts withstand,
 A light that safe the pathway shows
 Unto the Fatherland."

In this brief sketch it will be impossible to review the many and

great achievements of this marvelous reign; all we can do is to pay our humble tribute to one who is to us above all and first of all our Holy Father.

Leo XIII, the son of Count Ludovico Pecci, was born in Carpineto, a little town of the papal states, on March 2, 1810, and in baptism he received the names of Joachim, Vincent, Raphael, and Aloysius. His mother's desire was that he should be called Vincent, in honor of St. Vincent Ferrer, but later in life, he himself, preferred the name of Joachim.

Vincenzo Pecci, as he was familiarly known, spent the first years of his life amid the quiet charms of his native town, and at an early age was sent with his elder brother to the Jesuit College of Viterbo, where he remained six years. In 1824, Young Pecci entered the Roman College, where he very soon distinguished himself in logic and metaphysics and showed such remarkable talent that at the early

age of twenty-two he received the degree of Doctor of Theology.

On December 31, 1837, Joachim Pecci, in his 27th year was ordained priest by Cardinal Odescalchi, and on January 4, 1838, said his first mass in the chapel of St. Stanislaus at the novitiate of San Andrea al Quirinale. On the 15th of February of the same year Gregory XVI appointed him governor of Benevento and three years later, July 15th, 1841, he was made governor of Perugia. In these offices he first gave proof of his great capacity for administration, his practical tact, great wisdom and determination. It was in fact his success in these positions that procured for him the appointment of Papal Nuntio at Brussels, and during the same year he was consecrated Archbishop of Damietta. It was during his nunciature at Brussels that he visited England.

Afterwards he was named Archbishop of Perugia, and on December 16th, 1853, was created Cardinal.

On the death of Pius IX in 1877, Cardinal Pecci was elected Pope, taking the name of Leo XIII.

Leo XIII was now the occupant of the Chair of Peter. He was an old man, but the man of destiny. He was the "Lumen in coelo," the light in heaven. Henceforth the center towards which all eyes were turned, he was to be the light in heaven, the grand intellectual light, the spiritual light that should guide by its brilliancy the actions of man and illumine the many obscure questions that had baffled the ablest statesmen.

For twenty-five years this light

has shone with undimmed splendor. Social science, ecclesiastical history, poetry, philosophy, astronomy, oriental languages as well as the sacred scriptures and theology have each in turn felt the effect of its brilliancy and its keenly penetrating rays.

It is useless to recount the numerous occasions on which the Holy Father has given us a chance to catch a glimpse of the depths of his skill as a ruler and statesman. When he first ascended the throne, his temporal possessions had been wrested from his predecessor by Victor Emmanuel. But Leo stood firm; he did not seek to free himself by force from the hands of the usurper, he was satisfied to stand on his rights, refusing to acknowledge the ruler of Italy as his king. And now, though a prisoner in the Vatican, and stripped of all his temporal possessions he is still in the eyes of at least the Catholic world, an independent prince. As regards his abilities as a statesman, there is one fact, which alone and unadorned by other deeds would suffice to establish the most durable monument of diplomatic skill. The admirable manner in which he handled all the mighty thrusts and parries of Prince Bismarck during the stormy times of the famous *culturkampf* is unequaled in the history of modern time. We see him fighting with perfect ease and calm against the encroachments of Bismarck and his colleague, Dr. Falk, and triumph over them both.

We see in the determined way in which he opposed the conquests of Victor Emmanuel, how much he

cherished and admired the spirit of national liberty. He is also an advocate of human liberty, not in the sense in which Stuart Mill defines it, but in the true Christian sense. The English Philosopher teaches that for man to possess liberty in the true meaning of the word, he must be free from all laws and regulations that tend to confine his mode of life. But the Pope, in his famous encyclical on this subject, maintains just the opposite. "Nothing, he says, more foolish can be uttered or conceived than the notion that, because man is free by nature, he is therefore exempt from law. Were this the case, it would follow that to become free we must be deprived of reason, whereas the truth is that we are bound to submit to law precisely because we are free by our very nature." And further on he adds; "Where a law is enacted contrary to reason or to eternal law, or to some ordinance of God obedience is unlawful, lest, while obeying man we become disobedient to God. Thus an effectual barrier being opposed to tyranny, the authority of the state will not have all its own way, but the interests and rights of all will be protected, the right of individuals, of domestic society and of all the members of the commonwealth, all being free to live according to law and right reason, and in this, as we have shown, true liberty really consists."

In reviewing these facts, we cannot but perceive the boundless scope of the mind of the Holy Father. He is borne aloft on the wings of his intellect and raised

upon a pedestal far higher than any occupied by the learned of the present age.

Besides roaming through the fields of philosophy, his mind has many a time bent its efforts to subjects of a more practical nature. On the question of capital and labor, which in this country has become the burning question of the day, he has often expressed his opinion. In a letter to the German Emperor on that subject, he says: "The conformity of views and of legislation, as far at least as the different conditions of places and countries will allow, must have an immense influence on the progress of the question towards an equitable solution. We cannot, therefore, but encourage in the strongest way all the deliberations of the conference which may tend to improve the conditions of the working population, such, for instance, as a distribution of labor better proportioned to the strength, to the age, to the sex of each worker, the rest on the Lord's day, and, in general, all that may prevent the working man from being used merely as a vile instrument without regard for his dignity as a human being, for his morality, and for his domestic hearth. It is no easy matter to define the relative rights and duties of the rich and of the poor, of labor and of capital. But all agree, and there can be indeed no question whatever about it, that some remedy must be found, and found quickly, for the misery and wretchedness pressing so heavily and so unjustly on the vast majority

of the working classes. * * * The custom of working by contract, and the concentration of so many branches of trade in the hands of a few individuals, have brought about a condition of things, by means of which a small number of very rich men have been able to lay upon the masses of the laboring poor a yoke little better than that of slavery itself."

The Holy Father treats every branch of the matter in a most admirable manner, rejecting absolutely the socialistic doctrine of equality and declaring it "impossible to reduce human society to one dead level." But he goes on to say that there is no necessity whatever of a want of harmony between the classes, since without one the other could not be. Besides, being a man of a very practical mind, he is not content with merely exposing to us the true state of the question, but comes forward with good, sound advice for the betterment of the masses. "When working people, he says, have recourse to a strike, it is frequently because the hours of labor are too long, or the work too hard, or the wages insufficient. The grave inconveniences of this not uncommon occurrence, should be obviated by public remedial measures, for such paralyzing of labor not only affects the masters and workmen alike, but is extremely injurious to trade and to the general interest of the people." And moreover he remarks that "on such occasions violence and disorder are generally not far distant, and thus it frequently happens that the pub-

lic peace is seriously imperilled." Pope Leo then affirms that it is the duty of each government to establish such laws as would tend to the harmonizing of affairs. Regarding the subject of wages he asserts: "Wages, as we are told are regulated by free consent; and, therefore, the employer, when he pays what was agreed upon, has done his part, and seemingly is not called upon to do anything beyond." This was in his mind the general concept which most people have of that branch of the subject, but continuing, he says: "Let it be taken for granted that workmen and employer should, as a rule, make free agreements, and, in particular, should agree as to the wages, nevertheless, there underlies a dictate of nature more imperious and more ancient than any bargain between man and man, namely, that the remuneration must be sufficient to support the wage-earner in reasonable and frugal comfort. If, through necessity or fear of a worse evil, the workman accept harder conditions, because an employer or contractor will afford him no better, he is simply the victim of force and injustice." And in this same manner he continues to advise and reason out each point of the subject with the tact and good judgment peculiarly his own, showing that behind that calm, serene brow, rests a grand and fertile brain.

The Holy Father has gained renown, not only as a philosopher, theologian and statesman, but he is also considered a graceful poet. Melodious and simple, pregnant

with thought, his verses strike deep into the soul and leave there an impression of reverence and an undefinable sensation of peace and calm. When yet a young boy, Pope Leo gave marvelous promise in the poetic line and while still at college his latin verses were admired and praised by all who read them. The earliest of which we have any knowledge, is a catchy little ditty written in honor of Father Pavani, S. J., a great friend of his youth.

It runs thus :

Ad Vincentium Pavinium.

Nomine, Vincente, quo tu, Pavane vocaris,
Parvulus atque infans Peccius ipse vocor.

Quas es virtutes magnas, Pavane, secutus,
O utinam possim Peccius ipse sequi.

It has been excellently rendered into our tongue by H. T. Henry in the following words :

To Vincenzo Pavani, S. J.

Thy very name, Pavani, Vincent styled
Was mine—a little child.

What mighty virtues thou didst well per-
sue,
Would I might follow, too.

As in his youthful days the promptings of the Muse found a ready answer in his heart, so throughout his whole life he has often tuned his lyre to her voice and sung forth the inmost feelings of his soul. One of his latest was written at the opening of the present century, of which the following are the opening lines :

Cultrix bonarum nobilis artium
Decedit aetas ; publica commoda,
Viresque naturae rectas,
Quisquis avet, memoret canendo.

Saecli occidentis me vehementius
Admissa tangunt ; haec doleo et fremo.
Proh ! quot, retrorsum conspicatus,
Dedecorum monumenta cerno

A noble nurse of all the arts,
The Age departs :
Let who will sing the truths it taught
The marvels wrought.

Me rather shall its sinful years,
But move to tears,
As in a backward glance I see
Its infamy.

And in this strain he continues to bewail the evils of the age bidding the scientist cease "His song to Nature's soulless clod as to a god."

The following verses were written for the coronation of Our Lady of Guadalupe :

Mexicus heic populus mira sub imagine
gaudet

Te colere, Alma Parens, praesidioque
frui.

Per te vigeat felix, teque auspice, avitam
Sic teneat Petri firmior usque fidem.

The Mexic people 'neath this image fair,
Utters its heart in prayer.

O may it prosper, and the Faith of old
Yet more securely hold.

This little poem was sent by the Holy Father to the Archbishop of Guadelajara, who, though a very old man, rendered it excellently in Spanish for the benefit of his countrymen. His version is as follows :

En admirable imagen,
Santa Madre nuestra
Et pueblo Mexicano
Gozoso te venera.

Y tu gran patrocinio
Con gozo y gratitud experimenta.
Feliz y floreciente
Por ti así permanesca,

Y mediante el auxilio
Que benigna le prestas
La fe de Jesucristo
Fija conserve con tenaz firmeza.

Pope Leo is therefore not only a profound philosopher, a wise and prudent statesman but also a graceful poet, and throughout all the productions of his poetic fancy, we notice a pervading spirit of deep thought and a touching simplicity of

language, qualities that at once appeal to man's highest nature.

In his exalted dignity as Vicar of Christ on earth and supreme Pastor of the Universal Church, he is an example of every virtue to his numerous flock throughout the nations of the world. His is a life of simple habits; he rises early, eats sparingly, and works untiringly. With firm but gentle hands he rules the Catholic Church, and its adherents in every land recognize in that "grand old man" of the Vatican the highest power and sublimest dignity on earth. In consequence, from king on his royal throne, from peasant in his lowly cot there is a love for him, a reverence and obedience such as is yielded to no other power however exalted.

MAXIMIN D. TOUART, '03.

Auditus stygiis gemitus resonare sub antris :

" O detur miseris, hinc procul, hora brevis!"

Quid facerent ? Imo elicerent e corde dolorem ;

Admissumque brevis tolleret hora nefas.

LEO XIII.

A cry resounds through Stygian dungeons drear :

" O for a single hour away from here ! "

What would the spirits do in time so brief ?

Purge their sin-laden souls with heartfelt grief !

Translation by H. T. HENRY.

TO THE PINK AZALEA.

Sweetest flower
Of our bower,
Offspring of the wintry shower
Earliest herald that doth sing*
Of the coming of the Spring !

Goddess fair !
Free from care
Laughing in the gusty air !
Say, what nectar do you drink
Fair Azalea, white and pink !

Fairy bright
Waving light,
Shining like a star at night !
Frozen Winter pines and dies
By the magic of your eyes.

As you blow
To and fro
Tell me why I love you so ?
Ah ! your beauty, pretty flower
Soothed my brother's dying hour !

Little flower, -
From this hour
You o'er me have charm and power;
'T was your cunning, witching wile
That provoked his weary smile.

Be your meed !
For this deed
Sweetest dew from cloudlets freed
Of the flowers that grace our green
You shall be the fairest Queen !

Xavier

* The Pink Azalea is in bloom in Spring Hill in the beginning of February.



PROFESSOR A. J. STAUB.

AUGUST J. STAUB.

ON NEXT Commencement Day, Spring Hill College will, for the first time in its history, confer the degree of Doctor of Music. The worthy candidate is no other than our beloved teacher Prof. August J. Staub. Knowing that on this occasion his many friends would like to learn something of his career, we present to them this short sketch of his life.

August J. Staub was born at Menzingen in the Canton Zug, Switzerland, on November 13, 1853. His family, as far back as the fourteenth century had figured prominently in the political history of that country; many too of its members had won renown in the musical world.

From his tenderest years August began to show great fondness for music, and his parents noticing his talent for that art, allowed him to follow his inclination in that line. When scarcely six years old, they placed him under the instruction of the music director in Zug where the family resided at that time. Under his direction the boy quickly learned the rudiments of music. Rapid indeed was the progress made, and when only a stripling of eleven he was considered a pianist of no small merit.

From that time on, besides playing at public entertainments and devoting himself to study at home, he attended school for about five years. After having completed his education, he went early in 1870, to Fribourg, Switzerland in order to

perfect himself in the French language and to make further studies in music. At Fribourg, A. J. Staub studied harmony under organist Vogt, of St. Nicholas' church, while Professor Muller, an artist of high repute gave him lessons on the violin.

Toward the end of the ensuing year he returned home for the vacations, and encouraged by Muller and Vogt, he entered the Royal Conservatory of Music at Stuttgart, in the beginning of the year 1872, where he spent three years of hard study. Although at that time Mr. Staub was well advanced in his musical studies, Prof. Lebert, his first piano teacher at the conservatory, and founder of the piano system still used in that renowned center of musical culture, made him begin his studies again from the very beginning, training him with firm adherence to his own system. After the technical difficulties were overcome, his touch corrected, and that surety of playing acquired which is so essential to a first-class pianist, Mr. Staub studied under Prof. Alwens, and later on, received his last piano lessons from the Court pianist, Bruckner.

Eight hours of practice every day and these masters to guide him show us that the course of study which he underwent for the piano could not have been more solid.

The violin lessons which Muller had given him were excellent and Debuysere, of the Royal Theatre, who taught him this instrument at

Stuttgart, finding no fault with his manner of playing, did not make him begin again but took him right along. There was nothing to correct.

Besides these, Prof. Staub studied theory under Seyerlen and the well known Doctor Faisst, and the organ, with no less success, under Doctor Faisst and Prof. Attinger.

Doctor Faisst, when teaching his pupils, rejected the text book, but by means of dictation and with the aid of a large blackboard obtained splendid results.

Some months before finishing his studies, Mr. Staub received an offer to teach the piano at the Conservatory of Wiesbaden. As soon as he had received his certificate, he set out for this aristocratic resort in order to assume his position, which he fulfilled for about two years, at the end of which time an engagement in Zug recalled him to his country.

Whilst teaching in Wiesbaden, Prof. Staub devoted his leisure hours to further study. He read biographies of the masters, analyzed their works and thus acquainted himself more closely with the manner in which they treated different subjects. At this time also he made a special study of chamber-music.

Although he is familiar with the classical authors and admires what is good in the works of every composer, regardless of nationality or age, his predilections, however, are for Beethoven and Schumann.

After his return to Switzerland, he fulfilled many musical engagements, devoting his leisure hours to

perfecting himself in his art. In 1877, Prof. Zurcher resigned his office of music teacher in Spring Hill College and returned to Switzerland. There he met Mr. Staub, and urged him to apply for the vacant post. Encouraged by the advice of the Benedictine Monks of Einsiedeln, Mr. Staub set out for America. He arrived here in October, 1877, and was at once appointed teacher of music in Spring Hill College. Here he has resided ever since, with the exception of a short visit he paid to his native country in 1889.

Since his arrival here the Professor has trained many excellent pupils who have distinguished themselves, not only in the amateur, but also in the professional line.

As a teacher he is kind but exacting, and this is perhaps the easiest explanation of the esteem that his pupils have for him.

Not long ago he received a very neat and original gavotte composed by one of his pupils whom he taught here in 1888.

Besides teaching at the college, the Professor also gave lessons in Mobile, until a few years ago increasing work at the college forced him to abandon them.

His valuable services to all the musical organizations of the college have enabled them to attain the highest desirable results, but his work (and that of his friend Prof. Bloch) in behalf of the college orchestra deserves special mention. This organization has always maintained a high standard of excellence and has received unstinted Praise

Top
Here

from all lovers of music on account of its artistic rendering of the masterpieces of the great composers.

Mr. Staub has devoted his whole life to his art, and while teaching has been his principal occupation, he has still found time to compose a few original pieces, mainly songs, one of which deserves special mention. It is an exquisite soprano song which we soon expect to see published. Lately he has written a work on a larger scale. It is an elegant overture entitled "Festival" which the college orchestra will render on commencement day. This overture is a highly finished work. Everything flows naturally and fol-

lows logically. The march is especially fine. This overture was written for the distinction which on the day of the commencement will be conferred upon him.

On the 10th day of October, 1902, the twenty-fifth anniversary of his arrival here, he received the heartiest congratulations which he justly deserved.

In conclusion, it remains to be said that we all, faculty and students alike, join in offering Prof. A. J. Staub our congratulations once more, and in wishing that the occasion be only the beginning of an endless series of rewards and successes in the future.

DOMINGO J. VILLAMIL, '03.

SAINT JOSEPH.

Guardian of the heaven-born Child,
Foster-Father undefiled,
Spouse of Mary, man of God,
Show the way thyself hast trod.
Patron, dear, oh, hear our cry!
Come, ah! come, and be thou nigh
When we breath our last faint sigh.

L.

OUR SYLVAN SPRING.

Flow, fountain, flow, thy lovely limpid waters
As cooling streams shall linger in our lake,
And bubbling bright as over banks they saunter
With silv'ry notes the woodland stillness break,
Sweet purling Spring,
Thou lovely thing !
Thy drops as diamonds gleam.
Flow, fountain, flow, — our sunlit stream !

Flow gently on, the dark blue vault above thee
In deepest dye reflected in thee lies ;
A thousand hearts of woodland songsters love thee,
A thousand warblings mingle with thy sighs
Flow fairy rill,
Flow onward still,
Thy pearly path doth beam, —
Flow gently on, — our sylvan stream !

Flow, fountain, on, thy glinting ripples rolling
With sparkling spray the grassy bank bedew ;
Thy placid stream when vesper bells are tolling
Gives back to Heaven the sunset's gorgeous hue.
Flow fountain fair !
As rubies rare
Thy wandering wavelets seem !
Flow, fountain, on, — our hill-side stream !

Flow, onward, flow — thy music never ceasing,
As mid-night moonbeams on thy surface play ;
Till Eastern skies, the captive Sun releasing,
With ruddy tint shall gild thy morning spray.
Bright bubbling Spring !
Hail, Pinewood King,
Thou dost with treasures teem !
Flow onward, flow, — Our College Stream.

F. M.

A GHOST AT LYNEHURST.

HARRIS placed his cue in the rack, glanced first at his watch and then at the group of dozing men before the blazing fire.

"Eleven o'clock!" he announced, "and I am going to bed! any one else with me?" He paused while his brother-in-law drawled out drowsily, "Don't go yet, Jack, wait awhile."

"No one coming?" he resumed, "Well, then, good night and a Merry Christmas to you all, when it comes." Then he turned from the brilliantly lighted billiard room, out into the cold dark hall.

Carefully he picked his way along the corridor, lighted only by the cold moon beams that shone through its high narrow windows. He shivered now and then as a gust of wind swept around the old castle, moaning and howling in its crevices until at last he reached his isolated apartments in one of the turrets and soon he was seated in slippers and dressing gown before the fire, preparatory to going to bed.

So far his trip to his sister's house party was a success and now, at his own request, he was lodged in the "Red Room," which was said to be haunted.

When, at last, he turned in it was nigh twelve. The wind blew now a perfect gale, and the windows of the turret shook and rattled at every blast of the storm. "Fine night for a ghost," he said to himself as he lay in bed. "Hope one will——" and the rest of the sentence was lost in a very audible snore.

About two in the morning he suddenly awoke and sat up in bed, shivering as if an icy hand had touched him. Peering from between the curtains he saw that the fire had long since died out and the room was dark, save for a few straggling rays of the moon which served only to make the scene more uncanny. The gale had ceased and all was silent.

Then suddenly at the foot of his bed came a rustle of cloth, then a light footstep, the next instant a hand pale and skinny, holding a glittering knife, was thrust between the curtains at the bottom of the bed, in another moment it was withdrawn and there was silence save for the steps.

Harris, breathing heavily, lay dumb-founded among the pillows, his wish had come true, the ghost had arrived. As he lay the footsteps continued, accompanied by sundry blood-curdling moans and sighs.

Then back shot the curtains of the bed and Harris beheld a figure in ancient livery with bent frame and white drawn features. It still held the glittering weapon and its sepulchral voice, high and wheezy, kept up the moans and groans.

Seeing Harris the creature advanced toward him. This was too much. With a spring he gained the floor and rushed toward it. For a moment struck with what seemed amazement it paused, and then glided noiselessly and rapidly to the side of the fireplace. Harris closely persuing, struck at it as it backed

up against the wall, but his knuckles only encountered the wainscoting, and when he again looked it was gone.

A candle was quickly lighted and an examination made, but in vain. The door was bolted; access by the window impossible and, himself excepted, the room was absolutely empty. Sleep was out of the question, so Harris sat up the rest of the night. Only in the morning did he notice that though his valet was absent, his clothes were neatly brushed and folded and that one of his razors was gone.

Next morning when he told his tale he was laughed at; but finally persuading his host to investigate, they, in company with several others went to the red room where Harris explained the strange apparition, indicating the exact places.

Finally, just as he was showing how he struck at the ghost, he stumbled against the wall, his hand

striking a strangely carved ornament. The next instant the wall before him opened and he fell into a kind of recess.

Lights were quickly brought and a passage leading downward between the walls discovered. This was eagerly followed and it ended in a door which led to the apartments of an old half-witted servant who had acted as valet to a former owner of the castle.

The old man, acting under a sudden impulse had gone by the passage known only to himself and his former master, to attend him as was his custom. After having brushed Harris' clothes, he had attempted to shave him as he was wont to do his old master, but alarmed by the threatening attitude of the visitor, he had fled taking along one of his razors.

Thus ended the story of the Christmas Ghost at Lynehurst.

JAMES EARLE MANNOCCIR, '04.

THE STAGE AND THE ACTOR.

I GLADLY comply with the request addressed to me by the editor of *THE SPRING HILL REVIEW* to write a few lines on the drama and the stage; I do this the more willingly as the subject so closely concerns the calling to which I have the honor to belong.

That the theatre is regarded by its habitués as merely a place of amusement cannot be denied; but to claim pleasure as its limitation is a grave error. The drama is one of the most intellectual recreations the mind of men can enjoy; it may be defined as the canvas on which genius blends the arts of poetry, music and painting into one sweet note of harmony and excellence.

Acting has been for ages the chief factor in the amusement of the people, from the populous and bustling metropolis to the quiet village and lowly hamlet wherein doth dwell meekness and simplicity.

Acting is a custom to be found in ancient as well as in modern times, and I hope that time to come will enlarge its scope and perfect its methods, for although it seems to minister principally to pleasure and relaxation, it is nevertheless a very important educational medium.

The stage is educational in its widest sense, and in a practical rather than a theoretical way, for it broadens the sympathies and enlarges the intellectual grasp. It brings home to a nation in a vivid and graphic light, the costumes, habits, manners and customs of countries and ages other than their own;

it affords them an insight into the facts and vicissitudes of life; it makes known to them passions and sorrows and ambitions outside the narrow scope of their own lives.

The art of the actor has been beautifully defined as follows: "To fathom the depths of character, to trace its latent motive, to feel its finest quiverings of emotion, to comprehend the thoughts that are hidden under words, and thus possess one's self of the actual mind of the individual man."

The great French writer, Talma, spoke of it as "the union of grandeur without pomp and nature without triviality."

It is the effort to reproduce man in his various and vacillating moods and to accomplish this end great art and deep knowledge of character is required.

The one chief light and glory of the actor's calling is William Shakespeare—poet, playwright and actor. He re-created the stage, while he was laying the foundation of the greatest reputation of English literature. He was an actor long before he attempted the writing of plays, and as such he understood and skillfully mastered that which is so much to a play,—the art of construction—a great art in itself.

I deem as correct the conclusion—that if Shakespeare had never been an actor we should never have had those gems and marvels of dramatic literature. Let us not describe him therefore as a poet by the grace of

genius and as actor by the stress of lamentable accident.

That he fostered—not antipathy—but rather honor and esteem for his profession is evident from Hamlet's immortal tribute to the purpose of playing, "whose end, both at the first and now, was and is, to hold the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own features, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and presence." With such an ideal as that before him, no man need fear that his name receive a stain from the profession of stage acting.

All art has a bearing on its time, it is mimetic and ephemeral, and consequently subject to change with

the world's development, but this fact does by no means allow us to regard it with disdain, for life itself, the highest gift of God to his people is fleeting.

Marble crumbles and the very names of great cities are forgotten, buried in the dust of ages, but when the actor sounds the note of human passion he touches something which is common to all time, and if he can smite water from the rock of one hardened human heart—bring light to the eye or wholesome color to the faded cheek—if he can restore in ever so slight a degree the sunshine of hope, of pleasure, and of gaiety, surely his own work has not been in vain.

WILLIAM OLIVER DALY.

GRAVES OF THE BLEST.

Angels came a-reaping
 In the field of rye ;
 Soft, with sickle creeping,
 Laid the fair ones by.
 Oh, the pain o'ersweeping
 Hearts in agony.

But above the heaping
 Of the sheaves on high,
 Hope, our fire, is leaping,
 Blazing to the sky,
 Where the angels keeping
 Guard o'er them that die,
 Will reward our weeping
 And recount each sigh,
 When we meet the sleeping
 Waked eternally.

C. A. M.

NEAR THE SEA.

THE INVITATION.

Come to the wharf, let us watch the wavelets
Down near the clear blue sea !
Come, for their voices are softly calling,
Calling to you and me.

Come where the waves are sighing, sighing,
Singing their low refrain ;
Come let us watch them tossing, rolling
Back to the sea again.

Sad are the sounds that are murmuring, rising,
Deep in my heart and low,—
Come to the wharf, let us watch the wavelets
Play on the strand below.

THE REPLY.

Was it the voice of a vanished brother
Sweetly inviting me ?
Or but the sound of the light-winged zephyr
Riding the summer sea ?

Soft is the strain when the rippling wavelets
Chant at their evening hymn ;
But ah, never more shall I heed their accents
Here on the wharf with him !

Oh how the scenes of the past are present,
Scenes of the long ago !
Here at the wharf while the tired wavelets
Sleep on the shore below !

XAVIER

SAVED BY DROWNING.

MR. SEYMOUR, the rich banker of Mountville, was in a towering passion. This could be seen at a glance. As he stood before his son Clarence, a comely youth of nineteen, his breast rose and fell violently with the torrent of rage that settled within him, and his whole frame shook like a leaf trembling in the autumn wind. "I swear," he hissed between his clenched teeth; "I swear by—"

"Father!" exclaimed the son in a voice broken by great emotion.

That word alone stayed the oath upon the banker's quivering lips, and checked momentarily the anger that was almost stifling him.

"Father" repeated the trembling boy, "do not be angry; forgive, I implore you."

"Forgive!" re-echoed the father, "forgive? Never! To think," he added after a long pause, "that it should have come to this! Ungrateful wretch! If you have no love, no pity for me, at least spare your mother. Look in her careworn face, once so bright, so lovely, and now pale and haggard, with its cheeks hollowed by the tears your ingratitude has caused to flow. And is this the way you requite the love of parents that would readily sacrifice comfort, care, health, nay life itself for your welfare and happiness? Go! I care not if I never behold your face again. The waters or the earth may be your grave, it matters not which, it matters not when. God forbid I should mourn an unnatural son!" Pale and

trembling Mr. Seymour sank into a chair. A deep silence followed the father's imprecations. On the son's countenance usually so calm and submissive, might be traced the marks of an inward tempest with which he strove mightily. He attempted to speak, but, for several minutes, his lips merely trembled; it was the agony of a breaking heart. "Father," he finally said, while silent tears streamed down his pale face, and he pressed convulsively in both his hands the lifted hand of his father, "recall those angry words. You did not, you could not mean them. You know I am not an ungrateful son; know that I love you and mother more than words can tell. Recall those words, I implore you here on my knees."

Relenting, as his son's tearful face looked so imploringly into his own, Mr. Seymour motioned him to a chair.

"If you wish me to recall those words, Clarence, give up the idea of a religious vocation. Like a dutiful son, obey my wishes and do not embitter and poison my last days with your childish obstinacy. Often, when feeling myself sink under the weight of my seventy years, the thought of your bright future has poured vigor and light and hope into my heart; but if you persist in your childish resolve, you shall deprive me of that sweet solace. Give up the thought of that vocation, for it is killing me."

"Father," replied Clarence, "ask

anything of me but that. God calls me ; I must obey."

"And I say that you shall not embrace that vocation," shrieked Mr. Seymour with renewed rage. "Do you think that I have spent a small fortune on your education, in order that you might embrace and lead the obscure life of a Jesuit?"

But, father—"

"There is no *but* in the matter. I have made up my mind, and none of your subtle sophisms and Jesuitical intrigues will ever make me depart one jot from my firm resolution. Remember that common sense alone will carry you through life creditably. If you allow yourself to be guided, led and governed by childish enthusiasm and senseless sentimentality, your life will prove a complete failure."

"And, father, do you mean to insinuate that my vocation to the religious state is based on sentiment or prompted by childish enthusiasm?"

"I mean and know what I say. I have seen other young men in the same frame of mind as you now are. I for one, allowed myself, while at college, to be cajoled for a time into the idea that I ought to become a priest, but a few years' experience in the world changed my mind considerably, and such, no doubt, will be your experience."

"I hope not, father, although, of course, it is possible. Vocation to the religious life is a gift which one is physically free to accept or reject; but I sincerely pity the young man who changed his mind, when he is really called to the religious life, as

I also pity those who may, in any manner, have been accessory to the change. As for your insinuation that I have been cajoled into the idea of becoming a Jesuit, it is groundless and false. When I opened my mind to my father confessor on the matter, he gave me very little encouragement indeed ; for he began by enumerating the great sacrifices I would have to make, and the many obstacles I would have to surmount in order to carry out my intentions and persevere in my vocation. Believe me, father, neither enthusiasm nor sentimentality have any share whatever in this my firm and mature determination. I have weighed carefully all the pros and cons, and I am resolved, cost what it may, to enter the Society of Jesus."

Seeing that his son was not to be moved by threats, Mr. Seymour had recourse to other tactics, and began by assuming a most conciliatory tone.

"Well, then, Clarence," he said, "if such be the case, wait till you are of age, before taking so important and decisive a step. After all, nineteen is not the age when one can decide such matters for himself. Wait, I say, two years, and then, if you persevere still, I have no doubt but we shall come to satisfactory terms."

"I presume," interrupted Clarence, "you are one of those who maintain that the choice of a religious state of life is so important, that one ought to resolve upon it only at an advanced age, when the judgment is perfectly ripe, and one has

learned by experience all that takes place in the world."

"That's exactly what I think," put in Mr. Seymour.

"And that is exactly the opposite of what others think," replied Clarence, "who are better able to judge of the matter than you are, with all due deference to your business abilities. An affair of so great importance as a religious vocation, ought to be decided before all else and become the foundation-stone of all the projects one may form. Such is the opinion and such the teaching of men both learned and well-versed in spiritual matters."

"But such men are not practical men," replied Mr. Seymour. "Put the best of them behind a counter and they would sell—"

"Their immortal souls," added Clarence. "I have heard you often boast that your great motto is: 'Business is business'; well, father, such also is the motto of these men; and the first and foremost business is the salvation of one's immortal soul. The smartest deal and the most successful business transaction are to be accounted the saddest failure, if they cause one to lose sight of his soul's destiny."

"I see that you have profited well by the lessons of your cunning masters," replied Mr. Seymour. "In consequence thereof you have lost all sense of filial duty, to say nothing of ancestral honor and family pride. You wish to blast my hopes, and you account for naught my incessant labors and the tears and sufferings of your poor

mother whom your obstinacy will send to an untimely grave. I repeat it, you are an ungrateful, an unnatural son."

"Father, exclaimed Clarence, throwing his arms around his father's neck, "dear father, you know I have always been a dutiful, a loving son: you know that it has ever been my most earnest desire and endeavor to please you, even though, at times, my obedience has thwarted my most darling inclinations; you know that for love of you and mother, I would willingly shed the last drop of my heart's blood. But then, father, I have duties towards God, and to them I must sacrifice the dictates of my natural affections. Do you wish me to stifle the voice of God calling me to the religious life, and like many other weak and cowardly young men remain in the world against God's will, to lead therein a wretched and perhaps a wicked existence? And then remember, dear father, that a religious vocation, when viewed in its proper light, is the honor of a family, and that it is not without design that God asks of parents the sacrifice of their own blood, when He chooses their sons for the altar or their daughters for the cloister. The Almighty showers down on such families not only supernatural gifts and spiritual blessings, but often also the blessings and gifts of nature; and, against the world's expectations, He renders those families great and illustrious through their God-consecrated sons and daughters, so that where human wisdom or rather folly sees nothing

but a crumbling house and an extinct name, God is often pleased to accumulate fame, honor, happiness and immortality! On the other hand, God always visits with His wrath those who reject His call as well as those who oppose it in any way. I know full well, dear father, that your opposition is born of tenderness and pride, but, believe me; they are mistaken and false. God calls me to His service, and I must obey. If you oppose me, God will punish you."

"Go there," shrieked Mr. Seymour, "go, and I care not if I never see your face again. I repeat it; I care not if the water or the turf cover you. Go, leave my sight forever!"

"Clarence Seymour," exclaimed John Davis. "Do I remember him? Why, of course I do, who could ever forget *noble* Clarence, as we boys used to call him? Yes, father, I often think of him, and I assure you, his name conjures up many sweet memories. He was the most sympathetic, the most charming character I have ever met at college, a king among his fellows; he was so full of fun and repartee, so eager, earnest and enthusiastic at play, and withal a most conscientious student. He was gentle and unassuming, yet with a natural pride that would submit to nothing dishonorable. Strength of character was stamped in every line of his handsome face and sinewy frame. I shall never forget a bit of advice he gave me when I was beginning to be influenced by a certain

crowd of bad companions, 'John,' he said to me, 'always think your own thoughts, and always do what you think right.' "Yes I remember Clarence well, and I often think of him. But where is he? He became a Jesuit, didn't he?

"No, John," replied Father Frank, "Clarence did not become a Jesuit."

"Strange! Why, when we parted on the day of my graduation,—he was then in rhetoric—he said to me as we shook hands:

"Good-bye, John, we may never meet again; take good care of yourself, whatever profession you embrace, never forget your God and your college training. As for me, I am daily more and more convinced that God calls me to the religious life; I am going to become a Jesuit; pray that I may obtain my father's consent, for not being of age, I am sure the Society would not take me without father's permission.' But, Father, where is he, anyhow?"

"In heaven," answered Father Frank.

"Dead!" gasped Davis.

"He was drowned last July on the first Friday of the month. As I was preaching a mission at Mariessville at the time of the sad event, and Clarence had called on me every day during the week preceding his death, I am well able to satisfy your just curiosity."

"But, Father, what was he doing at Mariessville?"

"I shall answer that question in the course of my narrative. Clarence's father would not hear of his religious vocation, and he

opposed it with a firmness and constancy worthy of a better cause. At first he painted for him in all their brightest colors, and gave highly exaggerated accounts of the worldly prospects which, owing to his social standing, Clarence had a right to expect. And in order the sooner to wreck his son's vocation, Mr. Seymour gave frequent balls, parties and other such entertainments in which so many worldly parents are wont to sacrifice innocent victims. Alas! how many young men and young women have lost their spirit of piety and faith in those so-called social functions! People sometimes wonder at the scarcity of Christian virtue, and deplore the great looseness of morals; but what else can be expected, what else learned at the school of vanity and modern hedonism so much frequented in our days, in which the young are taught that the enjoyment of earthly pleasures is man's ultimate destiny? Those amusements for the most part, at first charm the senses, then captivate the heart, and finally seduce the mind until the most virtuous and the most innocent are drawn into hidden snares and dragged into the most shameful of *secret* disorders, for the great art of the world now-a-days is to save appearances. But I see that I am preaching."

"Oh! that's not preaching, Father," put in Davis, "that's common sense."

"And do you mean to insinuate that when I preach I don't talk sense?" asked Father Frank, laughingly.

"No, Father," stammered the guileless Davis blushing at his awkward blunder. "I meant that—well—you know what I meant. pardon the interruption."

"At these gay functions," continued Father Frank, "Clarence saw himself the center of smiling throngs, owing to his many attainments of mind and body. He was much sought, followed and flattered, moving, as it were, in a shower of compliments. But the dear boy's vocation was not to be wrecked by the empty tinkle of praise and adulation; nor bribed with the gleam of worldly splendor. The pleasures of society seemed tasteless to him, and there was no zest for him in the command of money or the blandishments of the popularity he enjoyed. As he told me himself, his thoughts were far away; his heart was aching in the midst of all those gaieties. In the brilliantly lighted halls, he saw nothing but the blur of light. Neither the flashing of gems, no the rustling of silks, nor the clashing and rolling and sighing of the music bewildered his senses, and much less captivated his heart. 'What are beauty, wealth, fame, worldly pleasures,' he would frequently repeat to himself: 'what are worldly pomp and prosperity compared to God's love and glory which ten thousand worlds could not purchase? I was born for higher things than to shine in the glare of the ball-room.'"

"I always thought Clarence was a saint, Father," said Davis.

"Seeing that the world's seductions could not alter his son's firm

resolution," went on Fr. Frank, "Mr. Seymour determined to send him to Mariessville Military Institute, known as a most godless school, whose pestilential halls reek with the poisonous fumes of irreligion and immorality."

"How can parents be so diabolically wicked?" put in the irrepressible Davis.

"'There,' Mr. Seymour said to himself, 'he will no doubt give up all idea of a religious vocation.'"

"Is that the school where our poor Bob Ashton was sent three years ago?" asked Davis.

"The same," replied Fr. Frank," and his poor deluded parents sent him there for the same reason that Mr. Seymour sent Clarence—to wreck his vocation."

"And, Father, they have succeeded beyond their most sanguine expectations. What a change has come over poor Ashton once so pure and virtuous! He has become an Atheist, a scoffer of all he had once been taught to hold sacred. He is now a wretched profligate; gambling is his food and drink; debauchery his glory; pleasure his only aim in life. But go on, Father, what happened to Clarence?"

"With the greatest reluctance he obeyed his father and went to Mariessville. He arrived there on the first day of August. The sixth being the first Friday of the month, he went to Holy Communion as was his wont. About eleven o'clock of the forenoon, he went with half a dozen of his new companions to take a swim in the bay. You know how

fond Clarence was of that exercise?"

"Indeed I do, and a splendid swimmer he was too."

"Well, on his way to the bay, he told his companions he had a kind of presentment that he would die on that day, and that he had approached the Holy Table with more fervor than usual. Of course the boys laughed at him and said banteringly that he would not talk that way after one year spent at the military institute. 'A year here will knock all your piety into a cocked hat, as it did your friend Ashton's,' remarkod one of them. 'God forbid!' replied Clarence, 'I'd rather die a thousand deaths.' 'Oh! that's the way Ashton talked when he first came,' added another; 'wait till you've heard some of the profs. lecture, and there you'll change your tune.' 'Wait till you've been with us a few weeks,' added another from whom I learned the details of Clarence's death."

"The devils!" blurted out Davis.

"Well, you remeber how Clarence always stuck to the old college custom of saying a 'Hail Mary, standing, before diving into the water. Well it seems that on that day, he departed somewhat from the old custom, for he actually knelt down and prayed for quite a while, during which time, his companions bombarded him with jeers and gibes about his presentment of death. Clarence heeded not their sarcasms, but continued to pray. Finally he arose, smiled at the boys and turning his usual somersault plunged

into the waters. In a few minutes he was out of hearing distance..”

“ ‘That coward of a Seymour is trying to show off,’ said a young fellow by the name of Gasson, ‘but wait and see me overtake him.’ So saying he sprang into the water, and was soon straining every nerve in the direction of Clarence. He had not been in the water five minutes, when suddenly there was a cry, a shriek! Then the frothing and foaming of the waters churned into swirling eddies by the strong arms of a swimmer in his agony. It was Gasson who, seized by a cramp, had already sunk for the first time. In a second he rose. What a sight! Two white arms, now wildly tossing, now twisted, knotted in anguish; the eyes open, straining for help, the face stamped with death. Then a wild plunge of the whole body almost out of the water, as if to escape its cold, vice-like clutch. Down for the second time! For the third time he rose to sink again, when a strong arm was thrown around his neck. It was Clarence come to the rescue. He had heard the cry of distress just as he was about to turn on his back in order to float and thus rest himself after his long, continued swim. He had looked in the direction from whence came the voice, and at sight of his drowning companion, his noble heart turned to heroism. He called in a loud voice: ‘Keep up courage; I’m coming!’ Then with a powerful and rapid stroke, he swam towards the unfortunate Gasson, whom he soon reached as he was sinking for the third time.

Two of the other boys then came to the rescue. ‘Never mind me!’ said the noble Clarence, as one of the rescuers took hold of him; ‘take him to the shore, I’ll follow you.’ Alas! they had not gone ten yards, when another cry rent the air; but it was not a cry of despair, but one full of tender appeal. It came from Clarence who, exhausted by his efforts at saving Gasson, was rapidly sinking. ‘Jesus,’ repeated the voice, ‘Jesus!’ The struggle was over! Clarence had sunk to rise no more! The waters had swallowed him!”

“Horrible;” exclaimed Davis. “What a terrible punishment for his parents! What a lesson to others! As for Clarence, he is in Heaven, no doubt, in the Society of Jesus. Who knows but had he remained at Mariessville, he would have gone the way of poor Ashton?”

“It may, it does indeed happen sometimes,” replied Father Frank, “that the most virtuous fall and fall very low, some never to rise again. The storms of passion, the fire of youth, solicitation, example, power and opportunity of unlawful gratifications, frequently bear down the most virtuous principles and break down the strongest resolutions. I know for certain that Clarence’s new companions would have spared no efforts to bring about such a result. Hence, all things considered, I look upon his sudden but not unprovided death as a blessing in disguise for poor Clarence, a special dispensation of Divine Providence.”

“Was the body recovered?” asked Davis.

“The sad news was telegraphed to Mr. Seymour who, in company with his wife, left immediately for Mariesville.”

“For three long hours, the frantic father and the distracted mother ran up and down the shore, watching strong men as they dragged the bay in search of the body. At last it was found and deposited on the sand. At sight of the livid, upturned face, the mother fell on her knees, and shrieking, strained it to her bosom and covered it with passionate but unavailing kisses. Motionless the father stood for a few minutes, with eyes that look large and hollow out of a face as white as

marble. Then in an access of frantic grief and hysterical weeping, he threw himself across the body of his son, shrieking in tones full of despair. ‘Oh Clarence! my dear, my darling boy! forgive my angry words; you have my full consent. Oh Clarence, Clarence forgive me!’ But the body of his child remained motionless, deaf to the father’s passionate appeals and adjurations. Suddenly the father arose, and, with arms wildly uplifted and shrill cries that froze with horror the very blood of the bystanders, he ran into the adjoining woods. Alas! he was a raving maniac!”

A. C. P.

A SPARK.

How gentle and tame
The well-guarded flame!
Submissive and suave,
A treacherous slave.

Unfettered and free,
A fiend in his glee;
For ruin and woe
A ravenous foe.

* * * * *

The night is dark,
A little spark!
The gentlest breath
Might be its death.

How red its glows,
 How bright it grows !
 A spark it came
 This tiny flame.

Oh, heedless swain,
 Among thy grain
 If thou didst know
 The hidden foe ;

Unheeded there,
 Within its lair,
 To gain at length
 A giant's strength.

* * * * *

What sudden light
 Bursts on the night ?
 What startled cries,
 'Neath blood-red skies ?

The flame comes creeping
 And onward sweeping,
 And madly leaping
 Beyond all keeping.

A spark it came
 This blinding flame
 With countless others,
 Its demon-brothers.

They play and they chatter,
 They sway and they scatter,
 They frisk and they skurry,
 They whisk and they hurry ;
 And dancing and prancing
 And tripping and skipping
 And clinging and swinging
 And spinning and singing
 In riotous mirth
 High over the earth.

They moan and they mutter,
They whine and they splutter,
They gleam and they glare,
They crouch and they stare ;
And scowling and growling
And twitching and switching
And turning and spurning
And flushing and rushing
 Each other assail
 With hiss and with wail.

And rearing they toss,
And veering they cross,
And wheeling they lash,
And reeling they gnash ;
And winding and blinding
And smiting and blighting
And flashing and dashing
And flaring and tearing
 With shriek and with roar
 The heavens they soar.

In dazzling commotion
A flame-tossing ocean,
Its turbulent surges ;
The storm-demon scourges ;
And starting and curling
And darting and whirling
And beaming and sounding
And gleaming and bounding
 How frantic they race
 Through quivering space.

Unsated in wrath,
Unchecked in their path,
Huge billows of fire
Rise high and still higher ;
And urging and surging
And quaking and breaking
And foaming and combing
And booming and looming,
 Satanic they glower,
 Titanic they tower.

'Midst fleece-hurling clouds,
 In weird flowing shrouds,
 Through luminous haze
 In dizzying maze,
 Mad furies flit screaming,
 With hair wildly streaming,
 In frenzy and raving
 Their dread banners waving,
 In maniac glee
 Triumphant and free.

* * * * *

How haggard and worn
 The sorrowing Morn,
 How pallid and grey
 The heart broken Day !

Thy work is done
 Thou heedless one !
 A city fair
 Wrapt in despair
 Her homes so bright—
 A gruesome sight—
 Flame-gutted, bare,
 Black ruins stare
 Whence Joy has fled,
 Where Hope lies dead.

* * * * *

L.





JUNIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

A FAMOUS ELECTION.

OH, what a boy Bobbie Banks was! We youngsters could never quite make him out, and boys generally read each other through and through. Nor were we alone perplexed, for I remember well having once heard one of our prefects saying to another with a solemn shake of the head: "O dark, dark, amid the blaze of noon irrecoverably dark." And I know they were talking about Bobbie Banks, and that the quotation could not have had reference to his outward appearance, for he was light-haired, blue-eyed and fair-faced.

I have often thought since my school days what an extremely interesting study we boys must have been for our teachers. We were, I suppose, in a manner divided into classes, as cotton is, that comes into the market; some were marked "ordinary," some "middling," some "fair," and so on through a great variety of grades. Or more likely they did not scrutinize as closely as the samplers do cotton, but roughly grouped us under three general heads, the good, the bad, and the indifferent. But (to omit five thousand and one other points of superiority) one immense advantage we had over cotton was that we did not remain forever in the same class, for the fibre of our beings was not an inert, lifeless thing, but was perpetually growing better or worse. Indeed the very bettering and worsening process must have been the most interesting study of all. What a thrill of

joy our elders must have felt when they saw us moving up into a higher grade and what a pang of sorrow when one of us deliberately lowered his value in the market of public opinion.

Now, the strange thing about Bobbie Banks was that no two people seemed to be able to agree in their estimate of his character, and so the easiest solution was found in declaring that he was not an ordinary boy.

I happened to be visiting the old college some weeks ago, and was delighted to meet there Father Taylor, one of my old teachers, now in the full vigor of his years, and doing the best work of his life. Chatting over many subjects, we came to the question of Bobbie Banks, which Fr. Taylor brought up by remarking: "What a peculiar boy Robert was. He gave me many a bad quarter of an hour; but yet, I must say of him too, he afforded me some of the sweetest consolations of my life. Of all the boys who have come within the sphere of my influence I never had one whose mind and heart could, or on occasion, would respond more promptly to my suggestions in matters intellectual or moral that I would chance to make. Yet, somehow, as you remember well, he was hardly ever out of trouble. But still I never lost my faith in him, and, thank God, his after career has borne me out in my judgment."

We had come to the porch out-

side the Vice-President's office as Fr. Taylor was speaking. It was Sunday evening in early spring and the usual and inevitable study had just begun. A solemn calm, betokening earnest mental labor, had settled down on the old college. A throng of memories came rushing in on my mind, and I believe I was living again in the past, forgetful even of the presence of Fr. Taylor, when suddenly the sound of voices down in the small yard aroused me from my reverie. Turning, I saw that the voices came from three boys standing in the doorway of the meeting-room of the Junior Academy, and straightway I was forcibly carried back once more into the past. For I knew that those three boys were the officers of the Academy whose privilege and duty it was to remain out of study room for a time and to make that room ready for the night's session. I recalled what honor it was to be an officer in the Academy, for I had been censor when Bobbie Banks was President, and Willie Gilmore, Secretary. Our term of office was a remarkable one, and noted especially for the election with which it began.

"I suppose you haven't forgotten Father," I broke out suddenly, "that famous election we had down there?"

"Indeed I have not," he answered, "I don't think they have had any such exciting scenes since. Do you know that that election put Bobbie Banks before me in an altogether new light?"

Seating ourselves on the low, ivy-

clad parapet under the porch we rehearsed the story of Bobbie Banks' election to the presidency of the Junior Academy. Fr. Taylor was well informed and had a clear recollection of the main facts, while I, who was, and was well known to have been, Bobbie's closest friend, furnished many details which had never reached the Father's ears.

Some explanation will be necessary to show how things stood at the time of the election. Shortly after school reopened in September the Moderator of the Academy, Father Taylor, (who, by the way, had not yet been raised to the priesthood) called a meeting. As usual there were very few to answer the roll-call, for several of the old members, and among them some of the most efficient, having passed into the college classes, were no longer in the Academy. Like the set of young politicians that we were, we had divided up into two parties, and, of course, there were a few members claimed by both sides. On the vote, the ticket that Bobbie Banks and I favored was beaten by a very small margin, and we were at once classed as the opposition. From that day forth we were always in the wrong. If we mildly protested against any course of action that was being taken, we were quietly voted down on the floor of the Academy, but outside we were plainly told that we were "kickers," "croakers" and "chronic grumblers." The crowd in control, seeing that their hold on the reins of office was very slight lost no time in strengthening it.

The admission of new members gave them the means of doing this. They did not dare to blackball any applicant whose trial declamation and essay or class-standing showed him to be well worthy of admission, even though he was known to be one of our friends; for they were shrewd enough to realize that Mr. Taylor, as Moderator, would not for an instant tolerate such an action. Their chance came in admitting to membership several who, under ordinary circumstances, would have been almost unanimously rejected. In all these cases it was an open secret that the persons concerned had promised to support their patrons. In this manner they succeeded in obtaining a large working majority, and we poor kickers and croakers were made to feel the weight of their power. We were called to order on all possible occasions, we were assigned to the most unpopular side of every debate, we were fined without mercy, and when the time came to select the players for the semi-annual exhibition all the good parts were voted to our friends, the enemy, while we, though we had some of the best actors in the Academy among our number, had to be satisfied with the leavings. Yet we never winced under the treatment or showed any more than ordinary signs of discontent or resentment. True it is that appearances were in favor of our opponents, for our leader, Bobbie Banks, had the reputation of being a confirmed pessimist and we all fell more or less under the same censure. Now, in

point of fact we were a very optimistic set, made up of that most advanced class of optimists who never forget that there is "a good time coming," and that "it will be all right in the end," when they cannot for the life of them see how it will be so. The man who befools himself into believing that everything is all right when he knows in his heart that everything is all wrong is a very sorry optimist indeed. We were convinced that things were wrong and we were determined too that we would right them.

Meanwhile was Mr. Taylor, our Moderator, blind to all that was going on? I was never really sure in those days, for he often told us and showed us that he considered us little men enough to manage our own affairs. It was his rule never to interfere unless something manifestly unjust was being done. As far as we were concerned he never would have known, as we had tacitly agreed to keep our grievances to ourselves and to exhibit our seeming indifference by striving again in the performance of the tasks set us. I have learned since that he had noticed the trouble from the very start. The other teachers gradually became aware of it, but they had conceived such opinions of Bobbie Banks that they simply set the matter down as another one of his "deep, dark doings."

Bobbie had at various times clashed with most of the teachers and prefects, and they somehow seemed to have known him best in his gloomy and unamiable moments.

Mr. Taylor, I know, often spoke in his defense, and was admired for his charity and kindly spirit in so doing; but, I fear, his words did not carry conviction with them. Had I been asked when I was at school to name the most prominent trait in Bobbie's character I should have been at a loss to frame an answer. Now, however, with my larger experience and closer study of my fellow-men, I do not hesitate to say that it was an inborn and highly developed sense of honesty and justice. And this was the point, I believe, wherein he differed from the rest of us, and the cause of his many tribulations. Where we would have said that: "some must suffer and some must rise," his cry would have been: "let justice be done, though the skies should fall" and he would have proceeded to see that it was done; where we would have stood for compromise, his motto would have been: "No truce and no surrender."

Well, the semi-annual exhibition with its accompanying Junior Academy play came and went. The play though almost unanimously conceded to have been a great success and fully worthy of the best traditions of the Academy, still owed this success in no small measure to the finished and intelligent acting of some of the players of minor parts. It was noted, too, that these same players stood very high up in the lists of the results of the examinations, while most of those who had strutted the boards in regal robes and princely pomp were now seen fluttering around

both sides of the ill-fated seventy mark.

On the following Sunday night the election of officers for the next session was to be held. It was well known, in spite of the strict rule of secrecy, that all was not harmony behind the closed doors and curtained windows of the meeting room. In fact, for a day or two before the election, the "row in the Academy" was the talk of the yard, and there were very few who had not allied themselves with one side or the other.

Bobbie Banks and I, together with a few of our men, went over the prospective battle-ground several times, and we were forced to acknowledge to ourselves that our chances of ousting our opponents were very slim indeed. George Eustace, the actual president, had held his followers very well together; all our direct or indirect attempts to win them over had been utter failures. He had entrenched himself strongly in his position and hedged himself around with many and various safeguards—mostly in the shape of "deals" and promises in regard to the election in the athletic and musical organizations. One ray of hope gleamed out for us in the fact that we had just the merest inkling of a suspicion that our success would not be unwelcome to our Moderator.

In our last caucus on Sunday evening we decided on our ticket. We all took it for granted that Bobbie would run for president, and we were greatly surprised when he refused point blank. He gave as his

reason that if his name were put in nomination he would be unable to say the things he wished to say before the voting. We accordingly united on Vincent Sheridan who was one of our staunchest supporters. To me, as being, I suppose, a quiet and studious youth, was assigned the post of Secretary. I should have said before that my friendship for Bobbie Banks had always caused great wonderment. The saying about extremes meeting seemed to furnish the only explanation.

Mr. Taylor in opening the meeting was very guarded in his statements. He congratulated us in a general way on the good work done during the session just passed. The membership, he said, was the largest in years and was a proof of the lively interest taken in the society by the academic classes. However, he would remark that members were not the only thing to be desired; if the Academy were to continue to live up to the high standard set by former generations, the greatest care and discretion should be had in receiving new members. Perhaps the bars had been let down too easily this year, some of the essays read during the past months would show that the authors were scarcely qualified as yet for membership in this body. As regards debates, it had been observed to him by some of the teachers who had been present at several of them—and we ourselves must have noticed it—that the debaters who had what was manifestly the poorer side of the ques-

tion almost invariably showed the greater skill and intelligence in handling their arguments. He should add, however, that he had never before seen the Academy debates conducted with such spirit and zest. In concluding he announced that nominations for the office of president during the coming term were now in order.

That Mr. Taylor's veiled words had had their effect was plainly to be read in the faces of all. We were given new heart by the allusion we thought we saw to our downtrodden condition. Our opponents were appalled at the rather open reference made to their mismanagement of the affairs of the Academy. Yet with bold effrontery they took to themselves all the praise and laid the blame at our door. Accordingly one of them immediately arose and in a very complimentary speech proposed George Eustace for re-election. The speaker dwelt strongly on the great services Eustace had rendered to the Academy during his term of office; never before, he said, had it been in such a flourishing condition, never had such numbers sought to enter, never had its meetings aroused such interest both within the Academy and throughout the school. And to whom, he asked, were we to attribute all this? To that earnest, judicious, popular leader—Mr. George Eustace.

The speech, which to our way of thinking, was brazen in the extreme, was received by the majority of the members with a prolonged roll of applause. Several took

great pleasure in seconding the nomination.

We, in turn, put the name of Vincent Sheridan before the house. Our action was quite unexpected and created not a little surprise and alarm. Whatever seeming grounds there might have been for opposition to Bobbie Banks, not one word could be breathed against Vince Sheridan. He stood very high in his studies, was a prominent figure in the yard, and was greatly esteemed by all the teachers. His nomination was seconded by a few, but not in any specially enthusiastic manner, for it was regarded as a mere formality and a mild protest against the foregone decision of the majority. Our opponents showed no signs of weakening; they seemed rather to have assumed an attitude of defiance.

When Bobbie Banks arose, slowly and very deliberately every one felt that there was trouble coming. Addressing the Moderator, and then turning a keen, cold glance on each one of the leaders of the other side in succession, he began to speak. I think I will never forget his words, and I set them down here almost exactly as he spoke them.

"Rev. Mr. Moderator, I wish to second the nomination of Vincent Sheridan for the office of president of this Academy. That he is in the highest degree fitted for the position can be denied by no one here present. But aside from that, I think I voice the real feelings of the better part of the members of the Academy when I declare that we must

have a change of rule. I say we must, and I propose to show why. We have been told that never in the history of the Academy has it been so well run. Never, I reply, has it been so thoroughly run into the ground, so deeply into the mud. And to whom is this owing? No need for me to answer; the members know too well. The membership, you said, Mr. Moderator, is the largest on record. Everybody here can tell the reason. Did they who voted for the reception of many of those I see before me give any thought to the customary requirements and to the honor and dignity of the Academy? Did they not rather basely seek to further their own mean ends? and to keep themselves in office? I know that I am offending some here, and I wish to offend them, for I fear I cannot bring the blush of shame to their cheeks. I have nothing but pity and sympathy for those who have been duped, but for the tricksters who have worked this game I have nought but scorn. I am fully aware that there are some of their followers who have been acting in good faith all along. They have felt that in acting and voting with those who have acted and voted against me—to speak very plainly—they have been working for the best interest of the Academy and the school. Have they? This is not the time nor the place for me to set up a defense of my way of doing things in this room or elsewhere, nor have I any desire to defend myself. I may remark, however, that I yield to none in true and intense

loyalty to the Academy and the school. But I hate humbug and I detest dishonesty, and I pride myself on my power of recognizing both in any shape or form. And no great keenness is necessary to scent out the dishonesty that has been running riot here during the past session. Was it honest to weigh the Academy down with worse than useless material? Was it honest to fine and suppress us on every imaginable occasion? Was it honest, was it fair to the school to risk the success of our play by putting the best parts in the hands of incompetent actors? That the play succeeded at all is no fault of the late officers. But I know that I am appealing to deaf ears and hardened hearts; I know that no words of mine will change even one vote in this body. Yet I tell you solemnly that if you persist in keeping in office those who have been steadily working the ruin of our Academy, our successors here will ever look back with shame and not with blessings on the doings of this night. Understand me, I am not pleading my own cause; I am seeking no honors at your hands. I speak for the cause of honesty, I plead for the glory of the Academy which is now at the mercy of your votes."

Needless to say that by the time Bobbie sat down things were at a white heat. His manner throughout had been most impressive; at times his words were slow and emphatic, and again rapid and vigorous. All eyes were now turned on Mr. Taylor, as indeed they had been during the boldest parts of the

speech. But trained master that he was in the art of self-control, nothing was to be read in his countenance. He quickly relieved the strain by asking in a most off-hand manner if there were any others who wished to second the nomination of Vincent Sheridan. George Eustace sprang to his feet and launched out into a violent and incoherent onslaught on Bobbie Banks. Mr. Taylor having allowed him to talk for about a minute, interrupted him and said that if it was his intention to support the nomination he could keep on, if not, he was out of order. He sank into his chair doggedly. In his rage his true character had appeared, his wild words had done his cause untold harm.

After a slight pause, during which the air cooled off somewhat, Mr. Taylor announced that if there were no further nominations for the presidency we would proceed with the balloting. Then the sensation of the evening was sprung on us.

Willie Gilmore was one of the youngest and brightest members of the academy, with a mind matured far beyond his years. He was the very soul of honor, and a lover of peace and order. It had always been a mystery to me how he had remained a supporter of the Eustace crowd. I had often thought of showing him the error of his ways, but on further reflection, it seemed to me better to leave him in good faith. The moment he himself saw that he was in the wrong I knew that he would not hesitate about his course of action. He and

I were the best friends ; in fact, we were in perfect accord on all points, except as regarded the Academy, and on that matter we had tacitly agreed to differ.

When Mr. Taylor finished, Willie stood up very quietly, as was his wont, and had begun to speak before we noticed him.

"Mr. Moderator," he said,—and his voice and manner were in striking contrast to Eustace's,—“I nominate Robert Banks for the presidency.”

The words came as a bolt from the blue, working still further havoc amid the storm and stress that already reigned supreme. And Willie knew it.

"I and, I think, some few of us," he continued with a smile on his lips, "have learned much to-night. I need not explain myself further. Anybody—the best of men—may be deceived and misled for a time. Some of us have been deceived, perhaps partly through our own fault. But at any rate we want now to give some token of our indignation, and, I believe, we can do that in no better way than by voting for Bobbie Banks. We have not one syllable to say against Vincent Sheridan; we would be more than happy to see him elected. But this long battle has been mainly directed against Bobbie Banks and what we have heard and seen here to-night forces us to own that he has well earned the palm of victory. We know that he is willing in the hour of his triumph to hand the honor over to another but I, for one, am resolved to meet the issue fairly

and squarely, and to stop at nothing till we have restored to our Academy an era of peace and of honest, upright dealings."

Right heartily did we applaud Willie Gilmore's words, and I noted that we were joined by some of those who had up to that time looked upon us as enemies.

Vince Sheridan seconded the nomination very warmly and asked all his friends to vote for Bobbie. The latter earnestly begged to be allowed to withdraw his name, but Willie Gilmore would not hear of it. Then Bobbie called on us to vote for Vince anyhow. We were in somewhat of a quandary what to do when the balloting began.

The result of the first ballot was :

Eustace.. .. .	8
Sheridan	7
Banks	6

The figures showed that our group had voted solidly for Sheridan, who, of course, cast his vote for Banks. They showed too that the Gilmore seceders were five in number. Could we have only come together and agreed on a name we would have elected our man on the next ballot, but as Mr. Taylor was rushing matters we were somewhat disorganized.

After the second ballot the votes stood :

Banks	9
Eustace.....	8
Sheridan.....	4

We saw now that Willie Gilmore was fixed in his determination to vote only for Bobbie Banks, and,

notwithstanding Bobbie's wishes to the contrary, we threw all our strength over to him. He continued to vote for Vince Sheridan. The issue proved that we had joined our forces with Willie Gilmore's just in the nick of time; for the Eustace people in their desire for "anything but Banks" gave all their votes to Sheridan.

The final ballot resulted:

Banks	12
Sheridan	9

When Mr. Taylor announced that Bobbie Banks was elected president and Vince Sheridan was to offer congratulations, Eustace's face was the very picture of disappointment and chagrin.

Bobby on taking the chair was tumultuously applauded. In his speech of acknowledgement he thanked us for the unsought for honor we had conferred on him. We were well aware, he said, what his ideas were as to the management of the Academy, and, of course, he would put them into execution. He bore no malice toward anyone, and begged of us to let bygones be bygones and to work in harmony for the future.

As bedtime was now near at hand we postponed the election of the remaining officers to the next meeting and adjourned. I remember well that there was tossing about in the dormitory that night, a result, I sup-

pose, of the feverish state into which we had worked ourselves.

On the following Sunday night we changed our plans and elected Willie Gilmore, secretary; I was chosen censor. At the same time the resignations of Eustace and his most ardent followers were handed in and received. For the rest of the year peace and good feeling held sway, nor were the meetings on that account any the less lively.

And this is the story of that famous election as I rehearsed it with Father Taylor under the south porch.

"I had a letter from Bobbie the other day," said Father Taylor, "telling me of his appointment to his first judgeship, on the strength of a petition to the governor by the bar of his district."

"It is not to be wondered at, Father," I rejoined, "and, if 'coming events cast their shadow before,' I think we can safely look forward to his attaining the highest judicial honors of his state."

While we were still talking over old times and recalling many a pleasant memory, the great bell in the tower clanged, rending the tranquil air of the spring evening with its harsh, unmelodious notes; but its tones were to me the sweetest echo of many a long-forgotten hour.

I hastened with Father Taylor to obey instinctively the call of the bell, and in a few minutes I was in the church kneeling at Benediction.

S. H. R.

P. F. X. DE CHARLEVOIX.

ONE of the first Jesuits that came to the Gulf States, and the first to visit the wretched hamlet, which in the beginning of the eighteenth century occupied the site of New Orleans, was Father Pierre Francois Xavier de Charlevoix. In the early part of the fifteenth century, it is true, three other Jesuits had been brought over from France by Iberville, but various circumstances had compelled them to return to their country. It is owing to the visit and favorable report of Father de Charlevoix that the Jesuits afterwards settled permanently in the colony of Louisiana. The narrative of his travels, in a series of letters addressed to the Duchess de Lesdiguières, is of great interest for us, as it gives more details about the condition of things than any other contemporary writer. Fr. de Charlevoix was a shrewd observer, whose experience, unbiased appreciation of persons and things and soundness of judgment enabled him to foresee and foretell the future of our country.

Pierre Francois Xavier de Charlevoix, justly called the Herodotus of La Nouvelle France, was born at St. Quentin, France, October 29, 1682. He entered the Society of Jesus in the Province of France, on September 15, 1698. From the earliest years of his religious life, he aspired to the honor of following in the footsteps of the martyrs and apostles whom the Society had given to Canada for the last sixty

or seventy years. But before being allowed to set out for the mission, he was for six years engaged in study and teaching, and his success in teaching humanities and philosophy was very great.

Coming to Canada in 1705, he taught grammar at Quebec till 1709, when he returned to France where he began his studies of theology. Soon after completing them with great success, he was raised to the priesthood. After visiting Italy, he traversed the ocean for the third time in 1720. This time he was commissioned by the government of Louis XV and his superiors to visit all the French possessions and missions and report on the state of things, particularly with respect to the possibility and means of finding an overland route to the Pacific. (His reports, dated January 20, 1723, and addressed to the Count of Toulouse are preserved in the colonial archives of France. Doubts were expressed on the subject by Judge Martin, in his *History of Louisiana*, but the statements of the historians of the Society are now generally received. See *Jesuit Relations*, Vol. 69 and 71.)

Amidst the labors and preoccupations attending his special mission he never forgot either his duties as a religious or his apostolic vocation. The baptism of a simple child seemed to him a sufficient reward for all the pains he had to undergo. "My travels," he wrote, "will not have been altogether useless and I shall never regret their fatigues and

dangers, since, had I not come, that infant according to all appearances would never have gone to Heaven."

Setting out for Canada in the summer of 1721, he reached the Arkansas Post on December 2, of the same year. He describes the river and the various Indian tribes (Ouayapas, Panis, Tonicas) settled in its neighborhood. Amongst other things he mentions the ruin of a whole Indian village by small-pox brought to them by a Frenchman. On the 5th, he passed by Anse Percé, (Point Lookout, about equal distance from the Arkansas Post and the mouth of the Yazoo (?) and reached the Yazoo River which had its source, as he thought, in the Carolinas. He there visited the French Fort and the camp of the Indians, but on the 13th he was on the point of losing his life in a shipwreck, if his boat had not been rescued and guided by an experienced Yazoo Indian.

On the 15th, he was at Fort Rosalie of the Natchez, where he passed the Christmas holidays. For five years no priest had been there, no marriages had been performed, but a few children had been baptised at Kaskaskia. Father de Charlevoix heard the confessions of all who would avail themselves of his ministry.

The Post had been established much earlier by Iberville himself who thought, and de Charlevoix was of the same opinion, that if ever the French colony was to be organized, this was the best place for its capital, on account of its commanding position on the Missis-

sippi, its healthful situation and the fact of its being nearly equally distant from the Gulf and the Illinois country.

His relations with the half civilized Natchez Indians, at that time friendly to the French, afforded him the facility of describing their country, their manners, and customs.

When later on Count de Chataubriand wrote his "*Génie du Christianisme*," his "*Natchez*," "*Atala*," "*René*" and "*Voyages en Amérique*" he drew largely from Father de Charlevoix, in fact to enable his readers to distinguish in his work between truth and fiction, he gives two long extracts from Charlevoix's "*Histoire de la Nouvelle France*."

"To insure the success of the colony," he says, "it will require a great number of laboring men either European or negroes."

"The former," he adds, "are preferable, because they are more industrious and will sooner or later become settlers and property owners, while the negroes will always remain foreigners, and if they increase in numbers, may after a time become dangerous".

Leaving Fort Rosalie he visited successively the French settlements among the Tonicas. On both sides of the river large tracts of land had been granted under the Law system to various parties in France, many of whom never set foot on American soil. For these Charlevoix augurs very little prospect, because he found there few people to do the work, or rather too many people that did not work. Most of the

Europeans having come over under the delusion that they would in a short time enrich themselves by the gold and silver mines ever promised and never found. Wherever he went he had to deplore the low state of morality and religion owing, alas! to the fact that, while there were priests enough, many were rather destroying than building up.

He reached New Orleans at last on January 5, 1722. According to his description the city counted a hundred dwellings, rather shanties than houses. The only building of any note, was a large wooden warehouse, part of which was used as a chapel. A plan of the city, it is true, had been drawn up, but Fr. de Charlevoix doubts whether it will ever be executed.

On January 22, he descended the river to its mouth, which he describes correctly and points out the very same means to deepen its channel, which were finally adopted towards the end of the nineteenth century. He said mass there and solemnly blessed the island called Balize to which he gave the name of Toulouse.

On January 21, he was at Fort Louis, Biloxi, whence he sailed in the French ship "Adour" on April 1st. The vessel was staunch but the crew were both inexperienced and reckless. She reached Cuba in good time, but on April 14, on her return trip she suffered shipwreck on the coast of Florida at 45 leagues or 135 miles northeast of Havana, somewhere between Key West and Cayo Largo. The passengers were in the greatest danger

from the treachery of the sailors, the hostility of the Indians, the ignorance of the coast, and the want of provisions. Part of them decided to find their way to the East coast (St. Augustine) and were never heard of afterwards. The Father with a few of the crew sailed painfully along the West coast to San Marco and Pensacola and reached Biloxi again on June 3. During his stay there he had the good fortune to discover and prevent a mutiny of the sailors, who had conspired to kill the soldiers of a man-of-war, seize upon the ship and start out on piracy.

At last he sailed again on the man-of-war "Bellona" on June 22, touched at Havana, July 20, at San Domingo on September 1st, and reached France in the beginning of 1723. His last letter to Madame Lesdiguières being dated from Rouen, January 5.

Father de Charlevoix subsequently became one of the writers and editors of the "Journal de Trévoux," a Jesuit monthly (1701-1762) biographical, historical and scientific. Besides this, the indefatigable worker wrote the "Histoire de la Nouvelle France" in six volumes, containing his journal and a synopsis of the writers on America with descriptions of the flora and fauna and with valuable criticisms on both. "Histoire du Japon," six volumes; "Histoire de Saint Domingue," two volumes; "Histoire de Marie de l'Incarnation," "Histoire du Paraguay," six volumes. All these works have been well received and frequently quoted,

though in general, as Feller says, greater concision might be desired. This is perhaps what Parkman meant when he spoke of de Charlevoix's usual carelessness. Of his *Histoire de la Nouvelle France*, Winsor (*Narrative and Critical History of America*, Vol. 4, p. 154) says: "Among the later French writers the preeminence belongs to the Jesuit Father P. F. X. de Charlevoix who had access to contemporaneous materials, of which he made careful use, and his statements have great weight, though they were written many years later."

It cannot be denied, as the *Menology* of the Society remarks, that his various histories of the Missions, with the eloquent portraits of so many apostles and martyrs contributed powerfully to maintain amongst the French the love of missionary life at his time and afterwards.

Father de Charlevoix died at La Flèche on February 1st, 1761, a short time before his brethren were banished from France and the colonies to whose glory and prosperity they had contributed their labors, their sweat and often their blood.

C. W.

CARMEN BUCOLICON.

(IMITATIO VIRGILIANA.)

Caeruleis surgens ex undis culmina montis
Pingit sol oriens croceoque nitore colorat
Nubes, gemmatae gelido herbae rore coruscant,
Argutae dulci volucres modulamine mulcent
Aethera, pastores concentibus otia fallunt
Muscosos inter fontes patulaeque sub umbra
Quercus. Formosus Daphni per florida prata
Cernitur halantes exultans carpere flores :
Lilia, purpureas casias, humilesque myrices,
Et violam errantesque hederas cum baccare mixtas.
Mox caepit flores varios intexere sertis,
Accurritque puer Maeris : “ Cur colligis, inquit,
O Daphni, flores ? Cuinam redolentia certa
Nectis ? An insuetum festum celebratur in arvis ?
DAPH.—Nunc agimus, Maeri, solemnia laetaque festa
Mansuetae agrorum Dominae nostrique cohortis.
MAER.—O Daphni tecum cupio celebrare Mariam.
DAPH.—Ad fanum foliis quod serpens undique vestit
Vitis laetantes munuscula nostra feramus.
Ecce tibi, Virgo purissima, candida porto
Lilia, splendorem niveum quae vincere certant.
Accipe dona tibi quae gaudens offero, Mater,
MAER.—Agnellum tenerum statuo tibi, ovilis honorem,
Corda mihi tribuas lanae aemula, quaeso, Maria.
DAPH.—Virgo, tuum redolente thymo mihi suavius Hyblae
Nomen erit, mellisque favo jucundius omni,
Dulcius argutae philomelae voce sub umbra.
MAER.—In silvis quercus pulcherrima, cedrus in altis
Montibus, in pratis narcissus, laurus In hortis ;
Quercus, Virgo, tibi cedit laurusque cedrusque.
DAPH.—Dum cytiso vescentur apes, dum fronde capellae,
Dum graciles gelido pascentur rore cicadae,
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.
MAER.—Dum gemet aerea queribundus turtur ab ulmo,
Dum leni somnum suadebit lympa susurro
Semper honos nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.

K.



Doulce dame de mi-
sericorde mere de pi-
e fontaine de ton-
biens qui portastes nostre seig

ECHOES FROM THE PAST.

RT. REVS. DOMINIC MANUCY AND ANTHONY PELLICER.

GLANCING down the list of those who spent a portion of their lives amid the selfsame scenes and for the same purpose as we, in dear old Spring Hill, we come across names of students who in after years greatly distinguished themselves in their respective walks of life. Some attained an honored position in the halls of legislation and on the bench of justice. Many as physicians of merit walked fearlessly through pestilence and plague braving death in its most horrible forms; whilst others have left a glorious record in the annals of the Southland for Spartan bravery and courage upon many a hard fought field. Others and their names are not few—have devoted themselves to the grander and nobler service of their God, and spent their lives amid suffering and hardships in continuing the Master's work. It is of two of these that the following lines are written, and so intimately connected were they in ties of work and friendship that their history can scarce be told apart. Dominic Manucy and Anthony Pellicer were born in St. Augustine, Florida, the former on December 20, 1823; and the latter two years later in 1825. Their boyhood as far as is known was uneventful and the first date of importance in their career was when they entered Spring Hill College to commence their studies. These they

pursued with such constancy and vigor that they were always among the foremost in their class and passed their graduation examinations with high honors. Having decided to devote their lives to the service of God they remained at college, continuing their philosophical and theological studies under the direction of the Jesuit fathers.

On August 15, 1850, they were both raised to the sacred priesthood by Bishop Portier of Mobile. The time had now come when the two cousins should part and bitter the first separation was to them.

Father Manucy was assigned to the mission of North Florida and was stationed first at Warrington, and later at Appalachicola, while Father Pellicer was stationed at Montgomery.

In 1861, on the breaking out of the Civil War Father Manucy was transferred to St. Vincent's Church, Mobile, and later in 1865, he succeeded his cousin at Montgomery. Father Pellicer who had acted as chaplain in the Confederate Army was now assigned to Mobile Cathedral and two years later was made Vicar General of the diocese.

When the two new sees of Brownsville and San Antonio were created, the choice for bishop fell upon our young priests. As they had been ordained together it was fitting that they should be consecrated together and accordingly they were raised to the episcopal dignity by

Archbishop Perché of New Orleans, on December 8, 1874, in the Cathedral of Mobile.

The two then left for their respective posts, Bishop Manucy to act as Vicar Apostolic at Brownsville, Tex., and Bishop Pellicer to be bishop of San Antonio. Both found many difficulties in their way, but soon they had conferred upon their sees the blessings of Catholic schools, churches and religious orders.

Two years later Bishop Pellicer paid a visit to Rome and the continent, but returned early in 1877 and resumed his labors. It was not for long, however, as, suffering from an incurable disease, he began to feel his strength fast failing and that his end was near. He appeared in his Cathedral for the last time on Easter Sunday and on April 14, 1880, he peacefully expired. His body was placed in the Cathedral where he had so long labored, and amongst those who stood in sorrow about his grave was his beloved cousin, Bishop Manucy.

For four years longer the latter continued his labors at Brownsville, for it was not until 1884 that he was transferred to Mobile, becoming its third bishop. Bishop Manucy arrived in the city on the 13th of March and amid great rejoicing was installed in his high office.

This he was to hold only a short time, for his efforts on the Texan mission had undermined his health.

Nevertheless, he held out until June 17, 1884, when he wrote to Rome stating that he was in no condition to meet the critical state of his diocese. Several weeks later he sent another letter and again, some two months after, he wrote asking the Holy Father that he be relieved. His first two requests were refused, but the last was granted, and on the 9th of October he was informed of this fact. On the thirteenth of the same month he was appointed administrator to the diocese until his successor should arrive, by Archbishop Leray of New Orleans, and while holding this office he was re-appointed Vicar Apostolic to Brownsville, with the title of Bishop of Maronio (February 10, 1885). Bishop Manucy still continued to administer to the diocese until he was confined to his bed by ill health. A month later the end came, and on the 4th of December, 1885, Bishop Manucy tranquilly gave his soul to Him whom he had so faithfully served.

His funeral was one of the largest ever seen in Mobile, and was attended by eminent clergy and laymen from the neighboring states.

Thus ran the lives of two noble souls who had achieved many glorious deeds for Christ and His Church, and it is but just that Spring Hill, their alma mater should hold them in honor and esteem and point them out with pride as two of her most distinguished sons.

JAMES EARLE MANNOCCIR, '04.

A TEAR.*

Chemists state there's H_2O in a tear,
Phosphates, Soda, Salt, and so in a tear ;
 And these learned men and wise
 Say the drop will crystallize
Like a fish bone small of size. Chemic tear !

This is what the Chemists find in a tear,
All is matter to their mind in a tear,
 For their test-tubes do not show
 All the joy or all the woe
That has caused that tear to flow — silent tear !

There 's the sorrow of a soul in a tear,
And Contrition deep and whole in a tear ;
 ' T is the telltale that doth show
 What we only undergo, —
Yea, the eloquence of woe is a tear.

Like the sunshine after rain comes a tear,
Soothing sting of grief and pain comes a tear.
 ' Neath its dancing, diamond gleam
 Oft is hid a joy supreme
Though to us there nothing seem in a tear.

* In the early months of last year there appeared in one of the secular magazines an article in which it was stated that a certain professor of chemistry, in one of the great northern universities, had analyzed the tear which a sorrowing mother had let fall over the coffin of her dear child. In a stoical manner the learned expert held up the drop in a test-tube and informed his pupils that, though it was a mother's tear and shed under the circumstances related above, there was absolutely nothing in it which he could not compound in his laboratory. The present writer admits that the learned expert could compound a drop similarly composed, but he denies that such a compound would be a tear. Hence, he thought it might not be amiss to give an analysis of a tear from a different standpoint from that taken by the chemist ; and he leaves it to the enlightened judgment of his readers to decide whether or not he has found out something in a tear which escaped the test-tube of the chemist.

Elsewhere the author finds the following analysis of a tear, and from it he has drawn in describing the *body* of a tear : " The chief element in the composition of a tear is water, but with it are mixed minute particles of soda, salt, phosphate of lime, phosphate of soda, mucus, and so forth. Allowed to evaporate the tear will crystallize, and then viewed under a strong microscope the crystals of the above minerals will be found arranged in the shape of a fish bone, the salt forming the backbone, and the soda and lime the ribs."

Is there weakness, folly, sin in a tear ?

Proof of craven soul within in a tear ?

No ; the hero from his heart,

When he sees his country smart

' Neath the wound of Treason's dart, sheds a tear.

There is solace for the heart in a tear ;

Bitter feelings all depart with a tear ;

When the tearlet starts to roll

Pent-up sorrows leave the soul, —

Nature's outlet for all dole is a tear !

Up in Childhood's laughing eye wells a tear —

See ! its light is quenched — and why ? By that tear ? .

Oh ! there is a picture rare,

One depicting *dimpled* Care, —

Innocence beyond compare in that tear !

Lo ! King David shed a tear, sorrow's tear,

Over Absalom's proud bier — bitter tear !

And at Naim the Widow's joy,

When our Lord upraised her boy,

Showed itself without alloy in a tear.

Sinful Mary wept. Great love caused each tear ;

Joy to Angel hosts above was each tear :

To the Pharisee's surprise,

Jesus bade her, Saint, arise ; —

Priceless jewel in His eyes was her tear !

Not the sign alone of grief is a tear,

But the thing expressed in brief is a tear :

“ And Jesus wept,” 't is said,

O'er the grave of Laz'rus dead —

' T was His Sacred Heart there bled in each tear.

In the Saviour's Passion-flood see each tear !

' T is a drop of Precious Blood—ev'ry tear !

When He sees His Mother's woe,

As she holds His Cross below,

Mark the fast encrimsoned flow of each tear !

Ah ! there 's more than Science knows in a tear,

More than test-tube ever shows in a tear,

There is that to make souls well,

There is that to save from hell,

There is more than tongue can tell in a tear !

EYON.

THE LOUISIANA CENTENARY.

ON December 20, it will be a hundred years since the old Cabildo of New Orleans witnessed a transaction which gave to the United States the city and all the territory west of the Mississippi, except Texas and California.

An event of such importance deserves to be commemorated by our people with special solemnity. St. Louis will have its exposition, one of the most interesting features of which will be the reproduction of the same Cabildo, the theatre of that momentous act a hundred years ago.

New Orleans will have its civil celebration on Saturday, December 19. The religious ceremonies will take place on Sunday, December 20. An elaborate program has been prepared at the recommendation of Governor Heard, by the Louisiana Historical Society.

It will be of interest to the readers of THE SPRING HILL REVIEW to know the cause of that act, the circumstances which accompanied it, the consequences which resulted from it, consequences which none of the actors, even such sharp-sighted statesmen as Napoleon and Jefferson, could have foreseen in their whole extent.

For thirty-three years (1769-1802) Louisiana had been under Spanish rule. Distasteful as that rule was in the beginning to the colonists, almost entirely descendants of the French, they gradually became accustomed to it and many rallied cordially to it. Whatever

its detractors may say, it was on the whole beneficent to the country. If the short-sighted and narrow minded policy of Spain established a monopoly of commerce with the colonies, and thus hampered their and her own financial progress, her paternal rule favored the welfare of the individual citizens. The expenses being few, taxes were generally low. Gayarre has proved that the expenses of the Spanish government for the colony almost every year greatly exceeded the revenue it derived from it. The governors and high officials appointed from Madrid were almost universally men of wealth and refinement, who took great interest in the work committed to them. They made it a point of honor to identify themselves with the people and several of them married ladies of French descent.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century many disorders prevailed, as appears from various reports of the civil authorities and from the sad memoirs of Bishop Cirillo de Barcelona and Bishop Louis Penálver y Cardenas; this, however, must be ascribed in a great measure to the inroads of French Philosophy and infidelity. Another source of disorder was the influx into the colony of New England speculators. Such, too, is the view of a Philadelphia Protestant, a Mr. Watson, who lived in New Orleans at the time. He praises the remarkable modesty, frankness and habitual gayety of the people, ladies especially, and foretells the day when all this will

be changed by the importation of northern manners.

Outside of the city there were few settlements: St. James, the German Coast, St. Charles, St. John the Baptist, Opelousas, Attakapas, Natchitoches, etc. Marbois' map of 1798, pictures all the country west and northwest as a barren, hilly and destitute country, and Guthrie's Geography (Paris, 1805,) pays this complement to our forefathers: "The Europeans are few in number; the greater part of the inhabitants are savage and pagan Americans."

The population of the city in 1802 is, according to F. X. Martin, our most reliable historian, estimated at about 5000, that of the whole colony at about 50,000.

Such was the state of things, when about the beginning of 1801 it was rumored that New Orleans was to return under French rule. The rumor proved true. On October 1, 1800, Charles IV of Spain, influenced by the Queen, Mary Louise of Parma, and her favorite minister Manuel Godoy, had signed on October 1, 1800, the treaty of San Ildefonso with Buonaparte, the all-powerful first consul of the French republic. The leading motive on the part of Buonaparte was a desire to recover and even extend the French colonies, while the court of Madrid expected, through his aid, to acquire the small duchies of Middle Italy, which were to constitute the kingdom of Etruria under a Spanish ruler. By the third article of the treaty, the Spanish monarch bound himself to retrocede to France the

province of Louisiana as he had received it from France and held it at the time, six months after the execution on her part of the conditions referring to the Italian duchies.

Though this condition could scarcely be executed in full, since France did not have what she promised to give, the cession went into effect on March 21, 1801 and Buonaparte took measures to take possession of the new territory. He might have apprehended objections from England, but that government was sufficiently occupied elsewhere. On March 25, 1803, the treaty of Amiens was signed between Spain, France and England.

Meanwhile a form of government for Louisiana was devised by Buonaparte. General Victor (who was destined never to set foot on American soil) was appointed captain general; Laussat, colonial prefect; Ayme, chief justice. The laws and the administration should personally remain the same, slavery which France had abolished in her colonies, should remain as under Louis XV, as it was not deemed wise to repeat the sad experience of Santo Domingo.

On March 24, 1803, a vessel from Havre brought the baggage of Laussat and also the regulations for the organization of the new government. The colonial prefect followed soon after, and at the end of the month he was received by the agents of the Spanish government, and on the 26th in New Orleans by the governor himself, Don Manuel Salcedo, and the authorities.

At the first interview he declared, and afterwards in a solemn proclamation assured the inhabitants of Louisiana that the French government intended seriously to promote the welfare of the country. While he complimented the Spanish authorities present, he severely censured the corrupt government of Louis XV, which had sacrificed Louisiana after a shameful war by a no less shameful peace, and whose mistakes the republican government held it their duty to remedy.

Great were the rejoicings of the Creole population throughout the state. Addresses were signed on every side, the return of the French rule was hailed as one of the greatest events in history. On their part the Spanish authorities published a proclamation, assuring the Louisianians of the permanent affection of their king and publishing the articles of the cession all eminently favorable to the colony.

A good priest of Opelousas, a Frenchman, could not contain his enthusiasm, when he saw himself now freed from the Spanish tyranny, civil and ecclesiastical, which required of him, among other things, to keep his records in the Spanish language and in good order according to law. In consequence he inserted a note in French, at the next baptism or marriage to express the joy of his heart. Some years after, one of his confreres, also a Frenchman, appended another note on the margin, which reads as follows: "Well! Well! Ingratitude is the world's reward. My confrere ought to have remembered that he, as

well as I, came to Louisiana as beggars, driven from home by the revolution, and that the Spanish authorities, ecclesiastical and civil, received us with open arms and installed us in the best parishes. Happily the French rule was short-lived; the fact is that Laussat and his staff were a set of scoundrels who deserved very little confidence"

And short-lived it was. Already during the presidency of Adams propositions had been made to Spain for the purchase of New Orleans and her territory. It was of great importance to the United States to have the commerce and navigation of the Mississippi free in order to avoid the frequent appeals to the government from merchants and speculators in the states of Ohio, Kentucky and Tennessee who complained of interference with their trade. But the project had been abandoned that time.

When Jefferson was elected president he determined to revive the negotiations. Sending Robert R. Livingston as minister of the United States to the French government (1801), he instructed him to treat with France or Spain about the purchase of New Orleans and the Floridas, (being uncertain to which power they belonged) and with England to obtain at least her tacit consent. Livingston was instructed to offer 2,000,000 dollars for the city of New Orleans and its environs, but the negotiations did not make much headway, because Buonaparte was still bent upon retaining Louisiana.

He foresaw, however, that the

peace with England could not last and that in case of a rupture the first thing England would do would be to invade Louisiana, which he was not able to protect. Besides he needed money to undertake a new war, and the American millions were quite welcome.

In consequence he determined to sell to America not only New Orleans, but the whole of Louisiana. Calling in for consultation General Berthier and Mr. Barbier Marbois, both formerly residents of the United States, and well acquainted with their affairs, to their utter astonishment he thus addressed them: "I know the value of Louisiana. A few strokes of the pen have given it to me, but scarcely have I received it, when I see myself on the point of losing it again. I wish if it be still time, to deprive England of the possibility of ever possessing that colony. My idea is to hand it over to the United States. If I wait any longer, I might have to give them merely an empty title. They ask me for only one city, but I think that the whole of Louisiana in their hands will be more consonant with my policy and more profitable to the commerce of France." His ministers, however, especially Talleyrand, did not see things in the same light. It was also argued that the convention with Spain required, that if ever France abandoned the colony, it was to return to Spanish rule. But Spain was just as little able to protect it, should England at any given moment attempt to get possession of it.

Meanwhile President Jefferson had, in January, 1803, called upon

James Monroe, then living in retirement after a stormy career, and asked him to go to Paris, where he was well known, as extraordinary commissioner of the United States. He was to assist Livingston in the negotiations and he received discretionary powers from the President. The right to grant these powers, was greatly contested by the opposition in congress and the President himself had some doubts about it; he concluded to act, however, relying on the future ratification of the people, for whose evident benefit they were given.

Monroe sailed from New York on March 8th, and reached Paris on April 12th. What was his surprise when he heard that the French Government offered much more than was asked. This is so true that the Americans suspected some trick of French diplomacy, until the commissioners of Buonaparte gave them some insight into the reasons which determined this course of action.

On April 30, the treaty was signed. The United States entered into possession of New Orleans and of all the territory comprised in Louisiana, forming now fourteen states and territories with an area of 1,045,000 square miles and a population of over 15,000,000. The sum paid was 80,000,000 francs, or about 16,000,000 dollars, from which 20,000,000 francs or 4,000,000 dollars were to be deducted for claims, which subjects of the United States held against France.

Buonaparte himself dictated the

article which was 'to regulate the status of the Louisianians: "They must know that we separate from them with regret, that we stipulate in their favor for all the advantages they may desire, that in the future, happy in their independence, they must remember that they have been French and that France in yielding them up, has obtained for them advantages, which no European government, however paternal, could have obtained for them, etc." He did not forget the claims of Spain, but stipulated for her commerce the same advantages as for that of France. His eye of genius foresaw something of the future greatness of the United States. "This accession," he remarks, "forever establishes the power of the United States, and in it I have given to England a rival that sooner or later will humble her arrogance."

But to return to Louisiana. For several months the magistrates and the people remained in the expectation of the final act, which was to consummate the transmission from Spain to France. The new captain general was daily expected, but he never came. A vessel which arrived from Bordeaux, brought the news of the sale of Louisiana to the United States. Soon after the articles of the Paris convention were made known together with the appointment, on June 6, of Commissioner Laussat to receive in the name of France, the territory from the Spanish commissioners and hand it over to those of the United States. The Spanish commissioners were the Marquis of Casa Calvo and

Manuel de Salcedo; the Americans, Claiborne, the governor of the Mississippi territory and General Wilkinson.

President Jefferson, by a proclamation of July 16, had called an extra session of Congress for October 17 in order to receive such communications as may then be made to them, and to consult and determine on such measures as in their wisdom may be deemed meet for the welfare of the United States. And in his message of October 17, he explained the conditions of the treaty and urged its ratification. On October 31, Congress ratified the convention and authorized the President to provide for the government of the new territory and the appointment of suitable persons to that effect.

The formal surrender of Louisiana to France took place on November 30, 1803. In the forenoon the flag of Spain was displayed from a high staff in the public square in front of the Cathedral. The Spanish troops were in line on the right, the city militia on the left. The Spanish commissioners towards noon proceeded to the Cabildo, whither also came a little later, Laussat, the French commissioner. He produced a document, issued by the Spanish King, ordering his representatives to surrender to the first consul, the province of Louisiana, as hitherto possessed by Spain. Whereupon de Salcedo handed to Laussat the keys of the city and Casa Calvo declared, in the name of his king, absolved from their allegiance to Spain all those, who wished to continue

to live under the French republic. Immediately the Spanish flag was lowered from its pole and saluted by the discharge of cannon. The French tri-color was raised at once and was greeted in the same manner.

The next day, Laussat issued a proclamation to the people, in which he told them officially that, to his regret, his mission among them would be of short duration. He declared that the cession, strange as it seemed after so short a time, was the result in the councils of the government, of the conviction that it was to the best advantage of the sister republics and the welfare of Louisiana itself.

All the preparations were now made for the formal surrender of the province. The citizens of the United States, then residing in New Orleans, about 120 in number, formed themselves into a company of militia to preserve law and order. On his part, the President ordered the militia of Kentucky and Tennessee to be ready for any emergency, and Claiborne brought with him a company of militia from Mississippi. He established his headquarters at Fort Adams. Wilkinson reached New Orleans on December 1, and upon learning his appointment as commissioner of the United States immediately went to meet his colleagues at Fort Adams.

The two commissioners with their suits camped about two miles from New Orleans on the 17th, and on the next day visited Laussat in the city. Their visit was returned on the 19th by Laussat accompanied

by the municipality and a number of militia officers.

On Monday, December 29, at 11 o'clock, the French flag which floated from its staff in the public square was saluted by the militia and at 12 precisely, the United States commissioners with their forces entered the city. The commissioners entered the city hall, where Laussat had already preceded them accompanied by his staff and a number of citizens.

Then Laussat handed over the keys of the city to the commissioners and declared all those who wished to pass under the United States government released from their oaths of allegiance to France. After this Claiborne addressed the audience and in a few words, he congratulated the people of Louisiana on an event which placed them beyond the danger of change of administration like those which had hitherto been so frequent and prejudicial to them. The United States, he said, received them as their brothers and would provide for their protection and their admission to full state rights as soon as possible.

The United States flag was raised instead of the French and was greeted with the cheers of the small number of Americans, whilst the others, it seems, kept a mournful silence. Whether this was the result of a mutinous and defiant spirit or simply through failing to realize the gravity of the event does not appear.

On December 31, President Jefferson informed Congress of the

fact and the circumstances of the cession, and the appointment of Claiborne as governor of the new territory. His message concludes thus: "On this important acquisition, so favorable to the immediate interests of our western citizens, so auspicious to the peace and security of the nation in general, which adds to our country territories so extensive and fertile and to our citizens new brethren to partake of the blessings of freedom and self-government, I offer to Congress and our country my sincere congratulations."

The citizens of Louisiana, however, who had lived under Spanish and French rule did not assimilate quite so easily as was surmised. An instance of this we have in the history of the Ursuline Convent. When Louisiana became French, the Spanish sisters of the com-

munity retired to Havana, and when subsequently New Orleans passed under the United States government, the remaining sisters—all French—invoked the protection of Governor Claiborne and President Jefferson, who both reassured them by letters, which breathe at once the liberal spirit of our constitution, and their appreciation of the services rendered by the devotedness of the religious.

Thus was the final admission to state rights delayed much longer than was expected. This was effected only in 1811, when an act of Congress of February 15, decreed the erection of Louisiana as a state; its first legislative assembly met in June, and named Claiborne as its first governor, thus acknowledging his past services as territorial governor.

C. W.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM.

THE STORY.

"And you would say that sun and stars took part
In that unnatural conflict."

"SOHRAB AND RUSTUM" is the title of a poem written by Matthew Arnold, and founded on an episode of the great Persian epic, the "Shah-Namah," or the "Book of Kings."

It is hardly possible to come across a more interesting story than that of the conflict between the two great personages, Sohrab and Rus-

tum, neither of whom, until too late, is cognizant of his relation to the other. And to make it the more interesting, it is the love which one bears the other that brings them both together, to fight that "unnatural fight," which ends in the death of one, and in the soul crushing grief of the other.

Rustum who flourished about the year 600 B. C., was renowned among the Persians for his prowess on the battlefield.

"I have stood," says he, "on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe;
Never was that field lost nor that foe saved."

A certain princess named Tahmineh, contrived a means of bringing Rustum to the court of Samengan, for she was in love with him for his great deeds of valor and heroism. She had his horse stolen from him, while he was hunting near the borders of Turan. Rustum tracked his horse to the city of Samengan, and in great anger demanded of the king that his steed be restored. King Afrasiab conducted him to his palace, where he was entertained by Tahmineh. A royal wedding soon took place.

But Rustum, whose heart was in the battlefield, could not be persuaded to remain at court, and having recovered his horse he departed. Before going away, however, he gave to his young bride an onyx amulet, saying: "Cherish this jewel, and if heaven cause thee to give birth to a daughter, fasten it within her locks, and it shall shield her from evil; but if it be granted unto thee to bring forth a son, fasten it upon his arm, that he may wear it like his father."

(Just as Arnold, in his poem, which we are following in this paper, puts the original fight of three days into a fight of one day, so also he dispenses with the amulet, and has the coat of arms of Rustum pricked into Sohrab's arm by his mother).

Sohrab is born, but the princess, fearing lest the boy would be taken

from her by Rustum, sent him word that the child was a girl; and Rustum gave no heed to his child. When Sohrab grew up, he demanded to know his parentage; and upon learning that the far-famed Rustum was his father, he resolved to find him. He boldly proclaimed his birth, and his purpose to conquer the Kingdom of Iran, and place his father on the throne.

Relying on the strength and courage of the youth, Afrasiab prepared for him an army to conquer Iran, secretly devising with his leaders how he would get Sohrab and Rustum out of the way afterwards, and rule over Iran himself. The name of Sohrab was made famous on the march to Iran, and the fame of his glorious deeds was spread through the land of the Persians.

The Tartars with whom Sohrab is fighting, and the Persians on whose side is Rustum, are now encamped near the Oxus stream, ready to fight.

The reader must bear in mind these two statements: that Sohrab does not know the name of the warrior against whom he is fighting—hence does not know he is fighting his father; that Rustum, though he knows he is fighting against Sohrab, does not know he is fighting against his son; for he confided in the word which the princess, his wife, had sent him concerning the child.

In the early dawn, before the day's fighting begins, Sohrab, who "all night long had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed," goes to the

Peran-Wisa, commander of the Tartar hosts, and says to him :—

“thou know'st, that while I still
bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through
the world,

And beat the Persians back on every field,
I seek one man, one man, and one alone—
Rustum, my father; who I hoped should
greet,

Should one day greet, upon some well-
fought field,

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.

So I long hoped, but him I never find.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what
I ask.

Let the two armies rest today; but I

Will challenge forth the bravest Persian
lords

To meet me, man to man; if I prevail,
Rustum will surely hear it.”

Peran-Wisa tries to dissuade him from single combat, saying that it would be useless for him to search in single fight for a father he has never seen.

“Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!”

Besides, Rustum is not fighting with the Persians, at present; he is now getting old, and remains with Zal, his father old, in Seistan—
“There go!” to find him—“thou wilt not?”

“But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravaging, and who govern Rustum's son?

Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires.”

All that is wanted now is that the Persians accept the challenge. Peran-Wisa dresses quickly, calls his herald to his side, and goes abroad. With the rising sun Haman leads the Tartar horsemen from the tents into the open plain.

And on the other side the Persians form, in full view of their Tartar enemies. Peran-Wisa, “with his staff, keeps back the foremost ranks” of the Tartars; and Ferood, commander of the Persians, seeing this, goes to the front, and brings his ranks to a halt. Then the old Tartar comes upon the sand between the two silent armies, and says:

“Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars,
hear!

Let there be truce between the hosts today.
But choose a champion from the Persian
lords

To meet our champion Sohrab, man to
man!

A thrill of pride and hope for Sohrab runs through all the Tartar squadrons, while the pale Persians hold their breath with fear.”

Ferood summons his chiefs to counsel, the outcome of which is that “shame bids them take the challenge up,” though they have no champion to match the youth Sohrab. Rustum, who has just arrived from far off Seistan, may be prevailed upon to fight. They accept the challenge, and trust to the eloquence of Gudurz to persuade Rustum to engage in the combat. Peran-Wisa returns to his tent, and Gudurz hastens quickly to Rustum's tents, which have just been pitched on the sand beyond the camp.

Rustum is seated near a table, after finishing his morning meal, when Gudurz comes and stands before him. Rustum greets the visitor with both hands, and invites him to “sit down, and eat and drink.” Gudurz replies that he

has not time to eat and drink, that the day has other needs, that the two armies are drawn out and stand at gaze, and that a challenge has been brought from the Tartar army to pick a champion from the Persians to fight their champion—Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.” Rustum has heard the name before. His valor is like that of Rustum.

“He has the wild stag’s foot, the lion’s heart!”

There is none but Rustum in the Persian hosts to cope with such a warrior.

“All eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose!”

Rustum parleys that the King, Kai Khosroo, under whom he is fighting has no use for him any more. Let the king get some youth to fight against Sohrab.

“The young may rise at Sohrab’s vaunts, not I.

For, what care I, though all speak Sohrab’s fame?”

Rustum says he will return to his aged father, Zal,

“And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings,

And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more.”

Gudurz in reply attacks the warrior’s bravery, and recalls to his mind that men would call him “a miser, who hoards his fame, and shuns to peril it with younger men.”

Rustum rebukes Gudurz for such utterance, which, however, has the desired effect:—

“I will fight unknown, and in plain arms.”

Gudurz carries the glad tidings

to the expectant hosts. Rustum prepares immediately for the fray. He calls in his followers, and bids them bring his arms, and coat of mail. As he is to fight unknown, the arms he will use must have no design by which his combatant might recognize him.

“Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved.”

Followed by Ruksh, his horse, almost as far-famed as himself, Rustum leaves his tents, and appears shortly before the Persian hosts, who hail him with shouts. The Tartars know not who he is. Rustum comes forward on the sand between the two armies, and casting his eyes toward the Tartar tents, he sees Sohrab, “the adventurous youth,” (just armed in Haman’s tent), come forth—Sohrab, who has come from afar defying forth all the most valiant chiefs, in the hope of one day finding Rustum. Sohrab is compared by Rustum to a young cypress—very young and tender, tall, dark, and straight. Rustum is struck with a deep pity, as he beholds the youth approach. And now for the first time, the valiant youth hears the mighty voice of him, whom he has “sought through all the world,” but alas! he does not know that that voice is his father’s. Rustum beckons to him and says:—

“O thou, young man, the air of heaven
is soft.

And warm, and pleasant, but the grave is cold!

Heaven’s air is better than the cold dead grave.

Behold me! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried; and I have stood on many a
field

Of blood, and I have fought with many a
foe—

Never was that field lost, nor that foe
saved.

O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on
death?

Be governed? quit the Tartar hosts and
come

To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die!

There are no youths in Iran brave as
thou."

As Rustum speaks these words, Sohrab gazes on "his giant planted on the sand," like a tower which a chief hath builded on the waste against the robbers; he sees that head, streaked with its first grey hairs. Rustum's words so filled the soul of Sohrab with hope, that he runs forward and embraces Rustum's knees, and clasps his hand within his own, and says:

"Oh, by thy father's head! by thine own
soul!

Art thou not Rustum? speak! art thou
not he?"

Rustum eyes the kneeling youth, and then turns away and muses to himself what that "false, wily, boastful Tartar boy" means. If I confess that I am Rustum, he will not yield, but will find some pretext not to fight,—by praising my fame, and offering me gifts. Then he would be able to tell his people, how none of the Persian lords, but I alone, dared to accept his challenge, and how we exchanged gifts and "went on equal terms away." Then would the Persians be "shamed through me." Then

Rustum turns around, and speaks sternly to Sohrab:

"Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly ques-
tion thus
Of Rustum?"

Is it with Rustum only you would fight? Rash boy, the sight of Rustum would be enough to make you flee. If he were here, there would be no talk of fighting. I am here, whom you have challenged; so stick to your challenge or yield. If you yield not, your bones shall strew this sand, or float upon the summer floods of Oxus.

Sohrab is not frightened by such a speech, "I am no girl, to be made pale by words, Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then."

You are vast and more dreaded than I, and I am young, but you cannot be sure of victory; for success sways like the breath of heaven, and is as uncertain as the swimmer, poised on the top of some huge wave, is "to which side to fall."

Rustum answered not, but straight from the shoulder, hurled his spear at Sohrab; but he who has the "wild stag's foot," saw it come, and quick as lightning sprang aside; Rustum's spear went quivering in the sand. Then Sohrab hurled his spear, which struck Rustum's shield with a loud clang. And Rustum seized his club, an unlopped trunk, which none, but a man, as massive as a tower, could wield. He struck at Sohrab, but in vain, for Sohrab, lithe as a glancing snake, sprang aside, and the club came thunder-

ing to the earth, and leaped from Rustum's hand, and with its weight brought Rustum to his knees. Rustum clutches the sand with his fingers. He is now at Sohrab's mercy, will Sohrab draw his sword, and finish him? (Compare what Rustum does afterwards, when Sohrab is in a similar plight). Sohrab looks on and smiles, and bares not his sword, but speaks courteously to Rustum: "You strike too hard; that club of yours will float upon the summer floods of Oxus, and not my bones. Stand up and don't be angry; I am not angry, for when I look on you wrath forsakes my soul. And yet you say you are not Rustum. Who are you, then, that so touches my soul? Boy as I am, I have waded in the front of many a bloody battle, and have heard the agonizing shrieks of dying men. But never was my soul so affected before. Whence come these "softenings of the heart?" Let us yield to heaven, and leave our angry spears here, and make a truce, and pledge each other in red wine like friends. And you shall tell me of Rustum's deeds. There are enough foes among the Persians, whom I may feel no remorse in striking down. Afrasiab has champions enough for you to fight. But let there be peace between you and me."

Instead of expressing some kind of gratitude to Sohrab, for sparing, Rustum who has now regained his spear, is seized with such a fit of rage, that only at the third effort is he able to give utterance to another speech of defiance—

Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands!

Curled minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words!

Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more!

You are now in the dance of battle, and with a man who makes no play of war. I fight it out. Speak not of truce, and pledge, and wine. Remember your valor, and get ready to fight; all the pity I had for you is vanished. Your skipping tricks and girl's wiles have shamed me before both the hosts."

Sohrab, seeing no hope of friendship, but his opponent more firmly fixed in his purpose to fight it out, draws his sword. They rush together, and the clang of their shields, and din from the blows which they make on each other, resound throughout the plain. The elements take part now in the "unnatural conflict," for they are both (and they alone) enveloped in a whirlwind of sand and cloudy gloom, and cannot be seen by the anxious hosts. But in the gloom they fight away "with bloodshot eyes and laboring breath." Rustum's spear rends Sohrab's shield, but fails to reach the skin, and Rustum plucks it back with "angry groan." Then, Rustum's plume, never before defiled, by a mighty stroke of Sohrab's spear, sinks to the dust. Rustum bows his head; and the gloom grows blacker, thunder rumbles in the air, and lightnings rend the clouds. Sohrab strikes again, and again, Rustum bows his head; but Sohrab's blade sprang into a thousand shivers on the helm, the

hilt alone remaining in his hand. Sohrab is now at the mercy of Rustum, but mercy Rustum has none. With a dreadful glare in his eye, Rustum shakes his menacing spear on high and shouts: "Rustum!" Sohrab hears that name and stands bewildered! he drops his covering shield, and Rustum's spear pierces his side. He reels, staggers, and sinks to the ground;

"And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand."

Rustum now rebukes Sohrab for giving such a challenge, in the hope that Rustum would come to fight him, that he would move Rustum to take a gift, and that he would be praised by the Tartars for standing before Rustum.

"Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!"

Sohrab fearlessly replies that it was not he that slew him, but that name "Rustum" which he shouted and his own filial heart, "but that beloved name unnerved my arm," that he would have won over ten such men as *he*; that Rustum, his father, whom he "sought through all the world" would one day avenge his death.

Rustum: "What prate is this of fathers and revenge?"

The mighty Rustum never had a son."

Sohrab: Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I;"

and when the news of my death shall reach his ear, it will pierce him like a stab, and make him leap to arms and cry vengeance upon you. But though I pity him, I pity my mother more, who will see me no more returning from camp with spoils and honor. The rumor will reach her ear that I was slain in battle with a nameless foe. The thought of his mother, and his own death cause Sohrab to weep aloud.

Rustum is thinking hard, nor does he believe that Sohrab is his son; for he recalls the "sure tidings" that were sent him by Tahmineh, when the child was born. He thinks, therefore, that the dying warrior must have taken upon himself the "style of Rustum's son," or "that men gave it him to swell his fame." With tears in his eyes, Rustum recalls his early youth, and Sohrab's mother in her bloom, and the happy mornings when he used to hunt in the dewy woods of Ader-baijan. Then looking upon the youth, "piteous and lovely, lying on the sand," he saw him "of age and looks to be his own dear son." And gazing with grief on Sohrab, he says:—"You are such a son that Rustum might well be proud of, if you were his. But you err,—for Rustum never had a son; one child he had—a girl, who is now with her mother plying some light female task, and thinking nought of wars and strifes."

The anguish of the spear grows fierce, and Sohrab rising sternly on one arm, replies in wrath to Rustum, in these few memorable lines:

"Man, who art thou that dost deny my words?

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.

I tell thee, pricked upon this arm I bear
The seal which Rustum to my mother gave,

That she might prick it on the babe she bore."

Rustum turns pale, and strikes his breast with one hand, while he presses the other closely to his heart, saying :—

"Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!

If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."

Sohrab bares his arm, and shows the sign pricked in vermilion prints :

"How sayst thou? Is that sign the proper sign

Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?"

Rustum can utter only one short cry :—"O boy, thy father." Oppressed with sorrow, he swoons, and sinks to the ground. Sohrab crawls to where he lay, and casting his arms around his neck, and kissing his lips, and stroking his beard, he strives to recall him to life. At last Rustum opens his eyes, which stand wide with horror. He grasps the sand on which he lay, and throws it in fistfulls on his head; convulsive sobs and groans are choking him; he clutches his sword to end his life, but before he has time to draw it, Sohrab has his hands held tight, and then in soothing terms the latter speaks :—

"Father, forbear! for the death

which I meet to-day was written down in heaven at my birth, to be brought about by your unconscious hand. My heart cried you were my father; your heart too was moved, but fate overcame the promptings of your heart, the same fate which hurled me on my father's spear. I find you at last; let me feel that I have found you. Come and sit near me, take my head in your hands, and kiss my cheeks, and wash them with your tears, and say to me: "My son!" Be quick, father, for I am dying, 'sudden and swift, and like a passing wind.' "

Rustum's heart is moved, and tears flow profusely, and he accedes to the request of his dying son. And Ruksh, "terrible Rustum's terrible horse," "whose renown was noised throughout all the earth;" comes near as if to share in Rustum's grief. Rustum addresses the horse: "Would that your limbs had rotted, rather than brought your master to this field!"

Sohrab then speaks to the horse, as though he had intelligence, "how his mother told him of Ruksh, how he had gone where he himself would never go; how he had often seen the lofty house of Seistan, which fate forbade him to see; and how he himself has always lived but among his father's foes."

Rustum with a heavy groan bewails his crime: "Would that the waters of Oxus were flowing over me!"

Sohrab mildly replies:

"Desire not that, my father! thou must live."

For you must reap a second glory in your age, by doing the deeds which I am dying too young to do. Let the Tartars return in peace across the Oxus, for "they followed me, my hope, my fame, my star." Do not send me with the Tartars, but bear me with thee to Seistan, and mourn for me you, and the snow-haired Zal, and all your friends.

"And thou must lay me in that lonely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
And plant a far-seen pillar over all.
That so the passing horsemen on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
'Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!'
And I be not forgotten in my grave."

Rustum, repeating Sohrab's requests grants them all. He regrets his having ever fought. If all the men from whom he won his fame were now alive, and his bitterest foes, he would let them alone; he would rather be a "common man, a poor, mean soldier, and without renown," so that Sohrab might live too. Would that he were in Sohrab's place and Sohrab in his!

"But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Sohrab, at the point of death replies: "That Rustum shall yet have peace, but on the day when he shall return over the salt blue sea, in a high-masted ship, with

the peers of Kai Khosroo, after laying his master in his grave."

Rustum hopes for that day, and "Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

Sohrab smiles on him, and takes the spear, and draws it from his side, and eases the anguish of his wound. But the blood flows faster, and Sohrab's "life flows with the stream."

"So on the bloody sand Sohrab lay dead.
* * * * *
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.
* * * * *

And Rustum and his son were left alone."

Now that we have accomplished our purpose, the reader might ask us a few questions. Why, for instance, did Rustum fight unknown and in plain arms? Why did not Rustum give Sohrab a chance, when he had him at his mercy, as Sohrab gave him a chance when he might have killed him if he wished? Which of the two after all, is the greater warrior?

Rustum fought unknown, because he did not want that men should say that "he was matched in single fight with any mortal man." Rustum's name and fame were on the lips of all. And Rustum hoarded that fame. Perhaps, too, he was afraid that Sohrab would not fight, if he had known that Rustum was to be the Persian champion; though Gudurz tells Rustum that Sohrab sought him more than all. But I think the author of the Persian epic makes him fight unknown, in order to give us this beautiful episode in his great poem. For, though Sohrab

and Rustum are real personages, we are told there is a lot of fiction connected with them too.

Rustum gave Sohrab no chance, because Rustum came on that field to fight it out. Sohrab sent a challenge to the Persian lords to fight him, man to man. Why did he go back of it, or try to go back of it. Of course, Rustum put the wrong interpretation on Sohrab's reasons, and acted as he thought he should. True, it was not because he was unable, that Sohrab did not kill Rustum, when Rustum was powerless, but he wanted to make good his strong suspicions of Rustum's character. Why did Rustum conceal his name? even when Sohrab struck it right:—"Art thou not Rustum?" Rustum is not wanting in mercy. But read again his first speech, upon seeing Sohrab:—"O thou young man, the air of heaven is soft, etc."

It is hard to decide which of the two is the braver. Sohrab is not his real fighting self in that conflict at all. That both are brave warriors we know from their fame. Rustum "stood on many a field of blood, and fought with many a foe; and never was that field lost or that foe saved." Sohrab has seen bat-

ties too—and has waded foremost in their bloody waves." Hence, both came upon that field by the Oxus, fully confident of victory. Rustum tells the youth that his bones will strew the sand, and float upon the Oxus. Sohrab says he would fight ten such men as *he*; only that the name "Rustum" unnerved his arm. And Rustum says to him: "There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

Rustum, persuaded by Gurdurz, made up his mind to accept the challenge, and all the powers of eloquence of his opponent could not dissuade him from fighting to the bitter end. Sohrab, relying in the glory he had won on the march from Turan to the Oxus, was sure of victory, and his purpose in fighting was, that, when he should kill his foe, his praises would be sounded throughout the world, and Rustum would hear that Sohrab, his son, had beaten the champion of the Persian lords.

If bravery consists in overcoming, then Rustum, who was the victor in the far-famed combat, was the greater warrior of the two. But whom did Rustum conquer? He conquered an "unarmed foe."

GEORGE C. WHIPPLE, '07.

CHARLES A. TAIT, '07.





THE ROSES OF THE SACRED HEART.



What visions fair, this month of June,
Are gardens flower-crowned !
How sweet the scented zephyr breathes,
Their fragrances around !

Nor sun-kissed sky, nor Iris bright,
Their beauteous tints may vie ;
Nor spicy isle of southern sea ;
Nor perfumed Araby.

They blossom forth their essence sweet,
The roses red and white,
And saffron crowned with crest of gold,
The touch of sun's pure light.

Yet purer, fairer, sweeter far
Than queen of summer bowers ;
In gardens of divinest love,
The bloom of Christ's own flowers.

The white, white rose, the stainless rose,
That emblems purity ;
The red, red rose, the crimson rose,
The blood of Calvary.

The saffron rose, the peerless rose,
Sun-tipt with golden hue,
Of love's endearing charity
An image faint but true.

These, with supernal beauty graced,
Which earth can ne'er impart ;
These, fragrant with a sweet untold,
Thy roses, sacred Heart !

E. I. F.

OUR LADY OF MONTSERRAT.

MONTSERRAT, a mountain in the province of Catalonia, about thirty miles from Barcelona, is one of the greatest natural curiosities of Spain. Its name is derived from the broken ridges which stand out like the teeth of a saw. The pious people of Catalonia claim that the mountain was thus split and shattered at the time of the Crucifixion. The mountain owes its renown, not so much to its remarkable appearance as to the miraculous statue found in one of its caves, and to the Benedictine Monastery, which is built there at an elevation of 1200 feet.

The legend of the statue is that shortly after Christmas in the year 880, on a Saturday, the day dedicated to Our Blessed Lady, some shepherds who had driven their sheep to pasture near the river Liobregat, which flows past Montserrat, were preparing towards evening to house their flocks for the night. By the time the wandering sheep were gathered, the sun had sunk below the hills, and night was fast approaching. Suddenly the shepherds beheld above their heads a mellow light, altogether dissimilar from anything they had ever seen before. Positive that it was no illusion, they went towards it and came upon a cave in the mountain, whence issued another light which sent countless rays into the encompassing darkness, as though the sun had taken its abode in the interior of the cavern. Moreover, thousands of tiny lights, resembling

so many stars, seemed to fall from the skies and bury themselves in the clefts of the mountain. At the same time strains of most fascinating music fell upon the ears of the dazzled shepherds, and the air became redolent with the fragrance of myriads of sweet-smelling flowers.

In their simple faith the shepherds concluded that these prodigies were intended to express some wish of Almighty God, and convinced of this they hied themselves to Olesa, and related what they had witnessed.

As the people of Olesa were not animated by the same simple faith as the pious shepherds, they paid no heed to their story deeming it the offspring of an overwrought imagination. The shepherds were sorely grieved that so little credence was placed in their assertions.

On the following Saturday the miracle occurred again, and on this occasion the witnesses of it hastened to the parish priest of Olesa, and to the Bishop of Ansona, and persuaded them to visit Montserrat the next Saturday and see the miracle for themselves.

They paid the visit, not only once, but four times, and on each occasion the mysterious lights were plainly visible. The people were greatly excited, and everywhere the remarkable revelation became the topic of conversation.

There could no longer exist a doubt that they perceived a manifestation from on high, and thus, the bishop accompanied by a num-

ber of priests, and followed by crowds of the faithful, ascended the mountain in solemn procession. As they proceeded they felt themselves drawn on by the harmony of the wonderful music and the perfume of the sweet smelling flowers, until at length they came to the opening of a vast cavern in the rocks. The bishop entered and soon reappeared carrying in his arms a carved wooden figure of the Immaculate Queen, seated on a throne and holding in her lap the Infant Jesus.

How the image got there no one could tell. The statue is supposed to be the one taken to Spain by the glorious Apostle St. James, and placed in the Cathedral of Barcelona. There it remained exposed for the veneration of the faithful for a number of years, until the barbarous Moors overran Spain, when it was hidden for safety by the bishop and the Duke of Barcelona and its hiding place was forgotten.

The Bishop of Ansona decided to carry the image in solemn procession to the church at Manresa. But lo! another miracle took place. When the procession reached the spot where the church now stands, an invisible hand seemed to obstruct the path, and it was found impossible to proceed farther. The people took this as a sure sign that Our Lady wished her shrine at this place. The zealous prelate placed the statue in a cleft of the mountain, and the people prostrating themselves intoned the "Salve Regina."

At first only a small church was

built, but in the course of time Winifred, Count of Barcelona, erected there a convent for nuns, in which his own daughter afterwards took the veil. For eighty years those consecrated virgins of God were the sole guardians of the wonderful image. They were succeeded by the Monks of St. Benedict, who ever since have continued to serve the sanctuary. Until the present century the monastery was one of the most known and best frequented in the world. Emperors and kings prayed at its sanctuary, holy men and women travelled long distances to offer thanksgiving at the hallowed spot, and proved their devotion by costly gifts. The altar glittered with gold, silver and precious stones, and the venerated picture was draped in a silken robe, and wore a golden crown, while twenty silver lamps burned constantly before it. But towards the year 1812 the French overran Spain, took possession of the mountain, and of the convent, devastated the church and robbed it of its treasure.

It was before this miraculous image that St. Peter Nolasco received from the Blessed Virgin his sublime mission to found the Order of Our Lady for the Redemption of Captives. Here too, St. Ignatius of Loyola, founder of the Society of Jesus, hung up his sword as an offering in compliance with his vow.

Although the sanctuary is shorn of much of its pristine magnificence, it still retains its treasure, the miraculous image of Our Lady of Montserrat. The history of the

statue is known throughout Christendom, and the shrine will always be a favorite spot for pilgrims from

all over the world, who are eager to give a proof of their filial love for Our Blessed Mother.

J. DOHERLY, '07.

A RESCUE.

"READY about, boys! Step lively there; look out, you have us spilled! Give her some sheet!" These orders came from the captain of our improvised yacht, on a memorable occasion which I am not likely to forget as long as I live.

Our craft was indeed a grand piece of marine architecture, about fourteen feet long, clinker built, and without a deck. She was originally built for—well, that was too long ago for me to know anything about,—for us it was enough that we had her now, and that she would serve the purpose of a yacht. It took all our inventive genius to make up her rig. When finished she was a sight, but our sailor hearts beat high with pride, as she lay at anchor, off our wharf. Athwart ships, where the mast should be, we had nailed two boards cut a hole and stepped a fine sapling. Next we cut a bowsprit and nailed it to our improvised deck. Now came the question where to get sails. Luckily (or unluckily) an old fellow living in the neighborhood happened to have the relic of one, and our captain managed to procure the rest from somewhere.

By eleven o'clock A. M. all was ready, but as this was too near dinner, our trial spin had to be

postponed until after dinner. The time of waiting we spent sitting on the veranda of the bath house, admiring our production, betting on what she would do under sail, and dreaming of the future, when we should own a real yacht, built in a real shipyard.

After a hasty dinner, off we rushed for the boat. Our youthful captain was there ahead of us. In a moment we were aboard, had set sail, and were underway with a stiff breeze from the southwest.

Then it was that the above mentioned orders were given. It was unnecessary to enjoin caution and quickness, for already we could plainly see that we were going to have our hands full. The boat was stripped of everything that could be spared in order to make her lighter, and enable her to do her best.

By deftly handling the oar which served as a tiller, Guy kept her right side up, till we were satisfied with her speed "on the wind astern."

We were about two miles from home and one from shore, and went tearing up the bay, with all sails drawing, and leaving behind us a wide, foaming wake.

When off the bath-house a spirit of bravado took hold of our steers-

man and instead of coming about, as he should have done, he jibed her.

It all happened in a second. There was a heavy jerk, a snap, a crash, and our mast and sails went by the board. The boat went over on her side, never righted again, and we, ah! where were we? literally in the lurch.

As I said, there was not a single unnecessary piece of gear left in the boat, it was too far to swim ashore without some support, and so, here we were at the mercy of the winds and waves.

Soon we found our position far more dangerous than we had at first imagined. The frames of our boat were of iron, rendering her less buoyant, so that, with the water she had taken, she refused to float with us clinging to her sides. It might be hours before some one might pick us up, and it became painfully evident that we could not keep afloat for that length of time.

Our captain, therefore, decided, that as captain it was his duty to swim ashore, or at least to attempt it, in order to bring aid to his unlucky crew. No sooner said than done. At once we felt the boat considerably lightened. With beating hearts we watched the head of the swimmer bobbing up and down like a cork on the waves. It was nearly a mile to the shore, the distance seemed so long, and the captain's progress, oh how slow! About half way to the beach the head disappeared. Our hearts were in our mouths. Thank God, the head reappeared; only to sink as quickly from sight again. Surely

something must be wrong. Guy was the best swimmer among the boys on that shore, and can it be possible that he is drowning?

There is a movement on the shore. At last we have been seen. A boat is shoved off, and comes dancing over the waves towards the place where Guy has gone down. It reaches the spot just as one of his hands appears above the surface, quickly it is seized, and the boy is lifted into the skiff. Then the rest of the crew, my two younger brothers and myself, are taken off the wreck, and we made the shore. Guy had fainted and was lying unconscious in the skiff, with his head over the gunwale. This was lucky as we found out afterwards, for thus the water which he had taken in, was forced out again. At the time no one thought much of it, only when we had reached the shore, and he had not recovered his senses did we become alarmed.

In such an emergency we were as helpless as babes, all we could do was to stand there and stare, with our mouths wide open. By this time a crowd had gathered, and Guy's mother and sister came hurrying to the scene, only to increase the confusion by their violent grief. They were as helpless as we.

We had landed not far from Loyola, the villa belonging to the College, where the boys who had not gone home for the summer, were spending their vacation. I do not wonder any more now why they are not permitted under any circumstance to go sailing by themselves.

One of the fathers, who had been reading his breviary on the beach, hearing of the accident, ran up to render assistance. With one glance his practiced eye took in the situation, and at once he took command. Without ceremony the crowd of useless lookers-on was forced back, several of us were called upon to help, and told what to do, and soon all the methods known for reviving the drowned, were put into practice. Knowing now how near death was, we worked with a will. The sweat rolled off the father's face; but still he worked, and kept us working too. We had given up hope. Our labor seemed to be useless, and our friend beyond human aid. Not so, thank God, thought the father; he redoubled his efforts, and encouraged us to keep on. Still no sign of returning consciousness. As a last resort the father applied artificial respiration. This consists in breathing gently through the lips or nostrils of the unconscious person, in order to fill his lungs with air, and exhaust them again in imitation of natural inhalation and exhalation. Soon the efficacy of this method became manifest. In a few

moments there appeared a twitching of the lips, a faint sigh, the eyes opened and closed, and even consciousness returned for a little while. We had brought him back to life. But our troubles were not yet over by any means. Convulsion after convulsion shook his frame, threatening to sap what little strength he had left. So violent would he get at times, that it took the united strength of six men to hold him down, and prevent him from doing injury to himself. Then he would fall back exhausted, without a sign of life. Each time artificial respiration brought him to again. Finally, after an hour's work, a doctor came, and by injecting morphine quieted him down sufficiently to enable us to carry him home. The priest and the doctor remained with him the whole night, because the convulsions had come on again, and only toward morning was he pronounced out of danger, when the father and myself took our leave.

It is hardly necessary to add, that, when I go sailing again it will not be in a home-made craft, or with a home-made rig.

J. NEELY, '07.

WILLIAM O. DALY.

WE cordially congratulate Mr. W. O. Daly, an old Spring Hill alumnus, on the success he is achieving in the career he has chosen. When he left his Alma Mater in 1897 and decided to adopt the stage as his profession, we felt

assured that his name would soon be favorably known in the theatrical world. For while at college, he had often given unmistakable signs of his talent as an actor. His services were always in demand when a play was to be given on the col-



WILLIAM DALY.



Mr. W. O. Daly as Gaston, Duke of Orleans.

lege stage, and he never failed to gain the applause of the audience. A few days before Commencement Day of 1898 the principal actor in the play, "Hermigild" fell ill and Mr. Daly was asked to take his place; in a few days he mastered the difficult role and played it to the satisfaction of all.

Mr. Daly joined the Creston Clarke Company and has been with them during three seasons. He has enacted the roles of Prince of Verona in "Romeo and Juliet;" Marquis of Dorset in "Richard III;" Doctor Zimmer in "The Bells;" Gaston, Duke of Orleans, in "Richelieu;" Rosencrantz in "Hamlet," etc.

On February 20, 1901, Mr. Daly came with Creston Clarke to Mobile and played in "The Last of His Race." We quote the follow-

ing eulogy from the Mobile Register. . . . "The night was notable also for the reception given to the old Mobile boy, W. O. Daly, who appeared in the only comedy part in the piece, that of the bashful lover, "Lucien de Veaujour." As usually played such a part is made absurd. No woman of taste could be in love with a well-dressed gawk whose every word and action was a blunder. Mr. Daly's conception of the part was that of a bashful but not otherwise afflicted young man of fashion. Even his bashfulness appeared to be something of an attraction. He did not overdo it, or make a farce of it, but played it with such delicacy of appreciation as to identify himself with it thoroughly. In addition, it should be said that Mr. Daly has a good appearance, while his voice is



Mr. W. O. Daly as Rosencrantz.

of peculiar sweetness of tone. Mobile has every reason to be proud of her young actor. The audience was very sensible of his efforts and gave him much applause. His friends made to him a very handsome offering of flowers at the close of the second act."

When Creston Clarke went to England last autumn, Mr. Daly joined the Braunig stock company. While with this company he acted Perrie Frochard in "The Two Orphans," Jean Renaud in "The Celebrated Case," Philipe Rameau in "Credit Lorraine."

The veteran manager, Robert C. Hudson, says of Mr. Daly: "There

is a young man with a future. He is one of the brightest members of our company, and in the line of parts that fall to his lot he displays intelligence, earnestness of purpose and excellent dramatic ability. His rendition of Francois in "Richelieu" is especially meritorious, and is as good an interpretation of that role as any I have ever seen."

At present Mr. Daly is at his home in Moblie, engaged in private study. He intends to join again the company of Creston Clarke next July. He will act prominent parts in the Shakesperian plays and in Clarke's new play "The Wolf."

JOS. M. WALSH, '03.

THE CONFEDERATE'S STORY.

"NO doubt, you are going hunting today," said Mrs. Filmore to her son, John, as he rushed into the room, where she was sitting reading a book.

"No sport today, mother, I am off on business."

"On business! exclaimed his mother, smiling at the thought, that John would think of attending to any kind of business on a holiday. Sure enough mother, I mean it. Bennie and I have to go down to the Soldiers' Home today.

"And what may be your object in going there today I ask?"

"O! nothing in particular, we simply want to take a look at the place, talk to the soldiers, and— and—"

"And what?" interrupted Mrs. Filmore.

"Mother! I do not like to tell you just now, only trust me and you will know in good time." Mrs. Filmore, looking into the frank and eager face before her, did not ask any more questions, but gave her permission, and handed him his car fare.

After the boy had left, the good lady sat for quite a while in deep thought. What could be the mighty reason that made John forego his dearly beloved hunting, instead of roaming the woods with his dogs and gun, go and pay a visit to the old soldiers at the Confederate Home. As no solution of the problem appeared, Mrs. Filmore returned to the book which she had laid aside at the entrance of her only son.

A few miles from the center of the town, easily reached by a line of electric cars, lies the beautiful Home, which the grateful and generous people of the South have provided for those who for many a weary month and year, fought and suffered in a noble and unfortunate cause. All honor to those loyal and generous hearts that saved the declining years of many a faithful old warrior from misery and want.

Among the visitors on their way to the Home, we noticed John and his college chum, Bennie Hoskins, hurrying along under the fine live oaks, which line the entrance to the grounds. As they passed through the gate an animated scene lies before them. It is visitor's day. Here and there, under shady trees or along pleasant walks are groups of soldiers and visitors. Seated on a bench near the porch, a venerable, but still hardy looking veteran is smoking his pipe with an air of perfect ease and comfort.

Here is our chance, said Bennie, turning to John; let us go up to him and ask him for a story. Captain Carter had noticed the boys also, and as John, who wore his uniform as sergeant of the College Cadets, saluted him in military fashion, welcomed them most heartily. "How are you my boys? Paying us a visit? Hope you are enjoying yourselves."

"Well captain, we are here not for pleasure, but on business." As the soldier looked somewhat astonished, our friends continued.

"You see, captain, it is this way. Next Wednesday we have to write

a competition in English prose, with the prospects of a gold medal for the most successful competitor. Now Bennie and myself thought a story of some battle related to us by an eye-witness would make a fine subject. Couldn't you help us?"

"Well, boys, what battle do you want? How would Bull Run suit you?" "Which Bull Run," interrupted Bennie. "You know captain there are two. The first one where our boys under Beauregard defeated the Yanks, in great style. And the other, in the second year of the war, when our brave Robert E. Lee routed the Federal army under General Pope, with a loss of twenty thousand men, to our loss of only eight thousand."

"How well I remember that," replied the Veteran with kindling eyes. "Boys I am glad to see that you know history so well."

"Oh! history is all right, any one can copy history, but you know that it would make all the difference in the world, to get some exciting incident of a real battle from some one who was there himself."

"Very well my sons, said the old man, I think I can accommodate you. Sit down here beside me while I tell you the story.

* * * * *

"The incident I am now going to mention, was never told to any one, so you will have the advantage of a brand new story for your competition.

"At the first call to arms, I left my home and joined the army. The first year I served under Beauregard, Longstreet and Hood. I will

not relate all the terrible hardships I had to undergo that year, but will pass on to the next.

“By this time our ranks were pretty well thinned out, and our company was disbanded to fill up other commands. One night, after a long and tiresome march, I wrapped my blanket around me, and lay down to sleep. Standing directly in front of me, in the dim light of the camp-fire, was a soldier, a new man in the company, like myself. Around him were seated a number of other soldiers, cursing and swearing, because one of the new members of their company was a Catholic. They called him a coward and said that he would run at the first shot. Boys, I am not much on religion, don't know enough about it. Still, this a free country, and I don't believe in running a man down on account of his religion.

“Well, as I was saying, I noticed that they were cursing the soldier standing near the fire. Suddenly he turned to the crowd and said: ‘Men, I am a Catholic, and proud of it! and a soldier, too! If we fight tomorrow, and I do not prove myself as brave as any of you, you can hang me on the nearest tree!’ What do you think he did boys? To show that he was not afraid of them, he went over and lay down in their midst. Not another soldier uttered a word against him that night.

“Sure enough, next morning at 8 a. m., orders were issued to reinforce Jackson. We could hear the booming of cannons all day, and in the evening we reached the line of

battle. Our men had been repulsed. Then we were commanded to cross the pontoon bridge, which had been flanked by the enemy's bullets. The captain attempted to cross, but fell over shot through the heart. At least ten followed, only to share the same fate. There was a falter in the ranks and the company began to give way.

“‘Not yet! not yet! boys!’ cried a soldier rushing to the head of the company. Follow me, follow me, and we'll plant the flag on the hill beyond.’

“This was Crawford, the faithful Catholic who had been so basely insulted the night before.

“At this cry I sprang to him, and soon the whole company followed us. Men were falling to right and left; still we pushed on. Crawford reached the opposite side first, and as he stopped to cheer the soldiers on, was struck by a bullet that penetrated his breast.

“‘Leave me here,’ he said, ‘Don't stop for me! go with the company.’

“The army had lined up, and after a hard-fought battle of an hour, our flag was waving proudly on the top of the hill. I immediately returned to Crawford, where he was lying breathing heavily. In a breaking voice, he said: ‘Go! go! if you are a friend, and get me a priest, there are some on the field.’ I found a priest and brought him to the dying soldier's side. The poor fellow thanked me for the favor, fell with his head on my knee, and gradually passed away as gently as a child.

"Many inquired about the soldier, saying that he was a brave man, afraid of nothing, not even the old 'boy' himself. Among those standing around I noticed two of the soldiers who had insulted Crawford the night before. 'Men!' said I 'here is the soldier you insulted last night by calling him a coward. He has proven you to be liars and slanderers. Now if you have any honor about you, you will apologize before all present.' Boys! you bet they did! The crowd made them take back every word."

With these words the captain arose, supporting himself on his crutch.

"Thank you for your story," replied John and Bennie, taking their leave.

Six weeks have elapsed and the College boys, with their parents and friends, are assembled in the exhibition hall. Several medals have been given to others, when John's mother, flushed with pride and pleasure hearing these words: "The gold medal for the best composition in English is awarded to Master John Filmore."

When they had returned home John turned to his mother and said: "Now I will tell you what business I had to attend to on that Sunday a few weeks ago, down at the Soldiers' Home. The story, which won for me the gold medal, was related to me there, by a Confederate Veteran."

ED. L. HARANG, '06.

THE LEGEND OF GUADELUPE.

OUR story goes back to the year 1531. On Saturday, December 9th a poor Mexican, Juan Diego by name, started from the village of Quatitlan on his journey to the City of Mexico, a league distant, in order to assist at Mass in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary, whose faithful servant he had always shown himself.

Although Juan was lacking in the goods of this world, still he was rich in the Christian virtues of innocence and simplicity. The sun was gradually rising above the horizon when Juan arrived at the foot of Tepeyac, which overlooks the lake near Mexico. On a sudden

sweet strains fell upon his ears. In his astonishment he looked up and lo! he beheld on the top of Tepyac a bright cloud, which before his eyes, underwent marvellous transformations. From the center of it flashed forth a beam of light, which, by expanding more and more, made a halo, tinged with the variagated hues of the rainbow.

Juan could scarcely believe his senses when a voice called him by name. Speedily he climbed the mountain and perceived a woman of peerless beauty, encircled with dazzling magnificence, a bright light darting forth from her whole person. Juan approached and the Blessed

Virgin—for she it was—expressed her wish to have a shrine erected on that very spot, which before had been polluted by a Pagan temple, and she ordered Juan to hasten to Mexico and inform the bishop of her desire. Without hesitation or delay, the Indian wended his way towards Mexico, and on arriving there, went forthwith to the prelate's palace. When brought before the bishop, Juan humbly prostrated himself and made known the request of the Mother of God. The bishop listened with great attention to the recital, but, afraid lest Juan might be deceived or misled by imagination he ventured on no decisive answer, bidding him come back after some time, as an affair of such import required mature reflection.

Sad at heart and discouraged, Juan retraced his steps homeward. On arriving at the spot of the apparition, he perceived that the Queen of Heaven was still there apparently awaiting him. In no wise astonished, Juan climbed the hill and humbly kneeling down at her feet, related to her the scanty success his mission had reaped. Quietly and kindly did our Blessed Lady listen, and in order to comfort and encourage him, bade him call to mind, that though she held sovereign sway over millions of bright spirits, still in her boundless love she had selected him, her favorite child, for this noble undertaking.

In accordance with Mary's injunction to seek once more the bishop's assistance, Juan returned to the prelate's palace on the fol-

lowing day. The aged prince of the Church received him kindly. A suppliant at the bishop's feet, Juan with many a sob, informed him that he had seen for the second time the Blessed Virgin who again expressed her wish to have a shrine erected on that same spot.

"I put faith in your assertions," said the prelate, "nevertheless in order to make sure that there be no deception, you will request her, whose messenger you are, to give you some token by means of which we may find out if she really be the Immaculate One."

Juan followed by some of the bishop's servants, once more sought the sacred spot. When he had drawn near the bridge that spans a river close by the hill of the apparition, he suddenly disappeared.

The servants of the bishop, vexed and dumbfounded at the occurrence, searched for Juan in every direction, but all to no purpose. Convinced that they had been duped, they returned to their master, telling him that the Indian was an impostor, and should by all means be severely punished. This disappearance had been decreed by Heaven in order that the lowly Mexican might be the sole witness of the prodigy, for Juan had effected it neither through malice nor cunning.

When in his candor and simplicity Juan had related to the Mother of God all that had happened at the bishop's house she told him to go a third time promising to bestow on him the sought for sign.

Meanwhile Juan Bernardino,

Juan's uncle, fell a victim to some fatal malady, and fearing that his end was near, requested his nephew to summon a priest from the monastery of Santiago, near Mexico. Accordingly on the next day, December 13th, Juan set out at day-break on his errand of mercy.

The first rays of the sun were gilding the top of the hill of the apparition when Juan came up to it. Fearing to meet the Blessed Virgin, for he had not as yet complied with her last behest,—Juan took another path. Suddenly, as he hastened on, he saw her coming down the hill to meet him. "My child," said she, "whither are you hurrying?" With the blush of shame on his countenance, Juan threw himself on his knees before the Queen of Heaven, and in all naïvete explained: "Most sweet Virgin, I beg of you not to be angry with me, for my uncle is on the point of death, and I am in search of a priest. When I have accomplished this duty, I will return to receive your orders. Forgive me, if I cause you any sorrow, and in your kindness receive the excuse I proffer. Tomorrow at early dawn I will come back."

No sooner had these words been uttered than Mary told him that at that very hour his uncle was completely restored to health. "Climb up," she continued, "to the summit of the hill and pluck the fragrant flowers that are blooming there. Place them in your cloak and carry them to me; I will tell you what you are to do with them." Juan, although conscious that no roses

ever bloomed at that spot, still, full of faith and confidence, obeyed without making a remark. Who shall describe the Indian's surprise when he beheld there a pretty garden, replete with the most beautiful and exquisite of roses? He plucked as many as his cloak could hold, and hurrying back, displayed on bended knees his wonderful treasure to our Blessed Lady. The Queen of Heaven took these magnificent roses in her pure hands, and placing them once more in the cloak, bade Juan present these to the prelate as a proof of the order she had imposed upon him. Without any delay, Juan, beside himself for joy and gratitude, started off for Mexico and on reaching the palace, requested an interview with the bishop. The servants examining his cloak found out that he had something concealed in it, and by dint of pushing and pulling him about, succeeded in finding out his treasure. Strange to say, however, whenever they wished to seize the roses, they found only painted flowers, designed on Juan's cloak. Respectfully approaching the bishop, the Indian opened his cloak to show the sign that was to bear witness to the truthfulness of his words. Lo! fresh, fragrant flowers, glittering diamond-like from the morning dew, fall to the floor and by a wonderful miracle left a picture of the Mother of God impressed on the cloak. Astonished at this, the prelate knew not what to admire more, the sweet scented roses blooming at such a time of the year, or the admirable picture,

angel-like in its workmanship. Filled with holy awe, he exclaimed: "The finger of God is manifest in these occurrences," and devoutly prostrating himself venerated the sacred picture and had it conveyed to his private chapel.

So great, however, was the concourse of people flocking from all directions to venerate it, that he caused it to be placed in the Cathedral of Mexico, where it remained until a becoming temple was erected on the top of Tepeyacac.

Great was the joy and enthusiasm of the people when the Virgin of Guadalupe took formal possession of the shrine reared in her honor, on the very spot rendered sacred by her apparition. From that day forward the Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe became a favorite place of devotion for the poor Mexicans who, on all occasions have experienced her powerful protection in time of need and danger.

L. LANGE, '07.

TRUE COURAGE.

A STORY FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

A FEW weeks ago, the *Isla de Luzon*, one of the gunboats captured from the Spaniards at the battle of Manila Bay, visited Mobile on her way from the Philippines to New York. Many of the crew were Catholics; and one of them while visiting the College, was asked to tell a yarn.

"Well, boys," he said, "I was on the Asiatic station for five years, and God knows I ought to have matter enough for many a yarn. I won't talk of the battle of Manila; that you know well enough, let me tell you something new."

"It was about a year after we had sunk the Spanish fleet and about a month after I had been transferred from the Boston to the flagship *Olympia*. One day our commander was notified to look after a certain gang of Bolomen who had been very troublesome to our sol-

diers, and who besides, were pirates of the worst kind. They had surprised several small vessels, and tortured and murdered every one on board. Their headquarters seemed to be one of the innumerable small islands, some distance southeast of Mindanao.

"It did not take our captain long to form his plan. He mustered the crew on deck and called for volunteers to go on "dangerous duty." The whole ship's company stepped forward to a man. One hundred and fifty able-bodied seamen were chosen, I among them. The captain briefly explained what was required of us. His plan was this: He would man a moderate sized sailing vessel with a strong force; when near the haunt of the pirates, disguise it as a ship in distress, and thus lure the pirates to an attack. Every one of us knew the risks we

were running in cruising among these islands in such a craft; many a reef, unmarked on the chart, lurking a few feet beneath the surface of the sea; the monsoon season not far off; in the narrow channels between the different islands, a burning sun by day, and a pestilential atmosphere by night, not to mention the cruel and treacherous foe we were hunting for. However we did not care. Anything for a change.

"Next morning our executive officer went ashore to look for a ship to be used as a decoy; and buy the supplies necessary for the expedition. He purchased a large three-masted schooner from a British resident who had been using her in the cocoanut trade. The first thing we did was, to change her name from "Cocoanut" to "Helen Brent." The same officer who had bought her was put in charge of the expedition. He certainly was the bravest man I ever knew, but at the same time mighty hard on the men. No fooling with him. As a lad he had seen service on one of the cruisers that had floated the Stars and Bars during the civil war. Absolutely without fear himself, he would not bear the slightest sign of that failing in any one under him. When our armament, consisting of two four-inch rifles and four Colt's rapid firing guns amidships, with some Maxims in the bow and stern, had been placed in position, we were divided into watches and divisions under our respective officers; so that, by the time we had weighed anchor and were passing Cavite,

every one knew his station and special duty.

"Among the officers I noticed one in particular, a young naval Cadet fresh from Annapolis, almost a mere lad, at most eighteen years of age and looking even younger. He had begged so hard for permission to join the expedition, that the commander of the *Olympia* finally gave his consent. He had charge of the Colts in the port battery and commanded whaleboat No. 3.

"We had been cruising among the islands for several days without finding a sign of a Bolo camp or suspicious looking craft. During the day we had to remain below deck, to keep up our character of a trading ship, but after sundown we were allowed to come on deck. Here the men would gather in groups and listen to some gruesome tale of Filipino cruelty and treachery; how they would cut out the heart of some poor prisoner, slice up another bit by bit, flay a third alive, and so on. How our old tars delighted to entertain their younger messmates with tales of such a cheerful and pleasant nature. But woe to any poor youngster, whose blanched countenance and furtive glances betrayed an attack of the 'shivers;' how they would tease, chaff and plague the life out of him.

"One evening there was a row in the wardroom, a conversation of this kind had been going on among the younger officers, and the young Cadet I mentioned getting rather pale, was asked whether the thought of being sliced up, or flayed alive

did not make him afraid. He was the soul of truth and honesty, so he frankly replied: "Yes, I am afraid of that, but all the same I mean to do my duty, come what may."

'You miserable coward,' hissed one of his fellow cadets, why didn't you stay home with mamma'

Quick as thought young Edgeworth's fist shot out and knocked the one who had insulted him sprawling to the floor. When the captain heard of the affair, he summoned Edgeworth on deck. Looking him over from head to foot, he said with a sneer on his face and loud enough for all of us to hear: 'I want no cowards on board this ship, young man! if you think the navy is a nursery — — 'Sir,' broke in the lad, pale as death, but with flashing eyes, 'Sir, I am no coward, I am a gentleman.'

'Did you not say that you were afraid of the Bolos?' retorted the commander.

'Yes, sir, I said as much, but all the same I intend to do my duty unflinchingly, history tells us that Pyrrhus was afraid of the Romans, still he — — —' 'Pyrrhus be hanged, and you too,' shouted the captain, now thoroughly angry, 'you said that you were afraid, and in the American navy, we call one who is afraid, a coward, if you are a coward, swallow it; go forward on extra duty and remain there until further orders!'

Without a word the lad saluted and went to his post. The men exchanged significant glances, but an old salt, commonly called Old

Barnacles, turning to me growled, 'blast my eyes, Tom, if this chap is a coward, you may call me a soldier. 'Did ye see how he faced the Old Man? When it comes to the scratch, he won't flinch.'

Before nightfall we sighted an island somewhat larger than the rest, but, owing to the mist which rose after dark, we lost sight of it again. You may be sure we kept a close watch that night. Some thought they heard the sound of stealthy rowing, but we were not disturbed. Next morning, a light breeze sprung up, and as the clouds of vapor rolled away,—there were the pirates sure enough. They had seen us the evening before and had taken the bait. There was one suspicious looking craft on the starboard quarter, and another one over the port bow. As we were drifting along with an old, tattered sail on the main and foremast, and a most disreputable-looking jib on the bowsprit, we must have looked for all the world, like some unlucky trader who had been surprised by one of those sudden and fierce storms so common in this latitude.

On they came: two large felucas, with their low, black hulls, lateen sails and long sweeps, and crowded with men, Malays, of every shade and hue, with a sprinkling of villainous looking Chinese. When our commander thought they were near enough, his orders came: "Up with the sails! helm hard a port!" "As we swung around, they got a hot welcome from our starboard battery. A terrific howling and

shrieking told us of the execution we were doing amongst them. Next down went the mast and sails of one of them; but, unfortunately, just then, a shot from the other cut the stays of our foretop, and before we could repair the damage, they had turned and were making for an opening in the coastline, as fast as sail and sweeps could drive them. "Lower away the boats," shouted the captain. Soon we were after them in hot pursuit. On reaching the shore, they were out of sight, having escaped up a narrow, winding river, the banks of which were lined with swamps and thick undergrowth. On we went after them; but, as we turned the first bend, we saw that we had run into a trap. From every quarter a hot fire was poured into us. In the confusion, one of our boats ran aground on a mud bank, capsized, and in a moment its crew was struggling in the slime and ooze, or in the swift current. Very few reached the other boats alive. The crash of a fieldpiece, as well as the fast ebbing tide, warned us that it was time for us to get out. Happily their gunners were slow in getting the range, so we got out with only a slight additional loss.

A sorry looking lot we were, as we went on board again, and I think, I rather not quote the language of the captain. One boat with almost its entire crew lost! another badly riddled, and a number of seriously wounded among the rest! That night was a sad one on board the *Helen Brent*. The sight of so many empty hammocks

cast a gloom over the crew. Yes, we were sad, but by no means discouraged. Every one was wild to get at the devils again and even up the score.

The next two days were spent in repairing the damage and preparing for a new attack. There was to be no bungling this time. The captain himself would take command, and employ every boat and every man available. The attack was to be made in two divisions. The lighter whaleboats, with a Colt one pounder in the bow, were to go first. The cutters, being heavier and drawing more water, would follow some distance behind. They carried an Hotchkiss six pounder each. Moreover the attack was not to be made by day, but at night when the enemy would least expect us. The moon would go down some time after midnight, and therefore, about an hour before all was ready. As the men went over the side, they were quiet, but not a few were breathing hard with suppressed excitement. The captain stood near the rail, closely scanning every one. It was Cadet Edgeworth's turn. He was as pale as a ghost.

"What's the matter with you there?" snarled the captain, "to judge by your complexion, your liver must be out of order, better go and see the doctor."

The young man stood as if turned to stone; in the moonlight he looked, if possible, even paler than before. Drawing himself up he answered in a quiet but firm tone: "Sir, I have no command over the blood flowing in my veins, I cannot

prevent it from leaving my face; but you shall see, sir, that I am going to do my duty as well as any one." Respectfully raising his cap in salute, he turned and took his place in the boat. Old Barnacles who sat beside me was disgusted: "Darn the old brute," he grunted, "can't he let the poor little chap alone." By the time we had reached the island and had rowed some distance up the river, the moon had gone down;—and so had the tide. For three hours we had to wait there; ooze and slime and swamp all around us. What a smell; and the mosquitos!

How glad we were when the order came for the whaleboats to go ahead; and in silence we rowed on with muffled oars. Just as the first streak of dawn appeared overhead, we made out the outlines of an old-fashioned fort, right ahead, at the angle of another bend. A shot rang out, and in a few moments the top of the palisade was lined with villainous looking figures, firing at us as fast as they could; but our Colts drove them back again in short order. A cannon ball had passed over us, and a second dropped into the river uncomfortably close. To make matters worse, a swarm of small boats came sweeping round the bend above us, firing as they came and yelling like demons. "Storm the fort," yelled our first lieutenant. There was a narrow strip of mud in front of the stockade. For this we made with all speed. Scarcely had we cleared the channel, when the cutters below, perceiving their chance, brought

their Hotchkiss guns into play with good effect. At the first discharge two of the pirate boats were smashed into splinters, and they skurried back to cover.

As we sprang ashore and struggled through the mud, a murderous fire greeted us. Over went the second lieutenant, shot through the heart; but most of us reached the foot of the fort unharmed. Luckily they could not depress their guns sufficiently to do much harm; at least not for the present. How we tugged and tore at those posts. Useless, they would not move. For a moment all was still, save for the boom of the six pounders and the screeching of the shells, as they went over our heads into the fort. What were the devils up to now? Suddenly, with shouts of laughter, they threw handgranates over the wall right where we stood. One of them struck our first lieutenant and finished him. Needless to say we got away from that spot in a hurry. But what is the matter with the cutters? why don't they come up?"

"Don't you see, you lubber," said old Barnacles, "they got to silence those old cannons above us first, besides, the Old Man knows that the water is still too shallow for his cutters; just wait, unless one of these fellows manages to pot you, you will hear from him yet."

"All very fine, but what are we going to do in the meanwhile? thirty of us bunched together in this awful place without officers! Ah! I had forgotten

young Edgeworth; but there he stood with a smile on his boyish face, his nervousness all gone. 'Courage, men, we'll get them yet. I have a plan here! Some of you throw me over the wall; I know if I am once in, you'll follow somehow.' Not a man stirred; stamping his foot and with his shrill voice ringing over the din, he gave the order: 'Attention, seamen, do your duty; I command here.'

"Jack Connybear, a burly sailor, six feet four and of tremendous strength, lurched forward and said: 'Sir, let them throw me over; won't I do?' With a rippling laugh the young lad cried: 'Why, Jack, we hav'nt got a steam crane here to hoist you in; nothing less would get you over; no, I guess I will have to go; you, Jack, and old Barnacles throw me in this instant, I command it.' And so over he went, with his revolver in one hand and a boat flag in the other. Before the hubbub subsided which his unexpected arrival among them had caused, most of us, jumping on the shoulders of the others, were over, too. Shall I ever forget the sight. What had he done? Before any one could touch him, quick as a monkey, he had shinned up the flag-staff, torn down the black rag and fastened Old Glory in its place. But just as we leaped in, a pistol shot brought him down; and the whole crowd were slashing and hacking at him with their bolos and krises. Like a whirlwind we were at them, blind with fury, and

fighting more like demons than men.

"A tremendous shout and cheer told us that the cutters, too, were on hand. They had seen what was going on and were racing to our support. I tell you, in a short time we had made a clean job of it. When all was over, there were no prisoners to be looked after.

"Still as we rowed back to the ship, we had no heart to cheer. There in the captain's cutter lay a bundle, covered over with a flag. Yes, the bolos and krises had well nigh sliced up poor little Edgeworth. Even now it makes my blood boil to think of it.

"Next morning, on the high sea, the Church pennant was floating from the peak; on a plank, sowed up in a shotted hammock, lay all that was left of our young leader. The captain read the burial service and we could all see that he was deeply moved. Before giving the order to let go, he turned to us and said in a husky voice: 'Men I wish to undo, as far as I can, the wrong I have done this noble hero. Misled by appearances, I have called him a coward; him! the bravest of all of us. May God forgive me.'

"You may be sure, boys," concluded our visitor, "our captain lost nothing by these honest words of his. We respected him all the more, and henceforth did not mind his rough ways; we knew his heart to be allright."

D. T. HAILS, '06.

“ BACKWARD, TURN BACKWARD. ”

(IMITATION.)

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight ;
Make me a student again, just for to-night ;
Give me the pleasure when light and gay
I played foot-ball, say half the day.
Give me the bruises that followed the bliss,
On the part of my back that a foot didn't miss ;
Give me the rubbing that followed it then,
Make me a rollicking student again.

Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight ;
Give me a talk with the professor to-night,
The man that lectured me five times a day,
Oh, give me one chance at that teacher, I say.
Give me problems and essays at will.
Let the pleasure of working them cheer me and thrill.
Give me the classmates again just to-day,
Give me back that rapturous bliss, I pray.

Give me the campus on the brow of the hill,
Where thought of the playing gave me a thrill ;
The fellows that played every day on the nine,
Raising the ball o'er the fence, time after time ;
The boy that forever was wanting a cigarette,
The fellow with a mouth, man never stopped yet ;
The troubles that hit me, the punishments plain,
Oh ! give me the bliss of my school-days again.

Give me the sorrows, the joys, and the pain,
Of being a student just once, once again.
If you'd fill me with rapture and cheerful delight,
Backward, turn backward, oh, Time, in your flight.

BRAEME, JN.



SENIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

CANALS.

IT is not our intention in this short article to attempt a lengthy disquisition on a subject about which volumes might be written. American thought has been running so much on canals during the past few years, that we do not think it out of place to do a little cruising in that direction. It is our intention then to detach a few items for the readers of the REVIEW, from a maze of scientific and but too often contradictory details from which the ordinary reader turns away in disgust.

With all our vaunted civilization and self-conceit, we have to go back to the ancients to trace canals from their origin to their highest stage of development, just as we have to go to their literature and fine arts to find the norm or type of our highest ideal of perfection and beauty.

We are not sure whether Adam dabbled in canals, but we are certain a great number of his descendants did. Egypt, from a remote antiquity, had a network of six thousand canals which carried the waters of the Nile over an immense area, distributing its riches among barren plains and converting its deserts into fertile valleys and smiling gardens. We have no record of the time when China first built that incomparable system of canals, from which it enjoys so many advantages. Every province is traversed by a large canal, in such a manner, that this immense empire is provided with a never failing means of irrigation and interior navigation.

These large canals are so many principal arteries from which branch off divisions and subdivisions, so perfect in arrangement that there is scarcely a city, town or hamlet that does not possess an ample supply of water proportionate to its size.

To the commonplace individual of the 20th century some of these stupendous labors seem incredible. In China alone, besides the Great Wall—an everlasting monument to the patriotism and patient zeal of this curious race—there is the great Imperial Canal, extending some 600 miles from Peking to Hangchow, and thence, with the exception of a comparatively slight break, connecting Peking with Canton, a distance of more than 1,000 miles. And yet, during the past three years, one of the greatest nations in the world has sat deliberating in cold debate which of the two to choose, some thirty or forty odd miles in Panama or Nicaragua. Another example is the Royal Canal of Babylon, built about the year 1700 B. C., and afterwards enlarged so as to convey large merchant ships. Herodotus considered it one of the wonders of his time.

It may be of interest to say a few words here about some facts connected with the former history of the present Suez Canal, so much talked about some years ago.

Strabo and Pliny tell us that Sethos, King of Egypt, connected a branch of the Nile with the Red Sea about 1,300 B. C. According

to Herodotus, King Necho began the construction of a large ship canal, along the same route, about 600 years later, but desisted from the attempt on the declaration of an oracle, that it would be made use of by invaders. This same argument has put in an appearance again, dug up like an Egyptian mummy, after 3,000 years of silent forgetfulness. Some 20th century oracles have spoken quite lately, and, lo! the same message, together with others of the like ilk, has been solemnly delivered after due prognostication. We trust they will have even less effect than they had 3,000 years ago. This canal was continued under Darius Hystaspis and finally completed by Ptolemy Philadelphus. Diodorus testifies that the latter connected it with the the sea by means of locks. It was over 90 miles long, 150 feet wide, and, according to Pliny, 30 feet deep.

It is a fact worthy of note that the warlike nations of the world have left us nothing worth speaking of in this respect. Enterprises of so gigantic a nature could only be the growth of the resources and leisure born of unbroken peace and prosperity. Even the Romans, who have stamped the imperial seal of their greatness on every great work that tended to the advancement of civilization and commerce, have left us nothing worthy of their name, in this particular line, where whole hordes of slaves could so easily have been employed. We can not for a moment imagine that the Romans were blind to the advantages to be

derived from canals. It would be an insult to that dominant spirit of energy and enterprise, that stamps every work this wonderful people undertook to accomplish. It would ill become the builders of those superb aqueducts and roads, that have so strenuously braved the ravages of vandalism and time, and are even today a spectacle of grandeur, admiration and wonder. Moreover, passages from some of their historians leave no doubt as to this. Tacitus thus speaks of a projected canal between the Rhine and the Rhone: (Cfr. *Annales*, B. XIII—c, 53). "*L vetus Mosellam atque Ararim facta inter utrumque fossa connectere parabat, ut copiae per mare, dein Rhodana et Arari subvectae, per eam fossam, mox fluvio Mosella in Rhenum, exin Oceanum decurrerent, sublatisque itineris difficultatibus, navigabilia inter se Occidentis Septentrionisque littora fierent.*"

Coming nearer to our own times, we find that canals were not introduced into Europe until as late as the 12th century. The Netherlands was naturally enough the first country to adopt them. This easy means of transportation being perfectly adapted to a flat country, it was soon widely extended.

Italy next became interested in the subject. Venice, then Mistress of the Seas, saw at a glance the great emoluments to be derived through these avenues of commerce. To the illustrious Italian painter, Leonardo Da Vinci, scarcely less famous as engineer and architect, is due the honor of having been the

first to use locks in the Milanese canals, in 1497. The French king invited him over to France soon after, to superintend the application of this important discovery in that kingdom. France can now boast of a very extensive and complete system of canals. That of Languedoc, or as it is often called "The canal du Midi" is especially worthy of mention. After traversing several mountain chains, valleys and rivers, it finally connects the Atlantic and the Mediterranean, by means of the Gironde and the Garonne. In one place it reaches the enormous elevation of 600 feet above sea level. The Ludwig canal, built by Louis I of Bavaria, is the principal canal in Germany. It is about 110 miles long, and connects the waters of the Rhine with those of the Danube. At Newmarket it reaches an elevation of 650 feet above the Rhine level and 250 feet above that of the Danube.

In modern times, canals have been multiplying very rapidly. It is estimated that in the little country of England alone, there were 2,500 miles of canal, before the introduction of railroads into that kingdom. This number is more than doubled at the present day, notwithstanding the great railroad mileage and the conservatism of the inhabitants.

Coming to America, we find that canals, like everything else, seem to flourish in a free country. This nation had scarcely struck from its young limbs the shackles of one of the most powerful empires of the world, when it bounded forward in all the exuberance of youth and

freedom, in the new found path of prosperity. The new republic was scarcely out of its teens, when an admiring world beheld it undertake some of those achievements, which have enabled it, in a few years, to compete with the commerce of the combined nations of the world. We doubt if such would be the case were there in former times half the red tape and clock work patriotism, that distinguish some enterprises of a less remote period. We, hope, however, to see the former spirit of the nation reassert itself in the present Panama canal question.

It is not within the scope of the present article to enter into this question, nor to discuss the arguments, pro and con. Some of these are similar to that, which denied the necessity or utility of art, since we had its parent, nature, everywhere present. It was at one time urged with apparent candor, that the providence of God had supplied rivers enough for all the needs of man, and consequently canals were an impious superfluity. This silly objection, with nothing but its pious twang to recommend it, like some others we have heard of late, was well answered by saying that God had provided rivers wherewith man might feed the canals. The votaries of this sort of logic might urge in the same manner the inutility of city waterworks or electricity. They seem to forget that Mahomet had to go to the mountain.

If any of our readers should be very desirous of acquiring an extensive knowledge on the Isthmian canal, we refer them, free of charge,

to the pile of Congressional Records, scientific reviews, pamphlets, journals, speeches and various other contradictory lucubrations, that have appeared within the last twelve months. A task, we confess, we had not the courage to undertake. How the mummies of the Pharaohs must shift uneasily in their mausoleums at the modern way of doing things! It is only natural that they should be anxiously awaiting to compare this so much talked about paper canal, with some of their own handiwork. Fearing that some of our readers may be so stubborn as not to follow our own example in the present case, we will give them, by way of ballast, a few *praenotanda* to help them to wade, at least knee deep, if not deeper, through this watery question.

To begin, therefore, from the very beginning, we may state that the meaning of the word "canal" is now commonly limited to an artificial watercourse, used, primarily, as a passage for boats, and incidentally for making money. The construction of such watercourses is, notwithstanding all the improvements of the century just passed, considered one of the most difficult enterprises of modern times. The first and most necessary condition is that there should be a plentiful supply of water. To have enough of this slippery material on a summit level, to feed locks, etc., is a very delicate problem and very often interwoven with numerous other difficulties. It is here the skill of the engineer is taxed to its utmost. He is obliged to take into account

the smallest losses, which may arise from various causes, and to make use of every resource, which nature and his own skill may place at his disposal. For this purpose, a profound knowledge of the topography of the route, its climate and hygrometric state are of absolute necessity. While contending with difficulties such as these, he has to make a very definite calculation of the losses arising from filtration, evaporation, seepage and other emergencies in the handling of locks, etc.

It is strange then, that with all the exactitude required in projecting a costly work of this kind, such grave errors should sometimes be made. What an anomaly to see men, who pin their faith on so called infallible science, propagate for certitude errors, which, if made in any branch of speculative knowledge or philosophy, would be sufficient in the eyes of some of these wooden-rule scientists to relegate the whole system to the region of the obsolete and the absurd. If the human mind can go astray in a tangible question of this kind, it is easy to understand some of the vagaries that take place in the higher and more abstract branches of science. It was ascertained at one time, by a corps of engineers, and specified in their report, that the level of the Red Sea was 30 feet higher than that of the Mediterranean, an error which held undisputed sway for half a century. More than one strange scientific idea has been propounded with regard to the proposed Isthmian canal on this continent.

Some of the difficulties we have been speaking of exist only in certain cases. A long canal is liable to labor under those already mentioned, and in addition very frequently necessitates the building of aqueducts, by means of which the necessary water is conveyed across rivers and other obstructions. In a tide-level canal nothing more is required than digging a channel deep enough to connect the deep water of one body of water with that of another. A channel of this kind is affected by the tides, if there are any; hence the name Tidal canals.

Locks, therefore, are the distinguishing feature of all other canals. By a lock is understood a kind of dam or chamber, through which navigation is accomplished, between two reaches of different levels. If we suppose, for instance, a large boat at the base of the Niagara Falls, we could, by erecting a huge dam, some distance down the river, float the vessel until she is on a level with the summit of the falls, and thus convey her up the river. Again, if we suppose another boat coming down and entering this dam while it is full we could by emptying the dam gradually lower the boat to the base of the falls. Thus a navigable communication has been made between two reaches of different levels.

Primitive locks were of the type just described. The example cited would, of course, be a practical impossibility, owing to the magnitude of the forces to be controlled. In fact, the cost of damming a river of any kind, and the tediousness of

the whole process, naturally led to the removal of the lock chamber from the main channel altogether. The original method was improved upon, by placing a gate at each end of the lock chamber, one opening on the higher level, or reach, and the other on the lower.

This chamber takes the place of the dam, in the example cited above. The lower gate being open, a boat enters this chamber on the lower level, and the gate is immediately closed behind it. The lock chamber is then filled with water, which gradually lifts the boat until the water in the chamber is on the same level as the water on the upper level. The upper gate is now opened and the boat goes her way up the canal. In descending, the reverse of this process has to be applied. It is evident that one of the gates should always be shut, or the two levels would soon assimilate. In a huge lock, the loss of water consequent to every passage of a boat is not so small a factor as one may be led to imagine.

It is not necessary here to enter upon the many minor details that regard the actual construction of a canal. Their character is such that they have to be modified and adapted to the nature of soil and climate. With these few *praenotanda* the reader is in a position to understand much of what has been written, concerning the proposed Isthmian canal. The tide level canal in this, as in other cases, would eventually prove the best. The great cost and the time required have, however, to be taken into account.

For these reasons we believe the lock canal to be the more feasible. It is estimated that the total cost of a tide level canal would reach \$238,800,000, while that of a lock canal would be \$125,760,000. The canal could be conveniently built with six locks, but it is proposed to have twin locks in each case, so that in case of accident traffic could be carried on as usual. Each lock will cost about \$2,400,000.

The problem of a summit level supply can be solved only by the control of the Chagres river. By

building a dam across the Chagres valley, the river and all its tributaries could be checked, so as to form a lake of immense size, extending across the whole valley. This lake would serve as the summit level. The only other considerable difficulty consists in the reduction of the continental divide, which is 300 feet above sea level. Although the Isthmus at Panama is only 35 miles wide as the crow flies. The canal when completed from deep water to deep water will be about 45 miles long.

J. A. BOUDOUSQUIE, '03.

THE PROGRESS OF OUR NAVY.

THE Scientific American Supplement under date of January 17th brought out a brief but highly interesting set of data on the principal navies of to-day.

A comparative study of the strength of the various sea powers there presented shows that in point of numbers England and France are still in the lead, while other countries are hard at work to hold and improve their naval standing.

It is a question very near to our interest, how do we compare with others in this race for supremacy?

This question derives additional meaning from the fact that our possessions in the far East are in the immediate neighborhood of a very promising centre of international disturbance, and that the surrounding waters have become the camping ground of an imposing array of prospectively rival fleets.

It is evident that in view of such a condition of affairs, we must be ready to make secure what belongs to us and to stand prepared also for a vigorous defense of all other interests incident to our main holdings.

To do this demands, of course, such a strength in Eastern waters as will make rivals slow to challenge us, while friends will count it worth while to join or support our side of any quarrel that should arise.

The same need of an efficient navy of sufficient strength exists at home. We need ships to guard our vast expanse of coast, and we must be prepared to police and effectually wield control over, the canal, by which this country has now decided to join the Pacific and Atlantic oceans.

Finally there is undisputable need of an imposing force to protect our

commerce on the high sea, and therefore to pursue and disable whatever adversaries might seek to harry us at home, or imperil our interests abroad. Our present armed strength in battleships and cruisers of the first class would seem to be hardly equal to all these tasks, for though the individual ships are at all points equal and the later ones distinctly superior to their foreign rivals, yet is their number insufficient, while the speed of the older ones would prove a drawback against the swifter boats of practically equal armament which other powers now possess.

In view of these circumstances the writer deems it patriotic and wise to call attention to the program of our beloved Admiral Dewey for a really powerful and modern fleet.

That distinguished sailor is said to place the necessary strength of our navy at 48 first class ships and 24 first class armored cruisers, with the requisite proportion of secondary and minor craft.

The battleships should be of the latest type, their armor of the most advanced style, their armament distinctly ahead of the one which though effective against older vessels, is hardly sufficient to cope with any adversary in possession of the latest improvements in strength and protection; finally we would lay it down as a matter of necessity that their speed should not fall below nineteen knots.

A more detailed discussion of the general features of our new fleets will, it is hoped, be of some interest to the reader.

There is no need of discoursing about the number of the ships: let us then say a few words first on the armor. It is plain that it ought to be such as to make it reasonably safe to manoeuvre and fight our ships successfully against any approximately even odds. This question of protection is now eagerly studied, and new inventions are continually put to exhaustive tests. It is a matter of legitimate pride to every American to know, that we are in the van of all that is now doing in this special field of progress, and that our navy and ordnance boards are experimentally studying how to deepen still further the hardened layer of steel which forms the core of all armor.

It is true that the advance made by these gentlemen is withheld from the public, but this we can only applaud as a wise and patriotic course.

More may be said about the modern armament of battleships and cruisers; the ballistic properties of our guns may be known by outsiders, from whom indeed it is difficult, if not impossible to hide such information, but the processes by which the high excellence of American ordnance is achieved are, it is hoped, more easily kept our own secret.

The modern evolution of the gun has been rapid and constant; its supremacy over armor is now quite assured and under theoretical conditions no ship, however powerfully belted, could possibly fail to have its protective walls of steel pierced at all ordinary ranges by the high power shells of our latest weapons.

In the actual battle-test, the armor will of course be hard to smash or penetrate, because with the very annoying factors of pitching and lurching on the part of our own movable gun platforms, it will always be difficult to plant a shot normal to the target which is aimed at, and which is ever moving lengthwise as well as up and down, so that a theoretically straight projectile might strike but a glancing blow, and have its resultant energy considerably diminished. In view of this it is manifestly wise to have our heaviest guns capable of piercing at short range $2\frac{1}{2}$ or even $3\frac{1}{2}$ times the thickness of the now uniformly adopted walls of steel.

It will also be a matter of urgency to have our secondary pieces of ordnance abundantly powerful to pierce and shatter the upper structures of existing ships, encased of late within a continuous protection of as much as six inches of advanced face hardened steel.

We are here at one with a writer who, in a recent number of the "Scientific American" speaks from evidently sound technical information, of the future uselessness of the secondary batteries which even five years ago were deservedly looked on as formidable to a high degree.

This writer contends that the marginal efficiency of the six-inch gun is now too low and that that of the seven or eight-inch is not more than what we fairly require in the present stage of naval efficiency. He seems to be borne out in his view by the sudden leap

made by Great Britain which is building battleships whose secondary battery numbers four or even eight 9.2-inch guns of a power quite sufficient to riddle not only the secondary armor of any existing ship but even to pierce any primary armor belt at all ordinary ranges.

Let us make a rapid calculation of this weapon as compared with our own favorite 8-inch. Weight of 9.2-inch : weight of 8-inch :: 380 ; 250 pounds. Velocity of former 2800 ft., of latter (latest pattern) 2900 feet.

$$\therefore \frac{\text{Energy of 9.2-in.}}{\text{Energy of 8-in.}} = 1\frac{1}{2} \times 1.08 = 1.62$$

Penetration of 9.2 by DeMarre's formula, at muzzle about 30 inches. Penetration of 8-inch gun similarly about 26 inches of Creusot steel.

In view of these facts we can only applaud the determination of building our new armored cruisers for a main battery of 10-inch guns and we trust that the secondary battery of our new battleships will show a corresponding increase of strength.

We have little space left for any satisfactory discussion of the third element which our new navy must imperatively possess, which is the highest speed possible in combination with the most advanced protection and offensive power. But such a discussion belongs eminently to the professional engineer and could not be more than lightly touched upon here. Our naval administration has indeed shown itself fully alive to this requirement in the lately projected splendid twenty-two knot

cruisers, which embody offensive and defensive properties with superior speed in a manner most commendable and reassuring.

We will here close our essay for

the time and trust that leisure will be given us soon again to treat some other feature of this fascinating and ever new subject, Our Navy, and its ever growing potentialities.

J. H. M.

WILLIE FREDERICSON'S INVENTION.

WILLIE FREDERICSON was a little above the medium height, his eyes were deep set and of a hazel hue, they peeped out past a rather large, pointed nose that overhung a pair of prominent lips; his head was covered with thick curly hair. At school he was ever speaking of "The Battle of Life" and the boys had a standing joke at his expense.

Fredericson was a fanatic on the subject of invention; we roomed together and of all the big talkers you ever heard he was the biggest. On returning home at night we used to sit and chat for hours, but invariably he would turn the thread of conversation to mechanics. He would slap his knee and say: "I tell you what, Gilhart, I have nearly finished one of the finest inventions you ever heard of. Oh, it's great, everybody will be buying one, in fact I believe you'll find one in every household."

"But what is it?" I would ask.

"Oh! never your mind, wait until I have finished it."

Then he would sit quiet for a little while, puffing away at his cigar, and occasionally murmuring to himself—"Perhaps it would be better with a cog-wheel there,—

no—hardly;" then jumping up he would leave me abruptly and go off to his little apartment to work on that wonderful invention of his, which I was most anxious to see.

Now I had been to college with Fredericson, poor old fellow, his head was not then turned on mechanics like it is now, for he was just starting engineering.

I left there about the same time he did and I went into the world trying all kinds of positions until I finally gave up engineering and came to New Orleans where I met Fredericson; we desired to go into partnership and room together. But here he laid down a condition, viz: that he should have a closet adjoining the room wherein I was never to enter without his permission. Of course I willingly agreed to this:

It was only after we had roomed together for several months that he started this particular invention.

Often I could hear him in his little apartment hammering and singing away, but when he would come out he would always lock the door and with the utmost care place the key in his pocket. One day, after he had repeated to me for the hundredth time how good his invention was, I tried to find out what kind of

a machine it was, by asking all kinds of questions. "What did it look like? What was it for? Did it run by steam or electricity?"

He listened and with a dry smile replied: "'Curiosity killed the cat,' wait until I have finished it, I think I will be able to have it all in shape by tomorrow night, but if I don't you'll have to wait until Monday; you need not ask me to let you see it now, because I won't do it, you'll not see it until it is all finished and polished." The next day was Saturday, and a very busy day it was. Willie came to me about two o'clock in the afternoon and said: "Gilhart I think I'll run up to our room, I want to do a little work on my machine; if I have time, I will come back."

"O let your machine alone until Monday; today is Saturday and the last of the month. We have all those accounts to settle up before the first."

But he went off despite the fact that we were way behind in our books, saying: "I think I'll come back; don't worry about those old accounts."

Things went wrong all the rest of the evening. One of the clerks was taken sick and left the store; a friend of another came to see him and persisted in having a chat for nearly an hour, and Willie was gone.

I worked hard all day and it was rather late when I closed the shop and went home. As I reached there I heard some one up-stairs whistling. "I wonder if that could be Fredericson," thought I. It did

ot sound much like him for he always whistled classical pieces, but the air that now floated from above was unmistakably Dixie.

As I came in I saw him seated on the table swinging his arms and legs wildly about; he was evidently frantic over something.

"What on earth is the matter with you," I exclaimed.

"Ah Gilhart!" he began, "I have at last finished my invention, it turned out much better than I expected and I feel as if the battle of life is over. No longer will I sit in that dark closet and work; no longer will I be a store keeper, but the wealth that my little scheme will bring, will enable me to sit at my leisure, calmly smoke the finest cigars, and live in luxurious comfort until the end of my days!"

This outburst filled me with a great desire to see it. "You promised to let me see it when you had finished, so haul it out."

With great alacrity he dove into his little closet, and soon returned carrying a box.

"Here it is, he said, the finest thing that this poor world ever knew, here take it! look at it, and see if you don't think so." I took it in surprise, it was a small plush case about two feet square, in the centre was a small plate with the inscription:

MR. WILLIAM FREDERICSON

Patented

With much curiosity I opened this case, and found within another sim-

ilar one, but having numerous signs and buttons on it.

Case after case I pulled out until at last I came to one that had

written across its top "Pthemo." I opened it.

There was a — well for the life of me I couldn't say what it was.

J. G. RAPIER, '05.

THE PADRE'S STORY.

VILLAVICIOSA is the strange name conferred by Charles V, on one of the prettiest villages of Spain. It was there several years ago while on a visit to some relatives that the village Padre narrated to me a tale which I have never forgotten. This little hamlet nestled so snugly amid the Cantabrian Mountains seemed to me, despite its queer name one of the most picturesque of places. At the time of my visit its broad, luxuriant fields were already covered with the ripening fruits of harvest time. Cosy little farmhouses of the thriving village folk were to be seen on all sides, veritable pictures of rural content and happiness. What I best remember was the clear blue of the sky overhead, flecked by just a few bits of cloud drifting slowly onward and growing golden in the bright sunshine.

In the centre of the village stood the parish church, a large building of gray stone whose walls were covered at one end by creeping ivy. To the rear of the church, and shaded by immense oak trees was the parish cemetery. The neat, cleanly appearance of this enclosure of the dead, showed that it was the object of faithful, loving attention on the part of the village folk.

Here a cross, there a marble slab, told of the simple life of a mother, a husband or a son long since sleeping the sleep of peace.

I remember well, it was a warm afternoon in August when I stood there in the little cemetery and gazed musingly on the silent array of headstones before me. How long I stood there rapt in thought I do not know, but suddenly I was startled from my reverie by a tap on the shoulder. Turning around I beheld the village Padre.

"Do you know," said he, pointing with his breviary to a grave nearby, "whose grave this is?"

"No, Padre," I replied, for in fact I had not been paying attention to any in particular.

"Indeed! Ah me!" he exclaimed with a sigh, "I thought the tale of that grave was known to everyone. But come!" he added taking me familiarly by the arm, "let me tell you about it."

So saying he led me to a little seat under an oak tree near us and made me sit down beside him. I could not help being drawn by a singular attraction toward the good old man. There was something so simple in his manners, and in the gentle kindly way with which he interested himself in me

an entire stranger to him, that I could not resist a strong admiration for his sweet manners.

"Many years ago," commenced the Padre, looking thoughtfully at the little grave opposite us, "there lived in this village, a devout couple. They had two children Jose and Aurelio. Jose was a quick tempered lad and of a selfish disposition,—selfish," he repeated thoughtfully, "ah yes! very, very, selfish." Aurelio, his brother, was quite different. Poor lad he was a cripple, yet such was his sweet and patient character that he was beloved by all the people of the village. The two boys attended the village school. Little however did Jose care for Aurelio who could not join in the sports of his stronger companions. On the contrary many a loud laugh did he have at the little cripple's expense and rather enjoyed the helpless look of confusion Aurelio would display on such occasions.

In the school yard was an old well at that time under repair and covered by some boards thrown loosely across it. One day when school had been dismissed Jose and Aurelio stopped near the well. Some dispute had arisen and Jose was speaking loudly. The little cripple wearied after his day in school, and seeking escape from the rude words of his brother made an effort to go home. This enraged Jose all the more, and striking Aurelio in the face he pushed the poor little fellow roughly aside. The little cripple staggered under the force of his brother's blow and the old boards

of the well against which he stumbled gave way, letting him fall down the vast opening.

"Oh Aurelio! Aurelio!" cried Jose rushing toward the opening where his brother had just disappeared, but from below there came only a little pitiful cry, then a few splashes in the water, and all was silence.

Horror and consternation fell upon Jose. So quickly had it all happened that he hardly realized what had occurred. For awhile he stood there gazing down bewildered on the motionless water below, then turning he ran off wildly towards the adjoining woods. Often as he ran he would stop and ask himself if it were not some horrid dream. What! Had he really caused his brother's death? At times again he paused and looked around him half expecting to hear the well known voice of his cripple brother telling him it was time to return home from school.

That night half in fear and hope Jose stole back to the village but as he passed his father's house a glance told him the sad truth. Near the foot of a bed in the room within, knelt his mother weeping. Around the bed in the light of flickering candles were gathered friends and neighbors. Stretched out upon the bed was the body of his little brother. Oh, the horror of that sight! Unable to endure it, Jose rushed off into the night. From the village he wandered from town to town seeking in vain to forget the horrible thought of his brother's death. For years he served as a

seaman, travelling to various countries, changed from a thoughtless boy to a sober serious man."

"Was there never any effort made to punish him as the cause of his brother's death?" I asked the Padre thinking that his tale had ended.

"None that I know of," he replied. "All in the village knew of the strange disappearance of the elder brother, yet perhaps, pitying the parents, no effort was made to trace the fugitive."

"What became of him?" I asked.

"Ah, God was merciful indeed to Jose who really had not intended his awful deed. After many years, owing no doubt, to his brother's prayers, Jose resolved to offer his life to God, and in atonement for the offence, to work for the salvation of souls. And now," the old Padre

concluded, "Aurelio's spirit is in Heaven while Jose still lingers on earth toiling in the vineyard of God. For," he added looking at me sadly, "I myself am Jose."

I started and looked at the old Padre. His eyes were filled with tears. Rising, slowly from the seat the old man walked with me to the simple grave of the little cripple and knelt there in silence. In the stillness around us not a sound was heard. Above, a little breeze was rustling the branches of the oak trees, while somewhere nearby, a little bird was thrilling forth its evening melody.

After a little while the old Padre arose and bidding me farewell, retired slowly into the church. Turning I walked slowly down the village road deeply impressed by the strange tale I had just heard.

JAMES FERNANDEZ, '07.

LOST IN THE SNOW.

MONT BLANC, from the valley, was that morning a magnificent sight with its rocky sides, deep gorges and snow-clad summit that glistened in the sunlight, reflecting its dazzling rays in a thousand fantastic shapes.

As William Olgar, a Swiss by birth, stood on the hotel porch and gazed enraptured at the towering, giant rock crowned with snow, up from his heart welled a longing for the mountain and that love of danger and scorn for fear that marked the Swiss in the time of William Tell. And now that pent-

up longing of a hundred ancestors broke out anew in him and goaded him on to feats of daring, even to matching strength with hoary-headed Mt. Blanc frowning in proud contempt on that miserable mortal crawling in the dust at his feet.

Burning with heroic ardor, spurred on by romantic daring, without a guide, alone, William Olgar, like David of old, without a weapon, went forth to battle with the giant.

As he ascended the mountain, crawling and scaling higher and higher the wind blew stronger and

stronger, now and then lifting particles of snow and hurling them at the intruder.

But such weak opposition served only to strengthen his determination. By noon he had reached the summit, and seated on the frozen snow, turned to gaze on his triumph and from his high, but hard-worn post, view the world.

Peak after peak, in one unbroken row, pointed heavenward, the spears of Earth's vanguard in her march against Heaven. On one side lay Italy on the other France, there was Austria, and here at his feet nestled Switzerland in her eyry of mountains, and he, high over the world, could now look down on kings, nay, even on nations.

Enraptured with the view he lost all thought of time and it was only the cold wind that called him back to earth from his flight among the clouds.

Darkness had already settled on the valley, nothing there was visible, turn where he may all was dark, he alone was in the light. whence did it come? It seemed to rise from the snow, from sunrays imprisoned during the day.

But he must be off, this was no time for reveries, the cold was growing intense, his blood was already chilled. He started on his homeward journey, but the way seemed strange. He saw none of the marks that he remembered from morning and besides he was descending into darkness. He pushed steadily on though forced to turn aside from insurmountable rocks and search another path, but path

after path was tried and all to no purpose, they either stopped abruptly by yawning chasms or ended at a wall of towering rocks.

But a Swiss was not easily conquered. Must he yield now and lose the triumph of that morning? No! And on he pushed. The stars were now twinkling in the sky and the moon sailed through the heavens like a stately ship in an ocean of blue. But he was growing tired now and felt weak from hunger. And the silence too, it irritated him, played on his nerves. What had come over him, he was never so before.

But clenching his teeth he tramped on, the frozen snow never giving way to his weight, its glassy surface reflecting the heavens, the stars and the moon.

It was not so cold now, and he was not so hungry, but O, so tired! And it seemed that there were two two heavens, the one above, the other at his feet. Then with one determined effort he shook off that feeling, summed up his last courage and pushed on, determined not to die.

But this last strength, strength born of despair, burned lower and lower. Death seemed to grow nearer, to stare him in the face; he felt his icy breath on his lips, but he did not care now, he was not cold nor hungry; he thought of home. How he would like to see his mother! Why had he left her and his many friends? And for what? To die! Frozen to death on this bleak mountain, wrapped in the cold embrace of the snow the winding sheet of so many!

Then he was once more home. How kind his mother seemed, and how very warm it was, the cheerful fire laughed and crackled. He was a child and sat at his mother's feet and listened to stories of William Tell. He too was named William and how he longed to imitate that great William. Then it was night, he was going to bed. Half conscious he saw his mother tuck him in and on his lips press the last good-night kiss—he was asleep.

* * * * *

About two weeks later he awoke. He was lying in a strange room, a cheery wood fire burned on the open hearth.

Slowly the door opened, a brown-clad figure glided noiselessly in, gazed at the bed and finding the man awake, approached him.

Olgar's first words were "Tell mother that I'm saved."

T. P. NORVILLE, JR, '04.

COLONEL DU MONT.

OF all the soldier-citizens of Mobile there is no one more deservedly popular and esteemed than Col. Robert B. Du Mont, the new commander of the First Regiment, A. N. G. This popularity and esteem have been merited by the fine soldierly qualities he has manifested at critical moments and under the most trying circumstances. Many a time when called to face a maddened, brainless mob, the cool, clear head and firm commanding authority of Colonel Dumont have saved the situation and prevented serious bloodshed. Skilled in all that appertains to volunteer troops, he is no less versed in general military laws, and possesses, moreover, those fine qualities of heart and mind that constitute a beloved and successful officer. Col. Du Mont enlisted in the Mobile Rifle Company in 1881, at a time when it ranked as one of the best drilled companies in the States. It distinguished itself on many occasions,

and among its many trophies is reckoned the \$4,000 prize won at Nashville. In the competitive drill held at Houston, Texas, in which he was pitted against the finest and smartest soldiers of the country, Col. Du Mont headed the list, winning as first prize a handsome silver cup. In the year 1894, he was called upon by the governor of the state to hasten to the scene of the Birmingham riots, with his whole command, and to hold himself in readiness to do whatever the critical state of the situation demanded. Thanks, however, to his wonderful judgment and tact, the mob was quieted and persuaded to return peacefully to their homes. When war was declared against Spain, Col. Du Mont was among the first to offer himself to defend his country's cause, and he received the commission of major in the Second Alabama Volunteer Infantry, serving as part of the Second Brigade, First Division of the Seventh Corps



Col. Robert B. Du Mont, A. N. G.

at Miami and Jacksonville, Fla. In his new and enlarged sphere of action, the same fine manly qualities, that had won him the esteem and confidence of his fellow officers and men, now endeared him to the whole regiment, and on being mustered out of the volunteer army in Montgomery, November 1, 1898, he was presented with a diamond locket, as a mark of appreciation, by the officers of his battalion. On returning to Mobile, he was again made commander of the First Regiment, but finding his business responsibilities urgent and pressing, tendered his resignation and severed his connection with the regiment.

Col. Du Mont, for as such he is still known, is a man whom to know is to love, and among the citizens of Mobile none have a larger and warmer host of friends. Spring Hill College, his Alma Mater, where he spent several years in his early youth, and where by his manly qualities of heart and mind, and his unflagging devotion to study, he won the love of his professors and the esteem of his fellow students, feels a pardonable pride in the noble career of this her distinguished son, and wishes Godspeed to the end, in an useful and honorable life.

A STORY OF SANTIAGO.

TO besiege Santiago was one thing but to take it was another. Dick Pearson, a lieutenant of a volunteer company, began to grow impatient at the delay experienced in reducing the city. A few weeks after the American army had encamped before Santiago, Dick was one day summoned to the tent of his captain. There he found some of the commanding officers in earnest conversation with the captain. As soon as Dick entered, the captain bluntly asked him whether he could steal into Santiago and learn how matters stood there, what supplies, provisions, etc., were stored there, and lastly how many warships there were in the harbor. Dick was taken somewhat by surprise at this sudden question, but after a moment's reflection replied: "I shall try my best, and I thank you for the confidence you repose in me."

"A shrewd and daring man," replied the captain, "may easily enter the city without running great danger."

"Here is an intercepted letter from Captain-General Blanco, to General Linares, commander of Santiago," continued the captain, handing Dick at the same time a sealed envelope—"the messenger who carried it was shot last trying to pass through our lines. We were able to open it without breaking the seal. We have enclosed another letter; we wish you to carry this letter to Santiago and deliver it to General Linares. You are to get

the desired information in the manner you think best and send it to us in the way I shall indicate to you. As for yourself it is highly probable that you will be detained in the city, and in trying to get away might prevent your information from reaching us. This message asks the commander to take you into his service and in this way you will more readily obtain reliable information. Tonight you will leave the camp, and enter the city. You will experience no difficulty, when you tell them you are a messenger from General Blanco to Linares, with a special message. Besides you speak Spanish perfectly. Get the desired information as soon as possible, put it in writing and entrust it to a man called San Carlos, who is a waiter in the Old Century Hotel. When you meet him ask him how the "ice-scheme is progressing;" if he replies "not very cold," then give him the letter, and leave as soon as possible. When he reports to you that I have received the message, you are at liberty to return as soon as you find an opportunity."

At the appointed hour Dick set out with beating heart on his mission. After passing through the American lines by means of a pass signed by General Shafter, he soon found himself near the Spanish intrenchments. Being challenged by the sentry on duty, he was taken into custody and led to the officer in command. Dick explained to him that he was a special messenger

from the Captain General to General Linares, showing at the same time the letter.

The officer took the letter and ordered Dick to accompany him to the headquarters of General Linares. Linares received the letter and casting a scrutinizing look on Dick began to peruse its contents. After awhile he looked up and addressing Dick, said: "General Blanco tells me that you are one of his most trusty and daring officers, and that I may place full confidence in you. As you will have to wait a few days before I can send an answer, I ask you to remain with me and replace for a few days my private secretary, who has been called away on important business." Dick gladly accepted the offer.

"Tomorrow then, at eight o'clock," said the general, "present yourself at my headquarters."

Next morning Dick came at the time assigned and was at once shown the desk of the private secretary, and told to copy a number of official documents.

After awhile Linares left the office, leaving Dick all alone.

At once he set to work to examine the contents of the desk. He found many papers, but they did not give him much information. At last he came across a document which was the very thing he was looking for. It gave an exact and detailed account of the amount of provisions and ammunition stored in the city, of the number of cannons and rifles, the number of soldiers, names of the officers, etc.

He lost no time in taking a copy

of this precious document, and hid it carefully in his inside pocket. General Linares returned soon after, and bade him to meet him at three o'clock, meanwhile his time was at his own disposal. Dick was only too glad to leave, he strolled for awhile through the hot streets, and then directed his steps toward the harbor. There he saw the whole of Cervera's fleet riding at anchor. Possessing now all the wanted information, he set out for the Old Century Hotel. Ordering some light refreshments, he inquired of the waiter about San Carlos. To his consternation he was informed that San Carlos had left the hotel, and that a few days ago in trying to pass the cordon of sentries around the city he had been shot.

It was now near three o'clock, the time appointed for meeting Linares. The general was waiting for him, and at once they set out to pay a visit to Admiral Cervera. Linares introduced him to the admiral, telling him that he had been sent with important news from the captain general, and that he was considered one of his most trusted officers.

"Now, admiral," continued Linares, "I think that this is the very man to undertake the task we were speaking of a few days ago, especially as he is well acquainted with the English language."

The admiral looked kindly at me, and asked if I were ready to undertake a dangerous mission. I replied that I was ready to sacrifice my life in the service of my country.

"Well, said Cervera, this is the

service I require from you. Try to enter the American camp, collect all the information you can, especially give me news about the vessels now blockading the harbor ; I hear that soon they will sail for Porto Rico. As soon then as you have any accurate information about the movements of these vessels you will give me the signal which I have fully explained in this paper."

Dick promised to fulfil his mission to the best of his abilities, and that very night, he set out from the city for the American camp. He found no difficulty in passing the sentries, thanks to the pass with

which Linares had provided him. Arriving near the American pickets, he produced the pass which General Shafter had given him, when he set out for Santiago. He went at once to the headquarters of the commanding general, and related all that he had seen and heard. He was heartily congratulated on the success of his mission and promised a well deserved reward.

A few days after, some of the battleships withdrew a few miles, the preconcerted signal was given by Dick, and Cervera steamed out of the harbor of Santiago. The sequel we all know.

JOHN H. QUINN, '04.

ELECTRICITY.

SCIENCE has made rapid strides during the latter part of the nineteenth century. Wonderful discoveries have been made in various scientific subjects. Among the sciences that have made such rapid and astounding progress, electricity stands preeminent. In this paper we shall consider briefly some of the wonderful effects of this mysterious agent, and examine some of the manifold uses to which it has been applied.

What is electricity? It is not easy to give a satisfactory answer to this query. We know the effects of electricity, we can measure, direct and control its power, but its nature is hard to define. The majority of modern physicists consider electricity as a form of energy producing peculiar phenomena ; it may

be converted into other forms of energy and other forms may be converted into it. Others think that electricity is a kind of molecular motion, but this hypothesis rests rather on analogy than on demonstration.

The next question which presents itself is what can electricity do? This question is easier to answer than the preceding and we may state without fear of being wrong that electricity can do almost any thing.

If our grandfathers had been told that instead of the old oil lamps and gas lights, new luminaries rivaling the sun in brilliancy, would light up our homes and the streets of our cities, if they had been told that cars neither drawn by horses or mules, nor propelled by steam,

would speed through our thoroughfares with the swiftness of the wind, impelled by that mysterious force, electricity, they would have looked upon their informers as visionaries, and smiled pityingly at their optimistic expectations.

And still these expectations have been fulfilled, these predictions have become true.

I still remember the surprise and wonder of the people when the first arc lights appeared in the streets of New Orleans. Men and women, old and young, crowded the streets and gazed in astonishment at this new kind of light. They gossiped about the town anxious to know how it worked, the wiser ones trying to explain it to their eager listeners. Some old negroes piously crossed themselves every time the carbon spluttered or flashed and shrank away muttering that "de debil hab a han' in it."

Electricity makes greater progress every year. Since the year 1890 the advance in inventions, manufactures, etc., has been wonderful.

In 1890 the number of manufactures in the United States of electrical supplies did not exceed the small amount of 189; the capital invested was about \$18,997,337. In 1900 they had increased to the number of 580 and the capital amounted to \$83,130,043, being an increase of about \$75,000,000.

The progress of 1902 was still more astounding. In two years the number of factories and workshop augmented from 580 to 1000; the total capital to \$125,000,000 and

the number of workmen to 60,000; the wages paid during that year were, in round numbers, about \$30,000,000; the cost of material amounted to \$75,000,000, and the value of the products to \$150,000,000, giving a net profit of \$45,000,000.

It is evident from these statistics how wide-spread has become the use of electricity in our days.

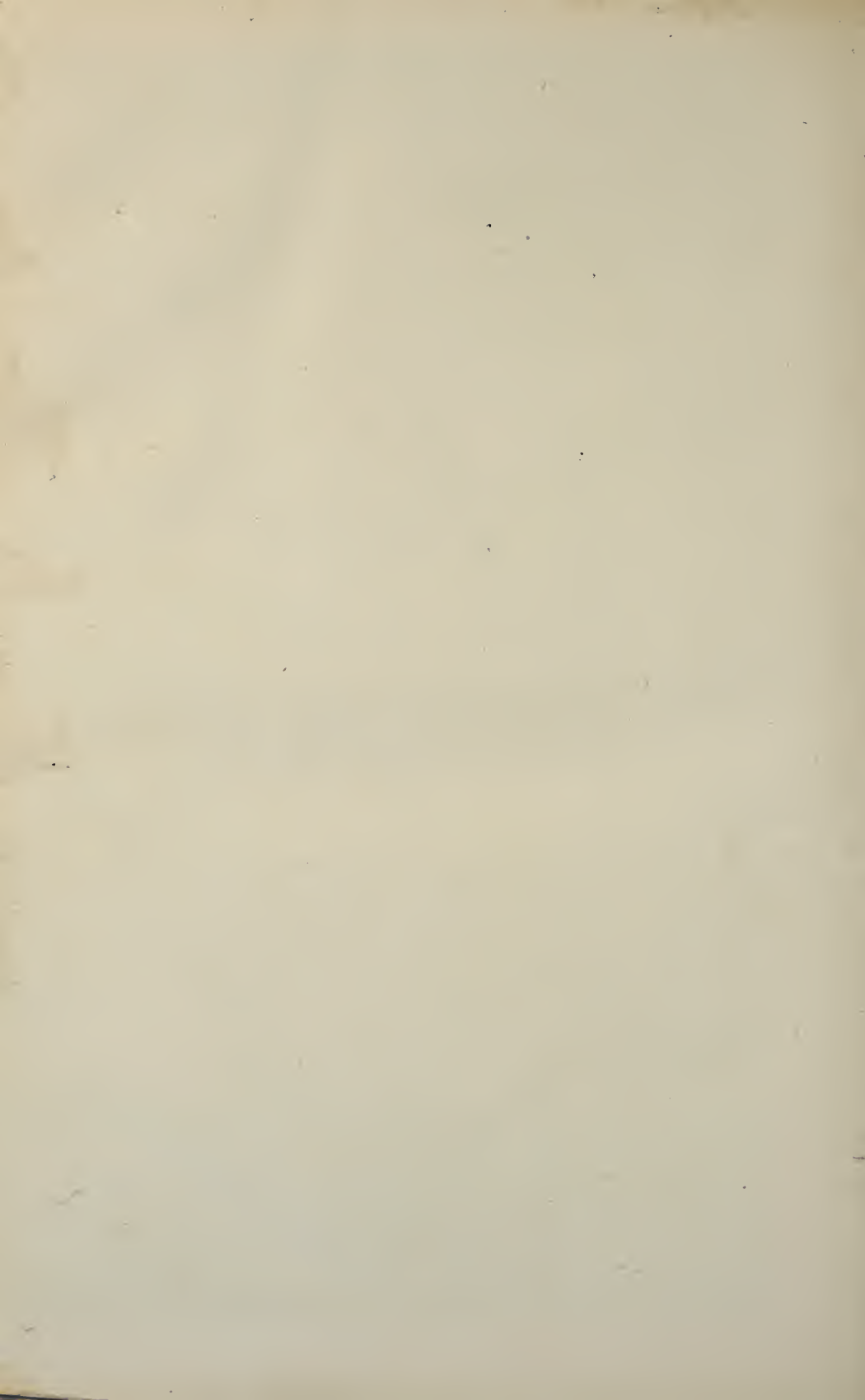
Hydro-electric plants have been built in several cities of the United States and Europe. At Niagara there is one which furnishes electricity to the city of Buffalo and to the hotels of Niagara Falls. One hundred and eighty-eight miles from St. Petersburg there is an hydro-electric supplying electricity to that city.

Many inventions have lately been made. First came the Morse telegraph and the Bell telephone; the latter was perfected by Edison, the great modern American inventor; then came the electric bulbs and arc lights which are now so much in use in all the towns and cities of the United States; then the electric cars which created a great stir in the financial world at their first appearance. But the crowning work to modern electricity was achieved on December 21, 1903, when Guglielmo Marconi sent his first message by wireless telegraphy from Glace Bay, Cape Breton, Canada, to Poldhu, Cornwall on the coast of England.

The discovery of the X-rays marked a great advance in science. An instrument which renders rays of light so powerful as to pass



JUNIOR BRASS BAND



through almost all substances except metals is indeed wonderful

But there are still greater wonders. There is telautography or the transmitting of handwriting in facsimiles from one place to another by an electric current. This new invention became known during the year 1902 and created much astonishment in the scientific world.

The electrograph is another modern invention; it is an instrument by which facsimiles, even of pictures and photographs, can be transmitted by wire. These two inventions have been successfully tested by the United States War Department and by the Detective Force.

Electricity is greatly used in medicine, chemistry and other arts, but especially in medicine.

The stomach has revealed its workings to a tiny camera, surmounted by imperceptible bulbs, which is put deep into the throat. The bulbs and shutter of the camera are operated by electricity.

There is a probing instrument which, as soon as it encounters any foreign matter in the human body, transmits the sound to the ear by a small telephone arrangement.

Nor must we omit to mention the acousticon, invented by Reese Hutchison, an old alumnus of Spring Hill College. This wonderful in-

strument, a combination of the telephone and microphone, has produced some astounding results in restoring hearing to the deaf.

By means of electricity, a message can speed on the wings of the wind, from New York to Liverpool, in a few seconds.

Thanks to Marconi, the meshes and entanglements of wires can be put aside; there is no more fear of a broken wire and the trouble to locate the break, for the conductors through which Marconi's messages travel, are not made of copper but of ether.

What other power could achieve such wonders?

Truly the anticipations of Jules Verne have been realized; electric submarine boats plow the American and European waters; electric air ships float over the eastern and western continents.

Electricity is now the ruling power of the mechanical world, ever increasing in use and perfection; inventions of instruments for its practical use multiply every year, and each new year is signalized by some wonderful application of electricity.

What surprises and wonders has electricity yet in store? We can not and dare not answer the question.

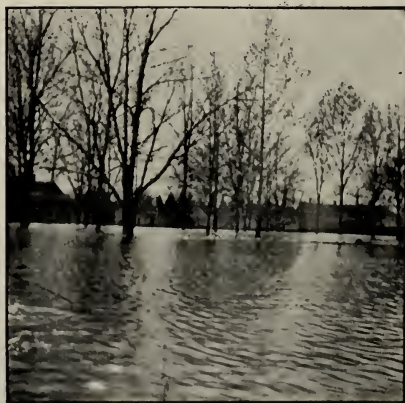
F. LARUE, JR., '93.

THE CRÉVASSE AT LA GRANGE.



ALL was still; the little village of LaGrange lay buried in sleep; the silence of the tranquil night was unbroken, save now and then, by the whistle of some far off steam-boat plying its watery course. The majestic Father of Waters flowed smoothly between his winding banks. In the heavens above, the stars, unobscured by clouds, twinkled and shone in all their beauty. The moonbeams gently danced on the water. A cool, refreshing breeze was wafted along the shores of this great stream. In this peaceful vale, the pride of the cotton belt, the cultivators of its rich soil had long retired to their humble abodes, resting from the labors of the day. Many cherished bright hopes of gain from the fast approaching season; but an unforeseen event took place. Their hopes were blasted, and the fruit of long months of toil came to naught. The night was now far spent, when suddenly a loud crash, followed by the sound of rushing waters, fell upon the silent air,

startling the whole valley from its peaceful slumbers. The meaning of this awful noise was understood at once. The thoughts of devastated lands and ruined homes dawned upon the unfortunate victims, causing inexpressible pangs of grief and anguish. The levee had broken, and through the breach poured the long imprisoned waters of the Mississippi, stretching themselves far over this fruitful land like a huge monster, grasping everything within his reach. On they rush in their destructive course, branching off into small channels and filling them to their very banks. Little mercy has the cruel torrent, nor does it spare the possessions of any man, whether he be rich or poor, wicked or virtuous. Vast tracts of good acres are swept by the rushing stream and happy homes are broken up. The inhabitants are forced to fly for refuge to the higher grounds. A wide expanse of territory is covered by a solid sheet of water and desolation can be seen everywhere.



Long years have elapsed since the beautiful valley of the Yazoo has been visited by such a catastrophe.

God grant that it may never again occur.

V. MCCORMICK, '04.

JOHN L. CLEMENTS, S. J.

WHEN in springtime the rose-bud opens its fragrant petals, and gives promise of soon expanding into a full blown rose, we rejoice at the sight. But when a cold and chilly blast nips the bud that gave such promise, sorrow fills our soul.

Such was the fate of our beloved and devoted teacher, cut down in the spring tide of life.

Mr. J. L. Clements was born in Kentucky on December 10, 1877. Afterwards the family moved to Nashville, Tenn., where he attended school for some years.

In February, 1892, he bade farewell to his family, renounced his worldly prospects and set out for the Jesuit Novitiate at Macao.

He entered the Novitiate on January 5, 1892. After having been admitted to the first vows, spending two years in the study of literature, he was sent in August, 1897, to St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., to begin his philosophical studies. Here he remained three years, and in 1900 came to Spring Hill College, where he was appointed teacher of the Third Commercial Class. The next year he taught Section B of the Third Grammar Class.

The zeal and energy which he manifested in the teaching of his class, the great interest he took in

the welfare and progress of every individual member, have left a lasting impression on the mind of the boys. They all look back with mingled feelings of love and gratitude to the time when their kind teacher directed their first steps in the path of learning. His affable manner and child-like simplicity won the esteem and love of every one.

In April, 1902, his constitution never very strong gave way under the arduous labors of the classroom, and he was obliged, though reluctantly, to give up teaching. The following September he was sent to Grand Coteau, La., in the hope that the change of climate might improve his health. He remained there somewhat better at first, but the improvement was not permanent. Thinking that a change of air might be beneficial, he was sent to Colorado in the fall of 1903. In January, 1905, the tuberculosis of the throat, which was beyond human cure. He soon returned to Spring Hill and it was plain to all that he could not live much longer.

The family were informed, and soon his father, mother and brothers were gathered around his bedside. He lingered on until February 14,

when at three o'clock in the afternoon, surrounded by his family and his religious brethren, calm and peaceful, with eyes uplifted to heaven, his lips moving in prayer, John L. Clements breathed his pure soul into the hands of his God.

F. CANNON, '07.

MR. CLEMENTS' GRAVE.

Tread lightly friend, behold 'tis holy ground,
 God's eye is o'er, and angels are around ;
 Pause here and think, oh, ponder o'er the thought
 Of all in his servant the great God hath wrought.
 Bend o'er this tomb, thy head humbly bare,
 Fall on thy knees to God and breathe this prayer —

“ Rest, oh, holy temple
 Of a soul so pure,
 Guarded by the Angels
 While the years endure ;
 Through the endless ages
 Thou shalt be the shrine
 Of thy soul returning
 Again to be thine.”

Sad were our thoughts — our hearts how full of gloom,
 Shorn of the Faith that lights beyond the tomb ;
 Bitter the tears that loving hearts have shed
 Had we no union with our cherished dead.
 Faith will our thoughts to higher realms bear,
 And as we kneel to God we breathe this prayer —

“ Hear, oh God, Creator —
 Life's eternal King —
 Hear a mother's wailing
 And sweet solace bring.
 'T was thy voice, oh Master
 Bade our loved One part.
 Clement Lord, oh comfort
 Each brother's heart.”

Pupils assemble, ponder at his grave
 See how in youth his heart to God he gave.
 Life has been short — his days briefly told —
 Yet, oh what virtues did that spring unfold.
 Raise, too, your hearts, to God with him repair,
 Kneel at his early grave and breathe this prayer —

“ Guard, oh God, our boyhood,
 Lead us by the hand,
 Lead us, as him, onward
 To a life so grand.
 Guide our youth, our manhood,
 O'er life's treacherous sea,
 Till Death's Angel find
 In peace with Thee.”

F. M.

THE PYRAMIDS.

IT was dusk; a heavy mist hung over the Nile, and darkness was settling over the desert.

Far and wide over that sandy waste not a speck was visible, save here and there a lofty pyramid looming gigantic through the thickening gloom. Deep and unbroken silence reigned all around.

A man, or was it a statue, so motionless did he seem, sat at the foot of great Cheops, his head resting in his hand, his eyes closed and his body motionless. No sound escaped his lips, he was not of this world, his spirit was soaring untrammelled through the realms of the mysterious past.

Before his vision a gorgeous pageant passed.

He saw the proud and swarthy forms of Egypt's ancient kings. Now at the head of vast armies, they swept like a storm over the plain, leaving death and devastation in their wake. Now the monarch riding in a chariot, surrounded by glittering courtiers, tracked the lions to their lairs, or pursued the enraged hippopotamus on the waters of the Nile.

Then he saw the pyramids, half built, surrounded by piles of stone and masonry, and the bare-backed slaves, scorched by Egypt's hottest sun, like animals driven to work, and above their heart-rending groans sounded crack of the lash. And forgetting this world, the surroundings, all save the horrid image of cruelty conjured up in his brain, he addressed that barbarous nation,

which could perpetrate such outrages;

"O, Egypt! Egypt! I wonder not at thy degradation! It is not strange that thou hast sunk so low. Thou who wast once the proudest of Africa's kingdoms, thou the most dreaded of all nations, what art thou now? A slave, a captive, trodden in the dust. Chained, degraded, humiliated, thou must follow in the triumphant wake of a nation that was not born when thou wast mistress. Ruled by a people that was not even known, when thou didst build thy pyramids.

The hand of God lies heavy on thee. Thy punishment is great, but thy sin was greater. Thou, in thy pride, wished to surpass all nations, to found a kingdom on so firm a base that God himself would not prevail against it. And hast thou succeeded? No! To gain thy ends thou hast sacrificed millions, waged unjust wars, and for what? For naught save to erect a monument, an eternal monument to thy fall, thy degradation, thy punishment.

Thou hast waged wars, murdered slaves, sacrificed thine own best sons, only to give to the world an example of the terrible fall of a nation, that aimed at too much power and greatness.

Thy pyramids are still standing, thy sphinx is still preserved. The whole world flocks thither to admire the grandeur of thy works, and to shed a sympathetic tear on the tomb of that nation that rose the

highest and fell the lowest of any sinful people.

Though not completed, thy works have withstood all time. Yes! They have withstood, and will yet withstand all the ravages of the wind, the rain, the heat and the cold, till the end of the world;

will stand forever a monument over Egypt's tomb, and although thy sovereigns and their subjects have passed away, they have left behind them a work that will ever stand forth in bold relief, against the background of thy misdeeds and cruelties.

P. T. PHILIPS, '04.

A SONNET.

'T is eve. Along the forest aisle I pace

While deeper o'er my soul descends a spell,
Such as some cloister's gloom, or convent bell

Might fling, from wands aglint with God's own grace.

Oaks rev'rent, surpliced all in verdant lace

Low tilt their brows—the gloaming breezes swell,
And coyly dance sussurent through the dell,

As o'er their pebbled harps, the fingers race
Of runnels blithe.

Lo! sceptic, at this hour,

Thy gibes, thy scoffs forego—nor longer list
While Eature hymns of God and of His power,
Begirt with Disbelief's infernal mist;

For, knew He aught of norm, aught of design,

When limned yon sunset pyre His brush divine?

'04,

MY FIRST SMOKE.

All right, I'll tell a story true,
Just made to order, boy, for you.
It happened when a chap of eight,
I sat before my bed-room grate,
A strong temptation sudden came—
To her, not me, assign the blame.

She whispered, wheedling, in my ear:
“Just one wee smoke! what do you fear?
A brave, bold little man like you!
Why, you're a sissy! Mamma? Pooh!
There's no one here to tell your ma:
While pa's away, swipe a cigar!”

I rose. The syren ceased her song.
Her sweet allurings proved too strong,
I followed quick the tempter's lure,
And oped a box yclept “Tom Moore.”
A brown tattooed cigar I took
Therefrom, and hied me to my book.

I pulled and puffed in glorious glee,
A-thinking, when a man I'd be,
I'd smoke cigars like this all day,
And caned and collared, do Broadway.
Alas! man's triumphs soon are o'er—
I rose—and heaved—and sought the floor.

Summoned by sound, mayhap by fume,
My mother hastened to my room
In wild alarm, and oped the door,
And found me quivering on the floor!
I owned my crime and shed a tear
With every word—for great my fear.

She dosed me with sweet peppermint,
And bathed my brows, and breathed no hint.
And when at length I felt all right,
I vowed I'd ne'er smoke day or night.
“Now, darling, seal the contract, quick!”
And then she sealed it—with a stick.

JOS. KELLY '05

MICHAEL MCCARTHY, S. J.

ANOTHER grave in the little cemetery amidst the stately pines, another little cross with its short, simple inscription tells its simple story of another young life immolated on the altar of sacrifice, but it cannot reveal all that was noble and beautiful in that young soul. The waving pines will sound his requiem and the white marble cross is a fit emblem of the purity of his soul, and the student of today, perhaps returning in manhood years, seeing that simple little cross will recall the beautiful life he had witnessed in his college days, and will remember how late in the afternoon of May 27, 1903, all the twas mortal of Mr. M. McCarthy was consigned to that grave.

Mr. Michael McCarthy was born July 20, 1874, in the County Cork, Ireland. After attending school for some years in his native town, he went to the College of Mungret where he spent several years. Feeling called to the religious life with all the ardor of his generous nature he left friends and home and entered the Society of Jesus in Macon, Ga., on September 7, 1892. After the usual two years of probation, he studied literature for two years. He was then sent to St. Charles College, Grand Coteau, La., to study philosophy and science. Endowed with brilliant talents, he made rapid progress in these branches of learning.

It was during his third year of philosophy that he caught a cold which at last developed into con-

sumption. In hope that the dry, balmy air of the pine woods might restore him to health, he was sent to Spring Hill College, Ala. Although at times he seemed to pick up strength, still the disease was slowly undermining his hitherto robust constitution.

Early last January he began to fail in strength and gradually sank until he realized that it was but a question of weeks and days. He carefully prepared himself for the end, and preserved his amiability and cheerfulness to the last moment. When the prayers for the dying were recited, he followed them attentively and when finished he playfully remarked to the recitor: "You have just left me at the gate of heaven, why do you not push me in. I must still wait," he would exclaim, "but God is good. I do not suffer much."

He died peacefully a few minutes after midnight, May 27. He was buried that evening at 5 P. M. The Rev. President gave a short sermon showing how little man is considered in himself, but how great when united to God by grace. He spoke of the heroic self-sacrifice of the deceased and mentioned one touching little incident in the life of Mr. McCarthy which brought tears to the eyes of all.

Some sixteen months ago a little boy was dying at the College, his broken-hearted mother and father were there. Mr. McCarthy then generously offered to God his life for the sake of the little fellow.

The latter is still in our midst as gay and lively as ever whilst the young religious has gone to him who hath said : " Greater love than this no man hath that a man give his life for his friend." T. J. W.

THE HERMIT OF BEL NADIR.

AN EPISODE IN THE REIGN OF CONSTANTINE.

THE oasis of Bel Nadir sparkled like an emerald in a setting of dull gold, as it shone and glistened under the rays of the sun reflected by the tawny sands of the desert.

John the Hermit, called the "Desert Shepherd" by the wandering Arab tribes, turned from his crucifix and from his books to gaze awhile across the vast expanse of the sandy waste. He was still a young man, clad in a rough brown garment, with hair prematurely gray and a face which bore the marks of suffering and care.

While he stood gazing silently out on the yellow sands of the desert, his eyes discovered something that made him watch the distant horizon more intently. At first it seemed a mere dot, but slowly it drew nearer and nearer until the watcher plainly distinguished the peculiar swinging gait of the camel.

"It must be Abbas Bey," he muttered to himself, "for no one else would travel thus, braving the sun and the heat."

The traveler soon entered the pleasant shade of the oasis, and coming near the cool spring, the camel fell on his knees to let his rider dismount. The man sprang lightly to the ground and removed

the veil which enveloped his head and face, as a protection against the heat and the sand. He straight went to the spring, took a copious draught and bathed his head and face. Turning he beheld the hermit standing there silently. Bowing low he saluted him :

"Greeting to thee, O Shepherd of the Desert!" "Greeting to thee, Abbas Bey," responded the hermit. "Thou seemest in haste—thy mission and thy destination?"

"I go south to the great kings below the desert, with tidings from Rome. I am also in quest of wild animals for the Roman circus. Hast thou not heard of the games of Constantine? Three hundred prisoners were slain in one day in the great amphitheatre in presence of the emperor."

"Three hundred people slain for the pleasure of the multitude! What sayest thou! Sure, God's wrath will strike these cruel Pagans and their emperor."

"Their emperor is Constantine," replied Abbas Bey, "and he is a Christian."

The hermit did not answer, but remained for a long time buried in thought.

At last Abbas Bey roused him

from his reverie. "Come," he said, "I must continue my journey. Give me some food before I set out."

The hermit led his guest in silence to his hut, and placed before him dried figs and dates. Abbas Bey finished his meal in silence, and then mounted his beast, waved a farewell to his host, and sped southward. The hermit stood a long time gazing at the fast disappearing traveler. At last he seemed to have come to some resolution, for he entered his hut, packed up a few of his belongings, put some figs and dates into a bag, filled a goatskin with water from the spring, placed them all on an old camel, the gift of a wandering Bedouin whom he befriended, and started northward across the desert.

Months have elapsed since Abbas Bey drank at the fountain of Bel Nadir, and Bel Nadir is far away. We are in another land, beneath another sky. We are in a populous city, great crowds of people fill the streets and are hurrying and rushing towards a huge oval-shaped building. Streams of people enter it through the numberless entrances, and soon the immense building is filled with eager spectators—for to-day the public games are to be held in the Flavian Amphitheatre, and the whole population of Rome has turned out to witness them.

On the first tier there sits a man, who by his way of acting betrays that he is a stranger. He is unlike those around him; his wasted frame, his ascetic features, his

strange dress, all tend to draw the attention of the spectators.

But now a flourish of trumpets is heard, heralding the approach of the emperor. As soon as the emperor has taken his seat, the signal is given to begin the games. First enter the gladiators; they advance to the imperial throne and bowing low, cry out: "Morituri te salutant," and then prepare to engage in mortal combat.

But before a sword descends, the shouts of the spectators are hushed, and all gaze breathless at the arena. For the stranger has leaped over the parapet and now stands with outstretched arms between the contending parties.

For a moment there reigned over all the assembly a silence such as only precedes the most terrible of tempests. For a moment the elements of the outraged spectators' wrath were withheld; but for a moment only. The next instant the storm broke in all its fury and the thunderbolts of popular indignation were hurled at the head of the hermit, for it was he. Men shrieked and cursed him, women spat at him and in the confusion one of the gladiators struck him with a sword, the point drawing blood.

John sank to his knee under the cruel stroke, but as he knelt and as his blood began to dye the sands, a word from the emperor: "Let him speak," quieted the multitude and slowly the hermit rose. The next moment summoning up all his energies he began:

"Brothers, for brothers still may I call you, listen a moment while I

speak to you and soften your hearts."

"This morn as wearily I dragged my steps along the Claudian Way I met a sad procession. First came the guards, then the headsman with his axe and lastly, under heavy guard, three wretched men in tattered garb and clanking chains. I turned me to my neighbour and asked whither they went and why."

"To execution," he replied, "for they are notorious robbers and murderers." "Wretched men," thought I. "Yet richly have you deserved your fate, and dearly must you pay."

"However, if there be the punishment of death for these criminals who have at most killed ten or twelve and these while contending in anger, how much greater should be the punishment for those who have caused the murder of hundreds, yes! who by their conduct and example have been the means of wholesale slaughter, who have willingly witnessed such horrible and terrifying deeds and who have applauded wilful murder. Is it not on them that the sign of the criminal should be branded? Is it not they who should bear the brand of Cain? It is not they who should rot in chains, suffocate in dungeons and bow their heads beneath the executioner's axe?"

The monk now paused for a moment, gazing about him, while the people remained in silent expectation. He had grown weak and pale from the loss of blood, yet he still stood resolute and firm. At length he resumed:

"Let me persuade you my friends to put away these awful games, these cruel butcheries. Rather let us kneel daily within the churches and beseech God for forgiveness and mercy than again be seen at such games and transgress both the laws of God and man."

As he spoke, a great weakness came upon him, the people swam before his eyes, the earth rocked, his strength forsook him and he fell with out-stretched arms upon the sands of the arena.

The audience, greatly affected, cast down their eyes and sat in silence. Constantine arose with streaming eyes and suddenly attracted their attention: "Pick up the fallen man," he said, "and see that he is cared for. Bid the gladiators disperse, for never, never shall I appear at such an exhibition again." So saying he turned and left the box and the audience silently dispersed and went to their homes.

* * * * *

Again we stand in the oasis of Bel Nadir.

In its pleasant shade, near the limpid spring two men are seated. One is Abbas Bey and the other John the Shepherd of the Desert, old, paler and more worn than before.

Abbas Bey is speaking:

"And dost thou know that after all my mission was fruitless for the Roman Emperor abolished the games and refused to take the beasts?"

"Yes! replied John, I know."

JAMES EARLE MANNOCCIR '04.

FRANCE TO-DAY.

FRANCE, the Eldest Daughter of the Church, has a glorious history. It is a chivalrous nation, which has led the way in civilization, arts and literature. It is called a "most noble people" by the Sovereign Pontiff.

But must we not fear that France's ancient glory will lose much of its brilliancy in our day? For what do we behold? What is the state of affairs in that beautiful country? The task which the political leaders, the present rulers of the French republic, have undertaken shocks our sense of justice and outrages our feelings of humanity. Their actions are diametrically opposed to their vaunted motto: "Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité."

The expulsion of the religious congregations is a grievous injustice. The very fact of their expulsion will be the cause of great evil, which, if not speedily corrected, will degenerate and fester until the republic be entirely corrupted. For a people to grow up without religion, the fear of God and an hereafter is the source of rebellion and anarchy; man will then follow his own vicious dictates, and the moral law will be scattered to the four winds.

And who are they that seek to do such mischief? Men forsooth who claim to have once been faithful Catholics; men who have once had the faith, but blind passions have led them astray; men who now would believe there is no God. And these very men have received

their education, and many their support, from those whom they now seek to banish.

How true indeed are the words: "The best wines make the sourest vinegar." It is base ingratitude: "The animal with the long ears, after having drunk, gives a kick to the bucket."

And they are shrewd. Combes, the renegade-in-chief, like the skilled general at war, is leading his men, and laying his plans well. The men on whom his bitterest venom is poured are precisely those who tenderly cared for him in his youth, and practically placed him in his present eminence. When he has destroyed the religious congregations, the bulwark of the church, then he will attack the main body, the church itself. Why will Frenchmen act thus? Is it through innate hatred of religion, is it at the direct instigation of the prince of darkness, or is it simply avarice? When man will discard the pure and good for all that is evil then he can scarce be called a man. When avarice eats the heart's blood, we cannot tell to what a length this same folly will lead. Woe to the man who sinks thus low. Yet whatever may be the views of these men, who are seeking the shortest and easiest road to destruction, destruction and ruin of the church, of their country, and themselves, the very baseness of their actions will sooner or later bring them to rue their work.

Fortunate for France that all her people are not of this type. Therein

lies her only hope. The politicians, the rulers of the country, possess the greatest power, and govern with a high hand. The day will come when this high hand will fail, and this power crumble. The history of Napoleon will repeat itself. The anti-clericals do not compose the majority of the French people. The true, practical Catholics outnumber all others, and thus France can truly be called Catholic France. It bears the name of the nursery of missionaries, and can claim even to-day that it sends out more apostolic men and women, and more money

for their support, than any other country.

Thus while the governing powers of that country are ruining their country, the Catholic body still will endeavor to remain faithful to its cause, and as long as this spirit is dominant, the land of Charlemagne and St. Louis will continue, if God wills, to follow the banner of Christ. And we, who wish well to France, fervently hope that the machinations of Satan and his emissaries may never rob the land of its proud and glorious title: "Eldest daughter of the Church."

JAMES C. CASSERLY, '03.

'Tis said, that by a careless maid
A sheet of tanglefoot was laid
Upon a chair, one sultry day,
And, harmless looking, there it lay.

The household pussy wandered there,
And leaped upon that fatal chair.
Her silken paws so fast did stick
That down she leaped in double quick.

But fast it stuck; she stood and howled,
Then madly clawed, and wildly yowled.
In vain, alas! poor puss did find
That paper was the staying kind.

She found that squirming would not pay,
So quickly tried another way.
She leaped the open window through
Onto the grass, still wet with dew.

She paused a moment, then she fled;
Across the fields she frenzied sped.
And now her mistress has no pet,
For rumor says, she's running yet.

J. KELLY '05.

BACK TO EARTH.

THE sky was overcast and the wind was blowing a gale, singing lullabies around the corners of the New York sky-scrapers; a mist was falling in the streets, and not a star was to be seen. On a sudden a brilliant flash of light lit up the eastern sky. The light grew brighter and came nearer until it was directly over the city, and the few spectators, who were on the streets on that cold and wet night, seemed to behold a fiery chariot drawn by four white horses; two men were in it. Look! They just missed the top of that building; but there is a higher one, will they escape it? Crash! Bang! They struck, the two men tumble on the roof of the building, the chariot went on and was soon lost to sight.

Now it happened that the roof on which the two men landed was flat and the wind had torn away the covering of one of the sky-lights. When the two men had recovered somewhat from their fall, they began to explore their surroundings. It was very dark, so for fear of being separated they held each other by the hand. They advanced cautiously. They had not made ten steps, when one of them stepped into the open skylight; feeling himself falling, he grabbed his companion and both went in together. Just under the sky-light was the freight elevator. The janitor had brought up a box of books to a lawyer, on the twentieth floor, late that afternoon, and had left them on the elevator to be moved next morning.

Our two strangers fell on the top of the box, and in trying to recover their equilibrium, one of them caught hold of the rope and started the elevator down the shaft. Swifter and swifter they descended; it made them dizzy, till they landed at last in the cellar with a thud. The old men were almost stunned. Being unable to get out, they quietly sat down on the box, and soon fell into a deep slumber.

Next morning the janitor, looking down the shaft from the ground floor, saw the elevator in the cellar, when he thought he had left it in the top story, so at once he pulled the rope to bring it up. What was his astonishment when he perceived two old and strange looking men; nor was the astonishment of the old men less.

At last one of the old men spoke: "Well, St. Peter, we have come at last."

"Faith, what are you giving me," said the janitor, "do you suppose I am a fool? You two old fogies get right out of here or I shall have you arrested."

"Is this not heaven, and are you not St. Peter?" asked the other old man.

"This heaven and I St. Peter! Do you want to insult the saint?"

"But a - - -"

"None of your buts, clear out."

When they got into the street, they seemed bewildered at the noise and the crowds. They did not know where to turn their steps. As they stood there, not knowing what to

do, one of them pointed to something on a lamp post. It was an emergency box.

"When in Need, Pull This."

They glanced at it for a few moments then one of them said: "We are in need. I am going to pull the knob."

"Yes, do," replied the other, "and while we wait to see what the Lord of Israel is going to do for us, we can make a thanksgiving to Him for his goodness and mercy to us." Their thanksgiving was of short duration, for in a few minutes an automobile ambulance came tearing around the corner.

The crowd stopped and by the time the ambulance had reached the box, things were in a great turmoil, men were pushing and shoving, policemen were trying to keep the crowd back, a newspaper reporter was yelling on the out-skirts of the jam for particulars and newsboys were dodging in and out to see who was hurt.

The doctor jumped from the ambulance asking what was the matter and where the patient was; no one answered him and he ripped out an oath and asked who it was who had pulled the knob. The old man looked at him, thought a moment then spoke: "It is best not to swear by the Lord, for if you do, he will shorten your days, and wreak his vengeance upon you. It was I who pulled the knob, I was in need and——*——*——"

"Well, what were you in need of, that you called the ambulance?"

"I was in need of something to eat and while praying to the Lord

for assistance, I looked up and saw the sign: 'When in Need, Pull This,' so I pulled it and thought of course, when I saw you that you had come to render me assistance."

A newsboy in the crowd tittered, and a policeman stepped up between the two old men, laying a hand on each. He was evidently going to take them to the "tombs," but the hospital doctor turned to him and said: "That's all right officer, I am from St. Vincent's Hospital and I suppose the Sisters will give these two old men a breakfast, and as they did not know any better than to pull the knob, I might as well fulfill their expectations and render them assistance."

Turning to the old men, he told them to get into the automobile and that he would take them to a place of safety. They immediately complied with his order and in a few seconds were rolling over the cobble-stones of Greater New York.

The first puff of the automobile so startled the old men that they would have jumped out had not one of the assistants, sitting in the rear, restrained them. Neither of them spoke during the journey, both seemed absorbed in meditation and oblivious to all their surroundings. When the ambulance reached the hospital, the good Sisters were there ready to receive the sick person, but when they saw two men get out of the "carriage of mercy," clothed in flowing robes and sandals, it appeared to them that two of the Bible characters had stepped out of the Sacred Book and stood before them. The doctor

taking the Mother Superior aside, told her the story of the two men, as far as he knew it.

During the conversation, he was seen to touch his head several times, and turn his index finger about his ear in a very mysterious manner. When he had finished speaking, the Mother spoke to one of the Sisters and then turning, motioned to the old men to follow her. They went up a flight of stairs into a corridor, and thence to a little room where a table was set; the Mother told them to wait for her there, and that she would be back in a few minutes.

As she left the room she pulled the door behind her and very noiselessly turned the key. She returned soon with a tray, and told them to sit down, but before doing so, they asked her where the water was as they wished to wash their feet before breaking bread. The good lady was rather taken aback, but thinking as the Doctor did that the two old men had something loose in their heads, she went out and soon returned with a foot-tub and towels. After the ceremony they offered thanks, and then they sat down to partake of the good things the Lord had prepared for them. It is needless for me to dwell upon that breakfast, for the mistakes made and the questions asked kept the Sister in a perfect turmoil that baffled description. But before the meal was over, they had told their story and convinced beyond a doubt their listener that they were slightly off but harmless. When they had finished they both went over to the

window and looked at all that was going on. While the Sister busied herself in straightening up the room one of them turned to her and said: "Will you please tell me what that monster is running down there!"

The Mother looking out of the window answered: "Why that is an electric car: have you never been on one?"

"No, I never have but I would like to get on one to see what it is. Where do they go to?"

"That one just passing goes up to the park —." "The What?"

"The park, don't you know what that is?"

"No, what is it?" "Why, it is a place where there are woods and lakes and drives and I don't know what not; and then it is all so nice and quiet."

"Nice and quiet, is it? Let us go there."

"Certainly," answered his companion, "but we don't know the way, we might get lost."

"I can fix that allright," said the Sister, "I'll get some one to show you the way." With that she left them, but not for long for in a few minutes she returned, accompanied by a nurse, to whom she introduced the two old men, and explained their desire.

Something was said about changing their sandals for shoes, and flowing robes for Prince Alberts, but neither of the old men would hear of such a proposition, so the poor nurse was compelled, as she expressed it to the Mother in a whisper, "to take two scare-crows

out sight-seeing." They would not even accept a hat, though every kind from a cap to a beaver was offered them: they started just as they were. When they reached the corner the nurse waved to a car and hurried to get aboard.

She hustled them inside without much ceremony. The older one was just in the act of sitting down when the car started off with a jerk, which unbalanced him and landed our ancient friend square into the lap of of a stout lady sitting near by; the woman screamed, which frightened him more than the shaking up, and he would have made his exit through the door, had not the nurse caught the girdle of his robe and somehow managed to sit him down. The same jerk had displaced the other's center of gravity, and he would have fallen had he not caught a rope for support, but the rope he managed to get hold of was the one attached to the cash register.

He succeeded in ringing up forty cents before the conductor got him seated. During the excitement, there was a young man dressed in the height of style, sitting in one corner of the car. He was enjoying a quiet laugh at the old man's expense, and was foolish enough to think that a gloved hand held in front of his mouth was sufficient to hide his merriment. One of the old men saw him laughing at them, and turning abruptly said, "My young man, one of the prophets called bears from the woods to devour the children who were laughing at his bald head; you are laughing at my grey

hairs, beware, take warning from what has gone before."

It is needless to say the laugh was turned on the dude, and that he had important business at the next corner. The ride up Eighth Avenue was of great interest to the old men, they saw new sights and new things every minute, and made extremely ludicrous remarks about everything they saw. It did not seem to them that they had been on the car five minutes, before the conductor called out 59th street and they had to get out.

When they entered the park, they were as happy as two school boys out on a holiday. Everything was so quiet and nice; they talked to the children, watched the squirrels, wandered on aimlessly until they reached the menagerie.

The nurse asked if they would like to go to the lake, they agreed and all three started out to walk, as they all felt very much refreshed after having had something to eat. When they reached the lake the first thing they saw was a boy smoking a cigarette, and thinking the child was on fire and not knowing what else to do, one of them rushed to him, grabbed him by the seat of the trousers and nape of the neck, and pitched him headlong into the lake. When the kid came up from his ducking, he clambered out and gave them the benefit of some choice English. The boy started to get a policeman and have them arrested; so the nurse, fearing complications, as soon as the boy was lost amid the shrubbery went in the other direction. The old

men walked behind her at the start, but she walked too fast for them and they lagged. The little woman was so absorbed in her thoughts about the trouble the Mother had gotten her into, that she did not notice that she was alone until she had walked some distance. There was nothing to be done, her charges were lost and the only way to remedy it was to notify the police.

But let us return to the old men. When they saw they were lost, they sat down on a bench and proceeded to condole with each other. After a time they rose and began to walk aimlessly around. After walking for an hour or so they came out on Eighth avenue; nobody was in sight so they started down the street. When they reached the corner a tiny tot was trying to reach the lever of a fire alarm box. The old men seeing him asked what the trouble was about and if they could help him. The boy answering explained that he wanted to pull the lever of the box, so one of them reaching up pulled it; then asked what else he must do. The kid answered: "Run like mamma was after you with papa's razor strap." Not understanding this phraseology they smiled and watched the child tearing down the street. Before many moments had elapsed the fire engines were coming up the avenue at full speed; when they reached the corner one of the firemen asked the old men where the fire was. They said they did not know; then the man asked who sent in the alarm; no one answered; then he demanded

with several prefixes, who it was that pulled the lever of the box. The old man at last comprehending, answered: "I pulled the lever. There was a little boy trying to reach it and he could'nt so I pulled it for him."

"Yes," said a policeman standing near by, "and pulled yourself and your partner into the city's boarding house."

Before the old men could move, he snapped a pair of handcuffs on them and started for the next corner where a patrol box was.

When the box was reached he sent in the call, and while waiting busied himself, making remarks for the benefit of the crowd. When the patrol arrived they were very unceremoniously hustled into the automobile, the doors were bolted, and away they went for the lock-up. Inside all was perfectly quiet, both old men were praying, outside the driver of the machine and one of the patrolmen were cracking jokes. After going a few blocks the motorman noticed that something was the matter with his machinery, he pulled a lever which instead of remedying the matter only made it worse. It was evident that the patrol was running away. Down Eight Avenue they sped at a terrific rate. At one of the crossings they collided with a cross-town car and necessarily the result was a total wreck; when the ambulance arrived the wounded were picked up, but strange to say, no trace of the two old men could be found.

The next morning the papers published a full account of the accident;

they related at length the appearance of the two mysterious strangers, they described their dress, and their strange way of acting. People were puzzled at their strange disappearance. Who might they be? Many were the surmises made, but the most plausible seemed to be that these two old men were none other than Henoch and Elias, who had been permitted to pay a short visit to this earth which they had quitted so many ages ago.

BRAEME, JR.

A BALLAD OF THE SOUTHLAND.

Out of the Past sweet music flows,
 From the far Future floats a song,
 They meet in the Present's busy hum,
 And sweetly blending are wafted along.

At first the notes are soft and low,
 The strains melodiously sweet,
 Blithe as the waters of the brook
 Laughing and babbling at your feet.

The warlike spirit of noble France,
 The chivalry of ancient Spain,
 Were brought to the Southland's sunny shores,
 Across the wide and stormy main.

But deeper, richer now the tones,
 Solemn swells the theme and grand;
 For one and seven score of years
 Sweet peace and plenty fill the land.

* * * * *

But hark ! the thunder's roar is heard,
 Across the sky red lightning leaps.
 The North and South in deadly strife
 Engage, and Death rich harvest reaps.

Who shall extol the heroes' names,
 Who shall their deeds of valor tell,
 Who 'neath the waving stars and bars,
 In glory fought, in honor fell.

Loud as the mighty ocean's roar,
Grand as the boom of the billowy sea
Sounds over valley, plain and hill
The name of gallant Robert Lee.

But silent now the cannon's roar,
And hushed fore'er the martial lay,
Defeated oft but conquered ne'er
The stars and bars we fold away.

Sad now the strains, plaintive, slow,
They seem to toll a funeral knell ;
They are the sighs, the sobs, the tears,
That from a people's ruin well.

* * * * *

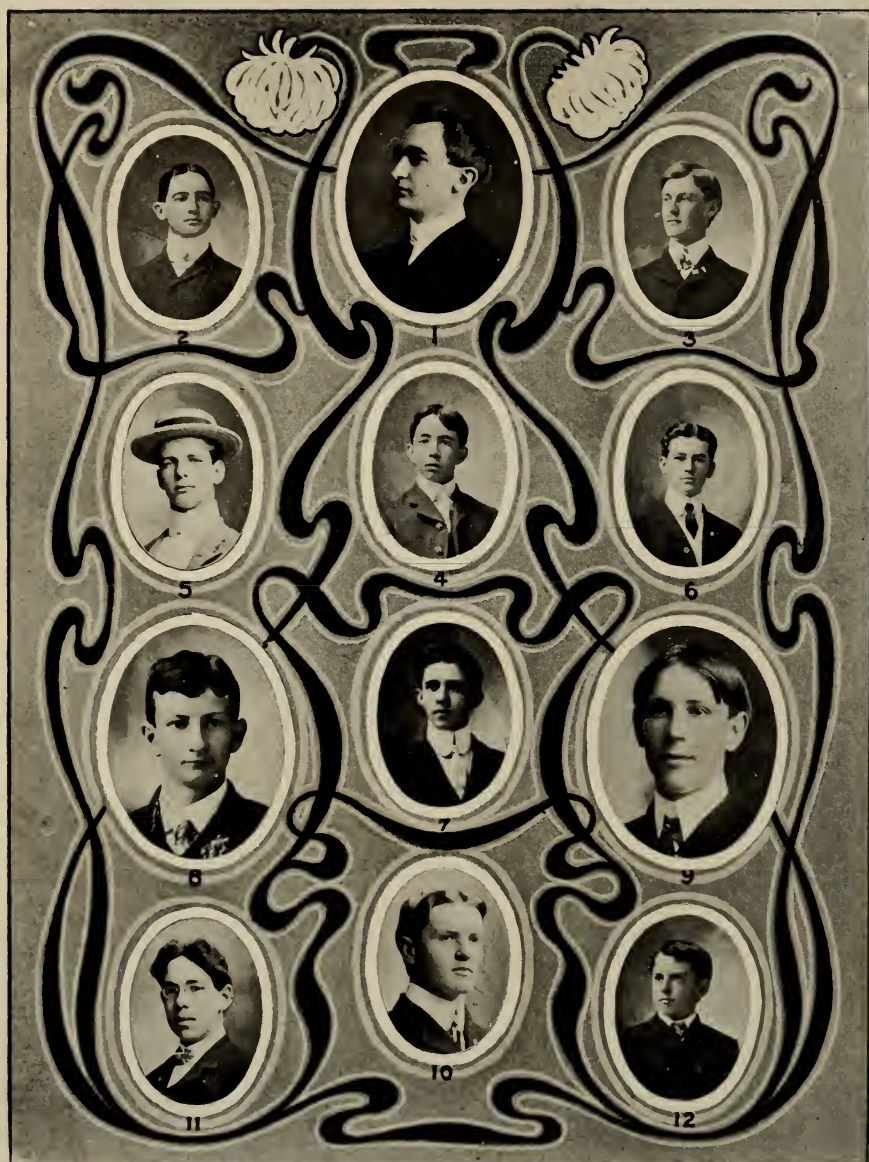
But hark ! the sorrowful theme is changed ;
The Song of the Future is blithe and gay,
From every smiling hill and dale
There float the notes of a gladsome lay.

The cotton fields are rich and broad,
The hopes of the people are bright,
Forgotten the fears, the sorrow, the grief,
Bright shines prosperity's light.

In friendship's grasp our hands are clasped,
Forgotten is each blood-stained field ;
The North and South united stand
Beneath the same star-spangled shield.

JOS. M. WALSH, JR., '03.





EDITORIAL STAFF

1 J. M. Walsh, Jr.
 2 M. D. Touart
 3 T. H. McHatton
 4 F. A. Giull

5 J. C. Casserly
 6 T. P. Norville
 7 D. J. Villamil
 8 J. A. Boudousquie

9 J. G. Rapier
 10 J. H. Quinn
 11 J. E. Mannoccir
 12 E. V. Costello

The Spring Hill Review

PUBLISHED BY

The Students of Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.

PRICE, 25 CENTS.

Address all communications to

THE SPRING HILL REVIEW,

SPRING HILL COLLEGE, MOBILE, ALA.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF.

Joseph M. Walsh, Jr., '03.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

John A. Boudousquie, '03.

Domingo J. Villamil, '03.

John H. Quinn, '04.

J. Earle Mannocci, '04.

Francis A. Giuli, '04.

ATHLETIC EDITORS.

James C. Casserly, '03.

Eugene V. Costello, '04.

BUSINESS MANAGERS.

Maximin D. Touart, '03.

T. Hubbard McHatton, '03.

ADVERTISING MANAGERS.

T. Peyton Norville, '04.

James G. Rapier, '05.

MOBILE, ALABAMA, JUNE, 1903.

COLLEGE NOTES.

SEMI-ANNUAL On Wednesday
EXHIBITION February 4th,
the semi-annual exercises were
held in the College hall. At 8:30 a.
m., many of the parents and friends
of the boys assembled in the hall,
and the exercises were opened by
the sweet strains of the overture,
"Bronze Horse," played by the
College orchestra. After the read-
ing of the notes and the distribution
of cards, the curtain rose on the
first act of the play, entitled, "A
Celebrated Case." This play was
presented by the members of the

Junior Literary Academy. The
play is made up of a prologue and
four acts, and is rather difficult to
act, but all who witnessed the ren-
dition of it by the members of the
Junior Academy, will admit that
the youthful actors scored a great
success.

G. C. Whipple, as Jean Renaud,
acted his part very well. and was
frequently applauded by the audi-
ence. A. Wagner was a great fa-
vorite; his voice is clear and very
pleasing, and he acts with ease and
grace. W. J. Lambert, too, deserves

great praise for the way he interpreted his part; he was very dignified, and his voice could be heard distinctly throughout the hall. C. Sribier, in the role of Valentine, acted in a natural manner. E. Andrews, as Dennis O'Rourke, acted his part splendidly, his witty sallies causing much merriment among the audience.

J. M. Walsh was stage manager, assisted by J. Hanway and J. Quinn.

Between the acts Messrs. Touart and A. Hymel played in excellent style, "Sounds from Thuringia," violin duet. Master Hinton Touart played a flute solo, "Amid the Odor of Roses," which met with merited applause. We must not forget to mention the song, "Tchefuncta," rendered by J. Hanway, solo barytone; J. Hooper, first tenor; H. Clark, second tenor; A. Hymel, first bass; M. Touart, second bass.

The Junior Brass Band, under the direction of Prof. Suffich, rendered the quickstep, "Junior Academy," especially composed by the Professor for the occasion.

After the distribution of premiums, the Senior Brass Band played "Inauguration" gallop, under the direction of Prof. Staub.

PROGRAMME.

Cast of Characters in the Prologue:
 Jean Renaud, a Soldier in the French Army G. C. Whipple
 Adrian, Jean's son C. C. Thibaut
 Count D'Aubeterre, Commanding King's Own W. J. Lambert
 Lazare, a Camp Follower J. Hountha
 Dennis O'Rourke, Irish Sergeant in King's Service E. Andrews
 Seneschal, of the Village of Montague E. Harty

Corporal, in King's Own.... J. A. O'Leary
 Lieutenant, in King's Own, G. A. Lasseigne
 Captain, in King's Own..... G. Lange
 Francis Renaud, Jean's Father, T. J. Burns
 Martin, } Friends of Francis { W. Whipple
 Louis, } J. Norville
 Soldiers, Villagers, etc.

An interval of twelve years takes place between the Prologue and the Play.

Cast of Characters in the Play.
 Jean Renaud, Condemned to the Gallies for Life G. C. Whipple
 Adrian, Duke D'Aubeterre's Adopted Son A. Wagner
 Count De Mornay, Returned from Exile, J. Hountha
 Duke D'Aubeterre, Governor of Provence W. J. Lambert
 Dennis O'Rourke, in the Service of D'Aubeterre E. Andrews
 Valentine De Mornay C. Sribier
 Marcus D'Aubeterre D. P. Hymel
 Abbe, Rector of the College of D'Hyeres L. T. Cowley
 Sergeant, of the Guard ... G. A. Lasseigne
 Soldiers. Convicts, Pages, T. J. Burnes, Espalla, C. Witherell, D. T. Stauffer, J. Norville, W. Whipple, C. Thibaut.
 "Bronze Horse" Overture
 College Orchestra.

READING OF NOTES.

Prologue.

PART I—The Cottage. The Crime.

"Sounds from Thuringia".....Violin Duet
 Maximin Touart and Alfred Hymel.

Prologue.

PART II—The Camp. The Condemnation

"A Toi"..... Serenade
 College Orchestra.

ACT I—At the Castle D'Aubeterre.

The Revelation

"Amid the Odor of Roses".....Flute Solo
 Hinton Touart.

ACT II—In the Salon.

Count de Mornay's Arrival

"Tchefuncta".....Solo and Quintet
Solo Baritone, J. Hanway; First Tenor,
J. Hooper; Second Tenor, H. Clark;
First Bass, A. Hymel; Second
Bass, M. Touart.

ACT III—The Discovery. Filial Duty.

"Leichtes Blut".....Polka
College Orchestra.

ACT IV—"Truth, Crushed to Earth,
Will Rise Again"

Quickstep....."Junior Academy,"
Junior Brass Band—Composed by
Professor Suffich.

DISTRIBUTION OF PREMIUMS.

Galop....."Inauguration"
Senior Brass Band.

Orchestra and Senior Brass Band, under
the direction of Professor August
J. Staub.

Junior Brass Band, under the direction of
Professor Angelo Suffich.

The Junior Academy is assisted in the
production of the Play by the follow-
ing gentlemen of the Senior
Division.

Joseph M. Walsh, '03.....Stage Mngr
John Hanway, '04.....Asst. Stage Mngr
John Quinn, '04.....Asst. Stage Mngr

Incidental Music furnished by Professor
A. Staub and Messrs. Maximin Touart
and Alfred Hymel.

FIRST On Wednesday, March
GRAMMAR. 4, the First Grammar
Class gave their monthly ex-
hibition. The members of that
class chose as their subject "Cata-
line's Conspiracy." The introduc-
tion was given by L. Cowley; the
Conspirator, F. Pfister; the Crisis,

O. Reynaud; Foiled, G. Lasseigne;
in Senatu, T. Hails; Rema ks, F.
Rougon; Defiance, E. Harang; Con-
clusion, B. Kern.

The exhibition was a great suc-
cess, and some of the boys showed
that they possessed great elocu-
tionary powers. A feature of the
entertainment was the rendition by
the college orchestra of a selection
from the "Festive Overture," com-
posed by Prof. A. J. Staub. This
overture will be played on the next
annual commencement. If we may
judge by the selection given last
Wednesday a treat is in store for
the lovers of good music.

The following is the programme;

Waltz—"Morning Journals"—J. Strauss
College Orchestra.

ROME IN PERIL.

Introduction.....L. Cowley
The Conspirator.....F. Pfister
The Crisis.....O. Reynaud

READING OF NOTES.

Clarinet Solo, from "Festival
Overture".....A. J. Staub
College Orchestra.

PART II.

Foiled.....G. Lasseigne
In Senatu.....D. T. Hallis
Remarks.....F. Rougon
Defiance.....E. Harang
Conclusion.....B. Kern

"Heart-ease".....Junior Brass Band

DISTRIBUTION OF CARDS.

"A Surprise".....Senior Brass Band

SECOND On Friday after-
GRAMMAR. noon, April 3d, the
Faculty and students were en-
tertained in the College audito-

lic class exhibition. The entertainment opened with the overture "Festival," played by the College orchestra. This overture was composed by Prof. A. Staub, and will again be rendered on Commencement Day.

Master L. Clarke then read the prologue, briefly outlining the order of exercises.

After this Master R. Breard played "Beggar Student," a violin solo, and received well merited applause.

The principal part of the exercises now began. It consisted in a Latin contest. The class was divided into two opposing camps: the Knights of the White Rose and the Knights of the Red Rose. The battle was waged over the Latin Grammar. The Knights displayed great skill and showed that they were well versed in that kind of warfare.

R. J. Costello declaimed "The Sword of Lee" and J. Skelly "David's Lament Over Absalom."

PROGRAMME :

"Festival"..... Overture A. J. Staub
Prologue L. Clark
"Beggar Student"—Violin Solo..R.Breard

LATIN CONTEST.

S. Hiriart.....versus.....R. Breard
J. Skelly..... "A. Danos
R. J. Costello "P. Reggio
B. Alvey..... "L. Clark
J. Jamerson "A. Vizard
E. Escalante..... "A. Salvaggio
H. Rapier.. "J. Randsell
P. Neely.

"The Rooster"....Glee Club....A. J. Staub

READING OF NOTES.

Sword of R. E. Lee.....Declamation
R. J. Costello.
David's Lament Over Absalom.Jos.Skelly
Overture.....Popular Medley
Junior Band.

DISTRIBUTION OF CARDS.

SelectionThe Mikado.....Sullivan
Senior Band.

SHROVE-TIDE. Carnival was celebrated at Spring Hill with due and befitting ceremonies. The parade of His Majesty Oberon, was one the features of the day, and came up to the highest expectations of the spectators.

The parade was organized by the boys of the Senior Division, and they are to be congratulated on their success.

Promptly at 2:30 p. m. the shouts of the juniors announced that the pageant had started. First came he immortal knight, Don Quixote, riding a sorry Rosinante. He was followed by a squad of mounted knights dressed in the gayest of colors. Then came the "Boeuf Gras," old Jerry, an enormous specimen of the bovine tribe, on whose broad back sat a merry clown.

Soon the royal car came in sight, all bedecked with hangings of crimson and gold. On a glittering throne, surrounded by his merry court, sat Oberon I. His Majesty smiled graciously and bowed his thanks at the loud and repeated cheers of his loyal subjects. Following the royal car came the Court Minstrel with his four attendants. From his old Slavonic fiddle he drew inspiring strains. The color scheme

of this float was crimson, royal purple and gold.

The next float was supposed to represent the graduates of the present year, as they would appear ten years hence. The representation was most ludicrous, and was hailed with shouts of laughter.

Next in order came three floats caricaturing various incidents of college life.

When the King's chariot had reached the front porch of the College, the procession halted and His Majesty delivered a speech, thanking his loyal subjects for the hearty welcome they had extended to him. After passing through the spacious avenues of the college grounds, the pageant started for its den and was soon lost to view.

CARNIVAL PLAY At 7:30 p. m., the students and Faculty assembled in the College hall to witness the play entitled, "The Private Secretary," enacted by the members of the Senior Literary Society. The cast was as follows:

Bernard Marshland.....	J. C. Hanway
Harry Marshland.....	T. H. McHatton
Horatius Cattermole.....	J. C. Casserly
Douglas Cattermole.....	J. L. Blouin
Robt. Adolphus Waldron.....	J. M. Walsh
Schneider.....	J. C. Meininger
Gibson.....	E. V. Costello
James.....	J. G. Rapier
Knox.....	T. Y. McCarty

Mr. J. C. Hanway, as Bernard Marshland, was a typical country gentleman, and acted his part with great ease and dignity. Mr. T. H. McHatton, Marshland's nephew and student of law, could not be surpassed; he seemed perfectly at

home on the stage, was quite natural and was much admired for his by-play. Mr. J. C. Casserly, as Horatius Cattermole, the boisterous speculator from India, surpassed all his former efforts. He entered thoroughly into his part and received many a round of applause. Mr. J. M. Walsh, as the Private Secretary, made a decided hit. His impersonation of the simple and guileless secretary was perfect, and his funny mishaps kept the audience in roars of laughter. Mr. J. L. Blouin as Douglas Cattermole, was very natural in his acting, his voice is clear and pleasing and his gestures are graceful. Mr. J. C. Meininger as the German landlord, was excellent, as was evident from the frequent applause that greeted him. Mr. E. V. Costello, fashionable tailor, and with aspirations to be a gentleman, did a clever piece of acting. Mr. J. G. Rapier, a servant, acted his part with great credit, especially in the mesmerizing scene, which was loudly applauded. Messrs T. Y. McCarty, B. Kern and A. Doiron, although they filled minor roles, are also to be congratulated on the way they acted their respective parts. Nor must we forget to mention J. E. Mannocir, the stage manager, to whose care and labor it is owing, in great measure, that the play ran smoothly and without a hitch.

THE PRIVATE SECRETARY.

A Comedy in Three Acts.

CAST.

Bernard Marshland, of "The	
Beeches"	J. C. Hanway

Harry Marshland, his
 nephew..... T. H. McHatton
 Horatius Cattermole, from
 India J. C. Casserly
 Douglas Cattermole, his
 nephew L. J. Blouin
 Robert Adolphus Waldron,
 The Private Secretary .. J. M. Walsh
 Schneider, landlord..... J. C. Meininger
 Gibson, fashionable tailor.. C. A. Costello
 James, valet..... J. G. Rapier
 Knox, constable..... T. Y. McCarty
 Servants, etc.

PROGRAMME.

Valse Zeller Orchestra

ACT. I.

Scene—Rooms of Harry Marshland and Douglas Cattermole, in Schneider's house. The innocent Private Secretary is mistaken for the nephew of the boisterous Indian speculator.

Violin Solo,

- (a) Gypsy Dance..... A. H. Hymell
 (b) Spanish Dance..... M. D. Touart

ACT II.

Scene—Drawing room at "The Beeches." The Indian speculator's nephew is mistaken for the Private Secretary.

Trio..... { Rev. J. D. Foulkes, S. J.
 Prof. A. Staub,
 M. D. Touart

ACT III.

Scene—The same. The wrong man in the wrong place; how to get him out of it.
 Valse Always Joyful Orchestra

THE On Friday
POPE'S JUBILEE. February 20, the twenty-fifth anniversary of the of the elevation of Leo XIII to the papacy was observed with fitting ceremonies at Spring Hill College. At 8:15 a. m. a solemn mass was celebrated. At the gospel Rev. O. Semmes, S. J., delivered an eloquent eulogy on the Pope's glorious reign. After mass the "Te Deum" was chanted in thanks-

giving. In honor of the occasion a full holiday was granted to the students.

During the day a telegram of congratulation was sent to His Holiness. The telegram was worded as follows :

"Rampolla, Vatican, Rome : Gratulantur Summo Pontifici Leoni Decimo Tertio Patres et alumni Collegii Spring Hill, Mobile, Ala."

(The Fathers and students of Spring Hill College send greetings to the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo the Thirteenth.)

On Saturday the following gracious message was sent in reply :

"Reverendo Patri Tyrrell, Rec-tori : Gratulationes Patrum et alumnorum istius Collegii pergratae fuerunt Summo Pontifici qui benedictionem suam impertit.

M. CARD. RAMPOLLA."

(The greetings of the Fathers and students of this College were most pleasing to the Sovereign Pontiff, who bestows his blessing.)

VISIT OF On Sunday
SENATOR MORGAN. afternoon the entrance to Spring Hill College was thrown open as a venerable old man stepped from a carriage at the front avenue of the institution. He was met by the reverend president and escorted by him and Major P. J. Hannan and Captain Quill, of Mobile, and Colonel Rapier to the old north porch.

The college senior band, dressed in their gold-braided, dark blue and immaculate white uniforms, welcomed the octogenarian with that favorite Southern air, "Dixie."

No less a personage had come to visit the faculty and boys than Senator Morgan. Preceded by the students of both divisions, surrounded by the faculty, and followed by many of the elite of Mobile, the distinguished visitor passed into the College hall. Here he received an ovation from juniors and seniors.

The College orchestra, when the prolonged applause had subsided, rendered in faultless style the overture "Tancred." Prof. August J. Staub, the leader, as well as his assistant leader, Prof. Angelo Sufich, are to be congratulated on the playing of their pupils. Strangers who listened to the masterly execution of the overture thought that professionals had been engaged.

After the last echoes of the music had died out, Mr. Joseph M. Walsh, Jr., of the class of '03, delivered in excellent oratorical style and delivery the following address :

"Honorable Sir : It is a pleasure for college boys to enter in fancy the Roman forum. It is a greater joy to sit in Rome's senate chamber, when Marcus Tullius Cicero is pleading for hearth and home and country. But the greatest delight we can experience is when we may turn our backs on the rostrum of the Eternal City, close our classical scrolls, and meet face to face in our own land, our own city, and our own dear old College, a real, live senator.

We miss the Roman toga, it is true, but we know that Roman garments did not make Roman statesmen. Heart and head caused those

"patres conscripti" to send their victorious eagles to conquest and renown.

"No other objects, honorable sir, have placed you where you sit, among the elite of our great nation. The interests of your constituents, the progress of your state, the glory of your country have ever and always guided you along the path of duty.

"We, students of an institute, nestled amid the pine groves and limpid springs of your native state, feel proud that a voice accustomed to echo and re-echo in our great capitol, should deign to address us in our humble College hall. We deem it a great honor indeed and hope that your visit will be a stimulus for us to seek the goal, which every true American should tend toward—the honor and glory of his country.

"For your kind visit we must borrow the words of Avon's immortal bard and say, "You have our thankfullest thanks."

The venerable senator was taken unawares by these words and in gratitude ascended the stage, leaning on the arm of the reverend president. The latter spoke a few introductory words, remarkable for conciseness and pointedness. Then, in his calm and telling way, Senator Morgan held the audience spellbound for nearly twenty minutes. His speech was a panegyric of classical studies, duty to God and country, and the necessity of having Spring Hill College become a university. Needless to say these remarks were frequently inter-

rupted by loud outbursts of approval. There was a hearty and continued clapping of hands and outpouring of cheers when the senator announced a full holiday in honor of Spring Hill College, the future university.

When the senator had descended from the stage, the College Junior Band rendered one of the best selections of their repertoire, the popular medley overture. The senator's eyes glistened as he watched and listened to the little musicians. His mind had been carried back to a campaign, when as a youngster, he had played on his fife "Dixie," to urge his comrades to victory or death. The College Senior Band concluded the program by a beautiful impromptu overture, which showed that the College band is on a par with the orchestra.

As the senator, after a short visit through the College halls, entered his carriage, the strains of Sousa's great march, "The American Belle," came forth from the silver instruments of the College Senior band; applause continued until Selma's greatest citizen and his friends were lost to view amid the pine groves that lead from the College to Mobile.

Before leaving here Monday, Senator Morgan said to a reporter on the Register:

"I have been investigating your educational advantages, and find them admirable. My visit to Spring Hill College was under peculiarly gratifying circumstances to me, and, indeed, in all your schools and in-

stitutions I found the same excellence, the same unbounded hospitality, the same broad humanity."

STATUE OF OUR LADY OF LOURDES. A smile on the face of nature on this first of June! A cloudless sky! Golden splendors flickering in the checkered shade! The song of birds leaping in wildest melody from the glades and coverts and nooks and byways in the wood! Scent of woodland flowers! Crimson glories of the poppy! Gleam of the biota aurea as it lifts its glinting pyramid to the sun! Gladness, joy today in old Spring Hill! See, down that woodland path, past the cemetery where sleep her loved and honored dead, and opened but a few days ago to receive the mortal frame of a true and noble son of St. Ignatius, there, against a dark background of pine and oak, rises a rock-like structure. A first glance at the massive pile brings back to the visitor's mind thoughts and visions of those crenelated fortresses of old, perched as eagle's nests by the castled Rhine, or frowning down upon the intruder from some lonely gorge in the Alps or Appenines. It is solid, compact, sturdy. It looks like an old knight, with battered armor, embossed, dented with many a blow of battle-ax and sword, for the stone is as nature left it, rough, unhewn, and creeping out and twisting in with many an angle and turn. But look again. Visitor, do you not recognize the world-famed grotto of Massabielle? Is it not truly like that hallowed rock by the Gave? Is it not like thy shrine, Pyrenean

Lourdes ? So in truth, it is. That niche-like opening on the right, that cave to the left, dark, speluncous, yet not foreboding, but made for prayer, and from which the living waters will leap in a crystal stream, all proclaim it Lourdes. But above all, look again to that niche on the right. Carrara's marble and the chisel and mallet of one of Italy's best sculptors have reproduced there the form, the features, the queenly pose, the virginal beauty and innocence of her whom poets have styled "our tainted nature's solitary boast," and who said to the little Bernadette fifty years ago, at the grotto of Lourdes, as the wild waters of the Gave thundered a mystic accompaniment to her words, "I am the Immaculate Conception."

The statue is no common work of art. The pose is stately. The lines are firm, yet graceful. A Gibson, a Greenough, or a Houdon, or a Powers, would not be ashamed to carve his name on the pedestal.

To dedicate the grotto, to unveil the statue, fair Spring Hill had donned on Monday its festive garb. Out of their campus, from hall and class room, their books, their bats, their balls left aside, their Ciceros and their geometries closed, their profound meditations on the origin of things and the end of the school year interrupted, juniors and seniors came. And now ! bandmaster, your best ! And so as the procession winds up the gravel walks, as the inspiring melodies of the College musicians fall on the evening breeze, there is joy in every heart. Lost

almost in the throng, yet the cynosure of every eye, side by side with the president of the College, Very Rev. William Tyrrell, S. J., walked one whose courage as a soldier in the iron days of a few decades ago, whose virtues and whose charities have made his name a household word in the City by the Gulf. It was the generous builder of the grotto, and donor of the statue, Major P. C. Hannan. At his side walked his god-child, Miss C. Adelaide McDonnell, the fair sponsor of the day. In a brief but impressive speech Very Rev. Father Tyrrell outlined the history of the apparitions of Lourdes and of the wondrous miracles wrought at that hallowed shrine in favor not only of the children of Catholic France, but of all suffering humanity. In concluding, he said : "Let the students of Spring Hill not forget frequently to come and kneel at this sylvan shrine of their Mother and their Queen and to pray for the generous donor."

A deft touch of the hand of the gentle sponsor, and in all its beauty, the noble statue stood revealed !

FIRST On the Feast of **COMMUNION**. Ascension, May 21, the following boys made their First Communion in the College Chapel : John Ransdell, John Sarrazin, Grenville J. Mellen, William F. Mellen, Louis Thériault, Henry Alvey, José Ramirez. On June 12, the Sacrament of Confirmation will be administered to them by Rt. Rev. Bishop Allen.

ORDINATIONS. Mr. T. E. Stritch, S. J., was ordained Subdeacon in the Cathedral of Mobile, by the Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen, Bishop of Mobile, on June 3. He received deaconship on June 4, and will be raised to the Priesthood in the College Chapel, on June 12. Mr. T. E. Stritch taught the First Grammar Class of 1891-1892 at Spring Hill College.

THE REVIEW offers the new priest most heartfelt congratulations.

Mr. J. H. Stritch, S. J., and Mr. C. D. Barland, S. J., will be raised to the Priesthood at Woodstock, Md., on June 28. Both are old professors of Spring Hill.

Mr. J. H. Stritch, was professor of the Second Commercial and Third Grammar Classes, from 1898-1899, at the same time being director of the Altar Boys' Association and the Junior Brass Band.

We remember Mr. C. D. Barland as prefect of the Junior Division from 1896 to 1899, and as Professor of Poetry and Moderator of THE SPRING HILL REVIEW from 1899-1900.

THE REVIEW extends kindest wishes and sincerest congratulations to the two *neo-ordinandi*.

VISITORS FROM NEW ORLEANS. On Monday we were agreeably surprised to receive the visit of the President and Faculty of the Jesuits' College, of New Orleans. The party included Very Rev. H. S. Maring, S. J., president of the Jesuits' College, New Orleans; Rev. J. Reville, S. J., who has just finished a very successful

course of Lenten lectures in the Church of the Immaculate Conception, New Orleans; Rev. A. C. Porta, S. J., our Vice President of last year; Rev. J. O'Reilly, S. J., also an old Vice President of Spring Hill; Rev. A. Biever, S. J., Rev. C. Klein, S. J., Rev. L. Green, S. J., Rev. W. Cox, S. J., M. Leautier, S. J., Mr. E. Baehr, S. J., Mr. M. Walsh, S. J., Mr. P. O'Sullivan, S. J., Mr. J. Cronin, S. J., Mr. A. Doherty, S. J., Mr. E. Diebold, S. J., Mr. M. McNally, S. J., Mr. J. Haverkamp, S. J., Mr. T. Bortell, S. J., Mr. D. Hutchinson, S. J.

The Senior and Junior Bands serenaded them on their arrival. The next day, Tuesday, at 9, a. m., the College Orchestra tendered the visitors a reception, the overture, "Tancredi," by Rossini, being rendered in magnificent style. Mr. J. Hanway, assisted by the College Quartette, sang "Tchefuncta," and received well-merited applause. Master Austin Wagner sang the song, "Break the News to Mother," and was enthusiastically applauded. Prof. A. J. Staub played on the piano "Festive Overture," his own composition, and which will be rendered with full orchestra on the next annual commencement.

Among the visitors, too, were Mr. and Mrs. L. Fabacher and children, from New Orleans; Mr. J. Fairfax and family, etc.

The visitors were well pleased with their visit to Spring Hill. They left for New Orleans on the 4:20 train.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

BASEBALL.

COLLEGE 16 Sunday, March 1,
MOBILE 15 the first baseball game of the season was played on the College diamond. A picked team came out from Mobile to play the College nine. Many errors were made on both sides, but considering that this was the first game and that the College nine had had very little training, the showing the team made is quite creditable and promises well for the future. The following is the result of the game:

COLLEGE.

	R.	1B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kern, c.....	3	1	0	10	2	2
Kearns, l. f.....	1	2	2	2	0	2
Francez, c. f.....	2	2	0	2	0	0
Giuli, 2b.....	3	1	0	3	2	1
Becker, r. f.....	3	2	0	1	0	0
Hanway, 3b.....	2	2	0	4	0	1
Tait, s.s.....	0	3	0	2	4	1
Clark, p.....	1	1	1	3	0	4
Rapier, p.....	1	0	0	0	10	0
Total.....	16	14	3	27	18	11

VISITORS.

	R.	1B.	S.B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Calmetti, 2b.....	1	1	0	2	3	3
Wallace, s.s.....	3	1	2	2	4	0
Lauzon, 1b.....	2	1	1	12	0	0
Zieman, 3b.....	3	2	0	1	3	2
Penny, l. f.....	1	0	1	1	1	1
Beardslees, r. f....	1	2	0	0	0	1
Desmond, c. f....	1	1	1	2	0	0
Gillespy, c.....	1	0	0	3	4	0
Tuttle, p.....	2	1	0	1	4	1
Total.....	15	9	5	24	19	8

By Innings—	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9—
College.....	1	0	5	0	2	7	1	0	x—16
Visitors.....	8	1	0	1	4	0	0	0	1—15

Summary: Home run—Tuttle. Two-base-hits—Hanway 2, Kern 1, Penny 2, Wallace 1. Hit by pitched ball—Penny. Passed balls—Kern 2. Struck out—By Rapier 10, by Tuttle 2. Bases on balls—Off Rapier 5, off Tuttle 5. Wild pitches—

Rapier 2. Double play—Giuli to Hanway. Umpire—Betancourt. Scorer: Rounds.

STONEWALLS 4 One of the most interesting games as yet played at Spring Hill was witnessed Sunday, April 29. The Stonewalls of Mobile came out with their nine strong to avenge the defeat of their fellow-city players. They succeeded, but even they acknowledged the difficulty of the task. Before superior power, the collegians did honor to themselves. The winning innings for the Stonewalls were the third and ninth. Their pitcher, C. Fritz, excelled himself, and E. Fritz, on third, showed off well. Braun as catcher, played well in his position. Of the home team, Hanway pitched an excellent game; Francez, at the bat and infield surpassed himself. Guili held his reputation on second, and Kearns and Tait were not wanting at the bat. In a word, they all did much to worry their opponents. The game closed with the score marking 4 to 0.

SPRING GAMES On March 19, the Junior Division held their Annual Spring Games. The following is the result of the different events:

FIRST DIVISION.

Throwing Baseball—J. Hountha, first, 264 feet; G. Whipple second.

Jumping from Rings—W. J. Lambert, first; W. Whipple, second.

Hop, Skip and Jump—G. Whipple, first; E. Duchamp, second.

High Jump—G. Whipple, first; C. Spotswood, second.



COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM

Potato Race—G. Lange, first; G. Whipple, second.

Three-Legged Race—P. Neely and G. Broderick, first; J. Ramirez and H. Spotswood, second.

100-yard Dash—J. Hountha, first; T. Burns, second.

50-yard Dash—J. Hountha, first; G. Whipple, second.

Putting the Shot—G. Whipple, first; E. Duchamp, second. The gold medal was won by G. Whipple, 36 points; E. Duchamp, second, 15 points.

SECOND DIVISION.

50-yard Dash—A. Mistic, first; L. Cowley, second.

Throwing Baseball—S. Bonvilain, first; L. Fabacher, second.

Jumping from Rings—A. Anton, first; H. Spotswood, second.

High Jump—J. McHardy, first; H. Spotswood, second.

Broad Jump—L. Cowley, first; R. Prados, second.

Sack Race—J. Sarrazin, first; A. Mistic, second. Greatest number of Points: J. Sarrazin, second, 11; R. Prados, 10.

THIRD DIVISION.

Candle Race—L. Theriault, first; E. Ragle, second.

Blowing Out Candle—G. Batchelder, first; J. Randsell, second.

Catching Can of Water—E. Ragle, first; G. LeBaron, second.

Chewing String—E. Ragle, first; J. Randsell, second.

ALUMNI NOTES.

G. V. SONIAT. We quote from the New Orleans States of May 17th, the following tribute to an old alumnus of Spring Hill College:

Hundreds of citizens, representing the best elements of civic life, and of every high calling and liberal profession; distinguished clergymen, Sisters of Charity, Sisters of the various orders in New Orleans, a large number of ladies, and crowds of sorrowing friends and many mourners from among those to whom the hand that giveth bountifully and by stealth in the presence of God alone—composed a silent and heartfelt assemblage that paid the ultimate tribute of respect to the mortal remains of a regretted and honored citizen, Mr. Gustave

V. Soniat, whose obsequies took place yesterday.

Archbishop P. L. Chapelle, Very Rev. H. J. Maring, S. J., Rector of the Jesuits; Very Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., Rector of the Holy Cross College; Very Rev. F. Guendling, Rector of the Redemptorist Order; Rev. F. Gregoire, C. SS. R., Rector of Notre Dame de Bon Secours; Revs. Gudgeon, S. J., and Albert Biever, S. J., were present and officiated at the requiem service at Notre Dame Church.

Mayor Paul Capdevielle and his Private Secretary, Captain Jos. T. Buddecke, were at the funeral, and followed the remains to the grave.

Mr. Soniat was born on the 29th

of July, 1855, on his father's plantation, about five miles from New Orleans, in Jefferson parish. This property was purchased by the Soniat family in 1808, and has without interruption belonged to them ever since. The Soniat-Dufossat family is one of the oldest in this state. The great-grandfather of the deceased, Chevalier Guy Soniat-Dufossat, was sent to Louisiana at the age of twenty-four by King Louis XV, to serve as an officer of the French army in this colony. In 1753 the chevalier married a daughter of Captain Mathurin Droux, and of that union sprang a large family, now well known throughout Louisiana.

Mr. Soniat's father, Theodore Soniat, was born on the Tchoupitoulas plantation in 1818. He was one of the most successful and progressive sugar planters in ante-bellum days. He married in 1845 Marie Amenaide LaBranche, daughter of Lucien LaBranche, a wealthy sugar planter of Jefferson parish. From this union were born five children: Lucien, a planter; Chas. T., state senator, lawyer and notary public, of Orleans parish; Louise, wife of Amedee Fortier, a planter, member of the police jury of Jefferson parish; Gustave V., planter, member of the Pontchartrain levee board and Jefferson police jury, and attorney-at-law, and Meloncy C. A., lawyer and notary public, of Orleans parish.

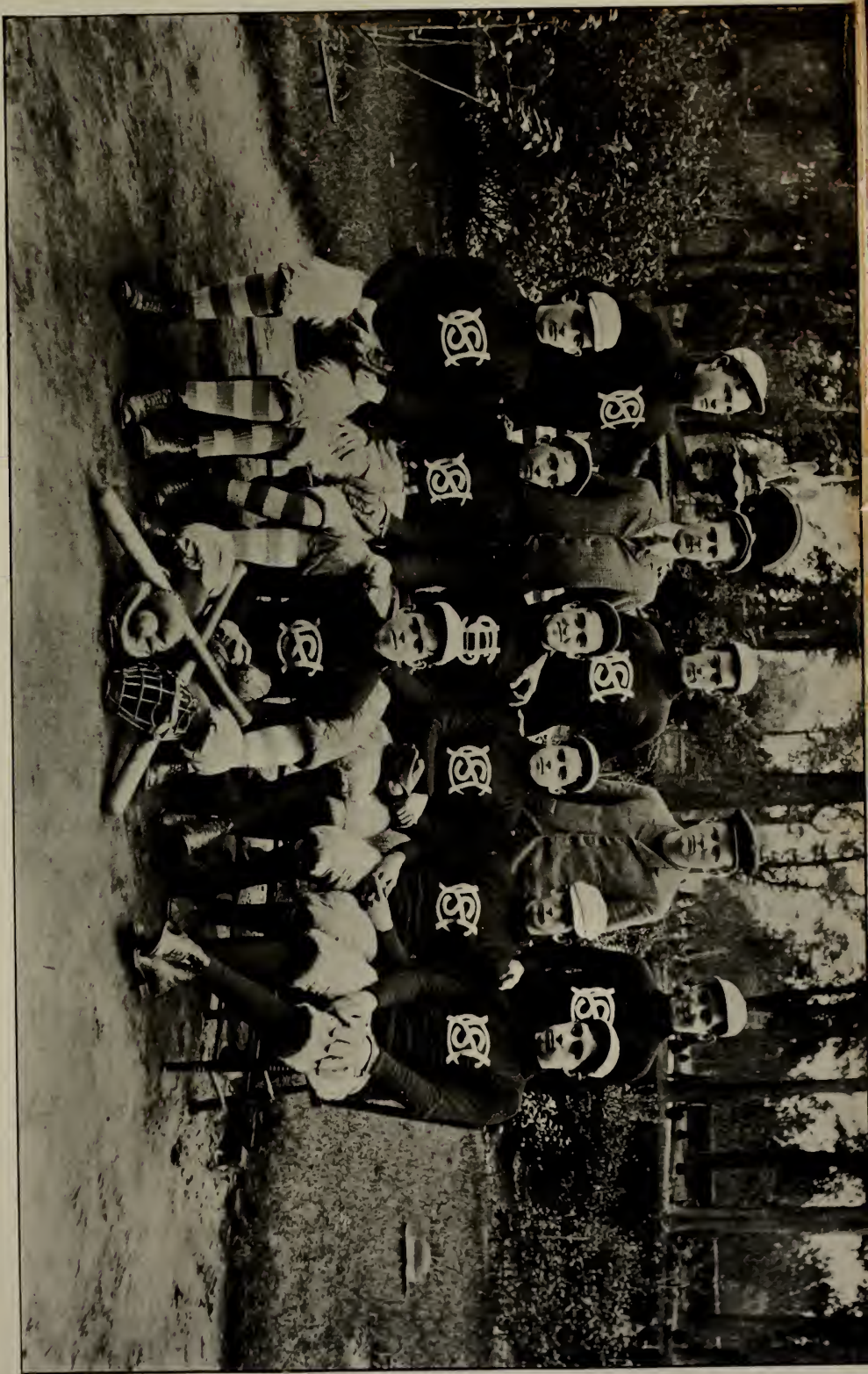
These brothers and their sister are still living. Gustave Soniat was educated at Spring Hill College, the famous Jesuit institution of

learning near Mobile, Ala., and after having completed his education, he went into partnership with his father and brothers, Lucien and Charles, in the sugar planting business; and after the death of their father, the young men abandoned the raising of sugar cane and went into truck farming on a large scale. Gustave then bought out his partners and converted the place into a sort of settlement farm, divided into lots, and leased them to a number of farmers.

About ten years ago, he removed to New Orleans and engaged in the practice of law, in which he was very successful, making it a special business to look after probate matters.

Mr. Soniat married in 1887, Miss Marie Sarpy, daughter of the late Leon Sarpy, a prominent planter of St. Charles parish. His wife and seven children, five boys and two girls, survive.

Mr. Soniat was prominently interested in almost every enterprise or association for the welfare of this city. He was a member of the New Orleans Progressive Union, of the Catholic Winter School, which recently became the Catholic Institute of New Orleans; of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, of the Catholic Knights of America, and many other societies, social, religious, literary and commercial. He was well thought of in the councils of the Democratic party, and was a member of the Choctaw Club. In his early manhood, Mr. Soniat was fond of athletics, and he was a charter member of the St.



Team of the Senior Baseball League

John Rowing Club. He and his brothers, Lucien, Charles and Meloncy, were often victorious in the four-oared races of the St. John Club, in the annual regatta in Bayou St. John, and later on at West End.

Mr. Soniat was a model citizen, a gentleman of high and noble lineage, a devout and consistent Catholic, an exemplary father of family, a true, steadfast friend, and a most charitable man.

His sudden death is indeed a loss not only to his family and friends, but also to the community, whose respect and affection he largely enjoyed.

A. BROOKS '01. Mr. A. Brooks '01, passed a successful examination and was appointed externe student of the Charity Hospital, New Orleans. Congratulations.

G. McCARTY '01. We learn too with pleasure that G. McCarty '01, has been successful in his examination in medicine, at the Maryland University, Baltimore, Md.

J. SAUTER MULLER. We congratulate J. Sauter Muller, an alumnus of Spring Hill College, on his reappointment as externe student of the Charity Hospital, New Orleans.

G. TWELLMAYER '93. Mr. Geo. B. Twellmeyer '93, whom the old boys will remember familiarly as "Doc," was married at his home, Yazoo City, Miss., on April 29, to Miss Loretta A. Brown, of the same city. The marriage ceremony followed by Nuptial Mass took place at high noon in the beautiful new church. Rev. F. X. Twellmeyer, S. J., performed the marriage and said the Mass.

THE REVIEW wishes Mr. and Mrs. Twellmeyer every blessing and many years of happy married life.

E. TRAHAN '94. Edward Trahan of the Class '94 and Miss Lusher were married at the Immaculate Conception Church, New Orleans, on April 15. THE REVIEW wishes Mr. and Mrs. Trahan every blessing.

G. VAN ESHLOP. Mr. George Van Eshlop, of Charlotte, N. C., paid a visit to his Alma Mater, on May 23. Mr. Van Eshlop found many of his old class fellows of 1880 among the leading business and professional gentlemen of Mobile.

VISITORS. Rt. Rev. E. P. Allen, D. D., Bishop of Mobile; Very Rev. C. T. O'Callaghan, D. D., V. G., Rev. E. Kirwin; Rev. J. A. Coyle; Rev. J. W. Dunn; Rev. M. F. Filan; Rev. M. Gardiner; Very Rev. W. Power, S. J.; Rev. J. F. O'Connor, S. J.; Rev. A. Friend, S. J.; Rev. D. Savage, of Montgomery; Rev. J. P. McCafferty; Rev. J. I. Whelan, Brooklyn; Rev. W. Kerwin, Brooklyn; Rev. H. J. Shandelle, S. J., of Georgetown University; Rev. T. J. Danahy, of Newton Upper Falls, Mass.; Rev. F. G. Halloran, Boston, Mass.; Rev. D. P. Lawton, S. J.; Rev. J. M. MacKey, Ph. D., of Cincinnati.

EXCHANGES. We acknowledge with thanks the receipt of the following exchanges: The Georgetown College Journal, The Fordham Monthly, The Mangalore Magazine, The Alpha, Fleur-de-Lis, The Dial, The Mountaineer, St. Mary's Chimes, The Agnetian Monthly, The S. V. C. Student, The Redwood, Irving Echo, The Xaverian, Leaflets from Loretto, The X-Ray, Pascua Florida, Monroe College Monthly, The High School World, The Oahuan, Our Alma Mater, The Crimson-Grey, The College Reflector, After Supper, The Inlander, The Beaumont Review, The Reveille.

Spring Hill College,

MOBILE, ALA.

SPRING HILL COLLEGE is built on rising ground, five miles distant from MOBILE, and elevated one hundred and fifty feet above the sea-level. It enjoys a constant refreshing breeze, which renders its situation both agreeable and healthy. The surrounding woods afford the most pleasant summer walks. A never-failing spring at the foot of the hill, and within the College grounds, furnishes an abundant and lasting supply of water to a beautiful lake where the students may safely enjoy the beneficial exercise of swimming. Long experience has proved that, owing to its position, the College is entirely exempt from those diseases which prevail at certain seasons in the South.

The College was incorporated in 1836 by the Legislature of Alabama, with all the rights and privileges of a university, and empowered in 1840 by Pope Gregory XVI to grant degrees in Philosophy and Theology.

The Directors of the Institution are members of the Society of Jesus which from its origin, has devoted itself to the education of youth. They will endeavor to show themselves deserving of the confidence reposed in them by evincing on all occasions a paternal solicitude for the health and comfort of those entrusted to their charge, by sparing no pains to promote their advancement; and by keeping a careful and active watch over their conduct. The exercise of their authority will be mild without being remiss, in enforcing that strict discipline and good order so essential for the proper culture of both mind and heart. By this two-fold education, which is based upon Religion and Morality, they will exert all their energies not only to adorn the minds of their pupils with useful knowledge, but also to instil their hearts with solid virtue and a practical love of duties which they will have to discharge in after life.

The public worship of the Institution is that of the Catholic Religion: however pupils of other denominations are received, provided that, for the sake of order and uniformity, they are willing to conform to the exterior exercises of worship.

The plan of instruction is established on a large scale, and is calculated to suit not only the wants but the progress of society. It consists of three principal courses under the name of PREPARATORY, COMMERCIAL and CLASSICAL.

French, German, Spanish, Italian, form separate courses, are optional and are taught without extra charge.

Extensive grounds, spacious buildings, commodious class rooms, library, reading rooms, billiard and recreation rooms, and the largest and best equipped college gymnasium in the South, afford every facility for the self-improvement and physical well-being of the student.

For catalogue, &c., apply to REV. W. J. TYRRELL, S. J., President.



SPRING HILL COLLEGE

